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CHRISTMAS: ITS UNFINISHED BUSINESS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

To one who aspires to "sit and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair," the Christmas greeting "Peace on Earth" is a godsend. Was ever such a provocative to satire? Did ever human nature appear in a disguise more ridiculously transparent than when assuming the part of Peacemaker in the midwinter pantomimes, and impudently laying claim to the very choicest beatitude? The bold masquerader has not even the grace to hide his big stick, but waves it as a wand. We are asked to believe that the vigorous flourishes of this same big stick prepare for the age of peace "by prophets long foretold."

"Have you ever been to a Peace Convention?" asks the amateur cynic. "It is good fun if you are fortunate enough to be able to watch the proceedings from the seat of the scornful. First come the advocates of Peace, pure and simple, enthusiasts for non-resistance. As you listen to the reports of the delegates you feel that the time has already come when 'the lion shall eat straw like the ox.' Your sympathies go out to the poor beast in his sudden change of diet,—for we of the Carnivora have no great appetite for straw. After a time the lions are led out to speak for themselves. Representatives of the different nations give greetings. It appears from their remarks that the cause is one that has always been nearest to their valiant hearts. No need to take measures to convert them, they have always been on the right side. What were teeth and claws invented for, if not to enforce peace on earth?"

"Each nation points with pride to its achievements. Has not Great Britain made peace in South Africa, and the
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United States of America established it in the Philippines; and is not Russia at this moment endeavoring to establish it in Manchuria? Even the little powers are at work for the same end. Is not disinterested Belgium making peace on the banks of the Congo, with rubber and ivory as a by-product? Has not Holland for these many years been industriously weeding out the malcontents in Java? The Christian message of good will has now reached the most remote recesses of the earth. Even the monks in Thibet have heard the good news. They must pay a good round sum for it, to be sure; but what else could they expect when the message must be carried to them away up on the roof of the world, quite beyond the limits of the free delivery? It's their own fault that they never got into full connection with Christendom before. These unsocial creatures have for generations been enjoying a selfish peacefulness of their own. They have been like a householder who has a telephone, but will not allow his number to go on the book. He likes to bother other people, but will not allow them to bother him. It has long been known that the Mahatmas in Llassa were in the habit of projecting thought vibrations to the ends of the earth, and muddling the brains of the initiated; but the general public could not reciprocate. The British expedition has changed all that. Now when Christendom rings them up they've got to answer."

That word "Christendom" has a singular effect upon the cynic. It draws out all his acrid humor; for it seems to him the quintessence of hypocrisy.

"Christian nations! Christian civilization! A fine partnership this, between the brutal and the spiritual! In the pre-Christian era war was a very simple thing. Read the record of an Israelitish expedition in the Book of Chronicles. 'And they went to the entrance of Gedor, even unto the east side of the valley, to seek pasture for their flocks. And they found fat pasture and good, and the land was wide and quiet and peaceable; for they of Ham had dwelt there of old. And these written by name came in the days of Hezekiah, king of Judah, and smote their tents and the habitations that were found there, and destroyed them utterly unto this day, and dwelt in their rooms; because there was pasture there for their flocks.'

"What an unsophisticated account of an ordinary transaction! Even the sons of Ham could understand the motive. There is no profession of benevolent intent, not even an eloquent reference to manifest destiny; the fat pastures were a sufficient reason. In these days the unwilling beneficiaries of civilization have a harder time of it. No sooner are they dispossessed of their lands than they are called together to rejoice over the good work that has been done for them. This is A. D. and not B. C. The new era began with an angel chorus; let us all join in the refrain. First of all, decorum requires that the bare facts be decently arrayed in spiritual garments. With the skill that is the result of long practice the ugliest fact is fitted. It is a triumph of dressmaking. The materials may be a trifle threadbare, but with a little fullness here and a breadth taken out there, each garment is made as good as new. Not a blood-stain shows."

This is a free country, and the cynic must be allowed his fling, even at Christmas time. But if he has license to speak his mind in regard to the simple-hearted people who go Christmasing, we must be privileged to say what we think of him. The truth is that we think him to be a rather shallow-pated fellow who has been educated above his deserts. For all his

knowing ways he has had but little knowledge of the world. He has seen the things which are obvious, the things that are shown to every outsider. He prides himself on his familiarity with accomplished facts, not realizing that these belong to the world that is passing away. The interesting things to see are those which belong to the world that is in process of becoming. These are not visible from the seat of the scornful.

The sweeping accusation of hypocrisy against men or nations whenever an incongruity is perceived between a professed purpose and an actual achievement is an indication of too great simplicity of mind. It is the simplicity that is characteristic of one without experience in the work of creation.

The cynic, perceiving the shortcomings of those who "profess and call themselves Christians," greets their professions with a bitter laugh. He cannot tolerate their pretensions, and he urges them to return to a frank profession of the paganism which their deeds proclaim. Now it is eminently desirable that all who profess and call themselves Christians should *be* Christians, — but that takes time. The profession is the first step; that puts a whip into the hand of conscience. Not only do a man's friends, but particularly his enemies, insist that he shall live up to his name. It is a wholesome discipline. In a new country two or three houses set down in a howling wilderness are denominated a city. It is a mere name at first, but if all goes well other metropolitan features are added in due time. I remember a most interesting visit which I once made to a university in a new commonwealth. The university consisted of a board of regents, an unfenced bit of prairie for a "campus," a president (who was also professor of the Arts and Sciences), a janitor, and two unfinished buildings. A number of the village children took courses which, if persisted in for a number of years, might lead to what is usually termed the Higher Education. One student from out of town dwelt in

solitary state in the dormitory. The president met me with great cordiality, and after showing me "the plant" introduced me to the student. It was evident that they were on terms of great intimacy, and that discipline in the university was an easy matter, owing to the fact that the student body was homogeneous.

Now it would be easy for one under such circumstances to laugh at what seemed mere pretentiousness. "It was nothing more than a small school; why not call it that and be done with it?" The reason for not doing so was that it aimed at being a university. Its name was a declaration of purpose. "Despise not the day of small things." The small things may be very real things; and then they have a trick of growing big before you know it.

In the world of creative activity the thought precedes the deed, the profession comes before the achievement. The child makes believe that he is a man, and his play is prophetic. Let us grant that multitudes who profess and call themselves Christians are only playing at Christianity; they have not yet begun to take the beatitudes seriously. It is a good thing to play at, and the play is all the time deepening into earnest work.

When it becomes earnest, it is still far from perfect; but imperfection of workmanship is no evidence of insincerity. He would be a poor critic who at the spring exhibition should accuse the artist of attempt to deceive because of his failure to achieve his professed purpose.

"Do you call that a picture of the Madonna? False-hearted hypocrite! Are you wicked enough to attempt to poison our minds and prejudice us against one who has been an object of worship? You are foisting upon us an image of absolute imbecility."

And yet the poor artist is no hypocrite, — he is only a poor artist, that is all. He has striven to express what he has actually felt; and he has had bad luck. He has been thrilled by an image of perfect womanhood; and he sought to reproduce

it for the joy of others. He wrought with sad sincerity; and this is what came of it!

In the work of creating a condition of peace and good will among men the Christian nations have not gone very far. But why twit on facts? Let us be reasonable. Why should we take it as a grievance that our birth has not been delayed till the millennium, but that we have been placed among those who are responsible for bringing it in? There is a satisfaction in being allowed a part in the preliminary work. And what if many well-meant endeavors have come to nought? Let us not spend Christmas time crying over the spilt milk of human kindness. It is natural that the first attempts at peace-making should be awkward. It takes time to get the knack of it. It is foolish to reserve all our praise for perfection. That gives an unpleasant impression, such as that which we receive from a person who, when there is a call for small change, produces a bank bill of a large denomination, which he knows no one can break for him.

To enter heartily into the spirit of Christmas one must not take its message as a declaration of an accomplished fact, but as a prophecy. Now it is nothing against a prophecy that it has not yet been fulfilled. The farther off it is, the more credit to the eyes that see and to the stout hearts that patiently wait and work for it. The practical question is not "Has it come?" but "Is it on the way?" Christmas is the time for the consideration of a bit of the unfinished business of the world. It is a pity that anything so important should ever have to give place to other matters, but once a year by unanimous consent it is taken off the table. For a little time the peacemaker has the undivided attention of the world.

First we must listen to the report of the progress already made. It is such a modest report that we must prepare our minds in order to appreciate it. The simple-minded cynic must be instructed in regard to the extreme difficulty and complexity of the work that has been

undertaken. It is nothing less than the transformation of a carnivorous, not to say cannibalistic, species into an orderly society in which each member shall joyously and effectively work for the welfare of all. The first thing, of course, is to catch your cannibals. This of itself is no easy task, and has taken many centuries. It has involved a vast amount of wood-chopping and road making, and draining of swamps and exploring of caves and dens. It is a task that is still far from accomplished. Savagery is a condition which cannot be abolished till there is a conquest of the earth itself. When the cannibals have been caught and tamed there comes the problem of keeping them alive. They must eat *something*; a point which many of the missionaries of civilization have not sufficiently considered. Ethical progress is delayed by all sorts of economic complications. When the natural man is confronted with the necessity of getting a living, robbery is the first method which suggests itself to him. When this is prohibited he turns upon his moral adviser with, "What more feasible way do you propose?" The moral adviser has then to turn from the plain path of pure ethics, and cudgel his poor wits trying to "invent a little something ingenious" to keep his pupil from starving. The clever railer at human kind who has always had a bank account to fall back upon has no idea how much time and thought have been taken up in such contrivances.

Then it should be remembered that the missionaries of civilization have not themselves been above reproach. The "multitudes of the heavenly hosts" might be heard for a moment singing of good will among men, but they did not remain to do the work. The men of good will who were to work out the plan were very human indeed. Milton, in the Hymn "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," warns us of the long interval between the Christmas prophecy and its historical fulfillment.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back and fetch the age of
gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly
mould;

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wear-
ing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
steering:
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace
hall.

But all the imagery of the gala day of peace fades away before the immediate reality.

"But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so."

This veto of "wisest Fate" is not absolute. It only calls a halt upon our imagination until the rest of our nature catches up with it. Mankind is not to have peace till it has suffered for it and worked for it. The workmen must do their work over and over again till they have learned the right way.

That the "Christian nations" are not hypocrites, but novices who have been making some progress toward the Christian ideal, becomes evident when we look back over their history. They are not the descendants of the simple shepherds of the plains of Bethlehem. Far from it! When they first began to "profess and call themselves Christians," they were not thinking of the beatitudes. They had not got that far.

Turn to the *Heimskringla* and read how King Olaf converted the pagan bonders.

"So King Olaf went into the God-house and a certain few of his men with him, and a certain few of the bonders. But when the king came whereas the gods were, there sat Thor the most honored of all the gods, adorned with gold and silver. Then King Olaf hove up the gold-wrought rod that he had in his hand and smote Thor that he fell down from the

stall; and therewith ran forth all the king's men and tumbled down all the gods from their stalls. But whiles the king was in the God-house was Iron-Skeggi slain without, even at the very door, and that deed did the king's men. So when the king was come back to his folk he bade the bonders take one of two things, either all be christened, or else abide the brunt of battle with him. But after the death of Skeggi there was no leader among the folk of the bonders to raise up a banner against King Olaf. So the choice was taken of them to go to the king and obey his bidding. Then King Olaf christened all folk that were there and took hostages of the bonders that they would hold to their christening. Thereafter King Olaf caused men of his wend over all parts of Thrandheim; and now spoke no man against the faith of Christ. And so were all folk christened in the country-side."

That is the way the nations of the north were first christianized. What is the difference between Thor and the Christ? the simple-hearted people would ask. "The difference," said King Olaf, "is very fundamental and it requires little theological training to see it. It is this: the Christ is stronger. If you don't believe it, I'll" — but they did believe it.

It is evident that there were some points in Christianity that King Olaf did not appreciate. To cultivate these fruits of the spirit required men of a different temper. Their work is not all done yet. It is progressing.

There is one complication in the work of peacemaking which has not been sufficiently considered. It is the recurrence of Youth. I have listened to the arguments against war at a great Peace Congress. The reasoning was strong, the statement of facts conclusive. War was shown to be cruel and foolish, and incredibly expensive. The audience, consisting of right-minded and very intelligent people, was convinced of the justice of the cause of Peace. Why, then, does not the cause triumph?

In such cases I am in the habit of looking about with the intent to fix the responsibility where it belongs, on those who were not at the meeting. Mature life was well represented, but there was a suspicious absence of young men in the twenties. Ah! I said, there is the difficulty. We can't be sure of lasting peace until we make it more interesting to these young absentees. They'll all be peace men by and by, but meanwhile there is no knowing what trouble they may get us into.

John Fiske traced the influence which the prolongation of infancy has had on the progress of civilization. I am inclined to think that equally great results would flow from any discovery by which the period of middle age could be prolonged beyond its present term. War would be abolished without any more ado. A uniformly middle-aged community would be immune from any attack of militant fever.

It happens, however, that every once in a while the hot passions of youth carry all before them. The account of what happened at the beginning of the civil wars in Israel is typical. King Rehoboam called a meeting of the elder statesmen of his kingdom. They outlined a policy that was eminently conciliatory. But we are told, "He forsook the council of the old men which they had given him, and consulted with the young men who had grown up with him and stood by him."

That's the difficulty! The hardest thing about a good policy is to get it accepted by the people who have the power. What avails the wisdom of the old men when all the young men are "spoiling for a fight?" Something more is needed than statesman-like plans for strengthening the framework of civilization. You may have a fireproof structure, but you are not safe so long as it is crammed with highly inflammable material.

There is a periodicity in the passion for war. It marks the coming into power of a new generation. A quarter of a century from now "the good gray poet" Rudyard Kipling may be singing sweet lyrics of peace. All things come in time. The

Kipling we know simply utters the sentiments of "the young men brought up with him." What he has been to his contemporaries Tennyson was to the generation before. Kipling never wrote a more scornful arraignment of peace or a more passionate glorification of war than Tennyson's *Maud*.

We are listening to the invective of a youth whose aspirations have been crushed and ideals shattered by a civilization that seems to him to be soulless. He has seen something which to him is infinitely more cruel than the battle between contending hosts.

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace ?
 we have made them a curse,
 Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is
 not its own ;
 And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it
 better or worse
 Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on
 his own hearthstone ?

We are made to see the inglorious peace in which men seek only their own ease.

Peace sitting under her olive and slurring the
 days gone by,
 When the poor are hovelled and hustled together,
 each sex, like swine,
 When only the ledger lives, and when only not
 all men lie.

From the evils of a soulless commercialism, and from the inanities of fashion, what is the way of escape ? From the evils of peace he turns to the heroism of war. I wish I could hear again
 The chivalrous battle song.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
 Like some of the simple great ones gone
 Forever and ever by,
 One still strong man in a blatant land.

At last, breaking in upon the deadly stupidity and selfishness of the common life, is the noise of battle :—

 It lightened my despair
 When I thought that a war would arise in defence
 of the right,
 That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
 The glory of manhood stand on his ancient
 right,
 Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher
 aims
 Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of
 gold,
 And love of a peace that was full of wrongs
 and shames,
 Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told ;
 And hail once more to the banner of battle
 unroll'd !

That was an appeal to Young England, the England that was too young to remember the Napoleonic wars and was thirsting for an experience of its own.

It is very easy to dismiss such outbursts of the militant spirit as the mere recrudescence of savagery. It is better to treat it seriously, for it is something which each generation must reckon with. Tennyson sums up the matter from the standpoint of ardent youth.

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like
 a wind,
 We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we
 are noble still,
 And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the
 better mind ;
 It is better to fight for the good than to rail at
 the ill ;
 I have felt for my native land, I am one with
 my kind,
 I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom
 assigned.

It is easy enough to dismiss all this as mere vapping. But it is a protest which must be heeded, for it expresses a real experience. There are things worse than war. A sordid slothfulness is worse. A cowardly acquiescence in injustice is worse. It is a real revelation when to the heart of youth comes a sudden sense of the meaning of life. It is not a treasure to be preserved with miserly carefulness. It is to be nobly hazarded. It *is* better to fight for the good than to rail, however eloquently, against the ill. To feel for one's native land, to unite in generous comradeship with one's kind, to endure hardness for a noble cause; these things are of the essence of manhood.

In times of national peril such awakening has come. Many a man has then for the first time discovered that he has a soul. He has cried out "mine eyes have

seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

Now just here we peace men may see our most inspiring bit of unfinished business. War has been idealized, it is left to us to idealize peace. It cannot be done till we bring out all its heroic possibilities. If it means dull stagnation, selfish ease, the prosperity that can be measured in dollars and cents, there is sure to come a revulsion against it. The gospel of the full dinner pail and the plethoric pocket-book does not satisfy. If the choice is between commercialism and militarism we need not wonder if many an idealist chooses the latter as the less perilous course. It seems less threatening toward the things for which he cares.

The call is for a new chivalry. Our duty is not only to keep the peace, but to

make a peace that is worth keeping. This is no easy task. It means the humanizing of all our activities. Everywhere a human ideal must be placed above every other kind of success. Religion must be lifted above ecclesiasticism; and business honor above the vulgar standards of commercialism. The machinery of civilization must be made subservient to man. More careers must be opened for men of the soldierly spirit whose ambition is for service. The new generation must be shown what opportunities the world's business and politics offer to great-hearted gentlemen who are willing to risk something for a cause. The kind of peace which the world needs cannot be had for the asking. It comes high, — but it is worth the price.

THE STAR IN THE WEST

BY ARTHUR COLTON

THE world has lost its old content;
With girded loins and nervous hands
The age leads on; her sharp commands
Ring over plains and table-lands
Of this wide watered continent.

Who calls the poor in spirit blest?
The rich in spirit win their own.
Hark to the war's shrill bugles blown!
Look to the rippling banner thrown
Outstreaming in the west!

Who says the meek inherit here?
The earth is theirs whose hands are strong.
Work for the night comes, art is long.
Onward the keen, stern faces throng,
Quick-eyed, intent, sincere.

Our life has lost its ancient rest,
The pale blue flower of peace that grows
By cottage wall and garden close.
Star in the east, ah, whither goes
This star that leads us west?

OUR STATE LEGISLATURES

BY SAMUEL P. ORTH

I

DOES a fiendish necromancer transform a John into a Judas when he enters the halls of legislation, or is it impossible to elect able and honorable men to make our laws? Popular impression seems to affirm both horns of this deplorable dilemma. We have grown to distrust our state legislatures. Their convening is not hailed with joy, and a universal sigh of relief follows their adjournment. The utterances of the press, the opinions of publicists and scholars, and the sentiments of the street and the market-place are quite at one in their denunciation of the legislature. Our representatives are the subject of jest and ridicule, of anger and fear. This is a serious matter. When a democracy loses faith in its law-makers, respect for law must soon fade away, and with it vanishes self-government.

Has it never occurred to us that these gibes and thrusts, cartoons and editorials, sermons and sentiments, ought to be directed against ourselves, and not against our servants?

I am not writing an apology for legislative excesses. The man who thinks a legislature infallible harbors an insane delusion; the man who thinks it utterly depraved allows his malevolence to dispel his reason.

A careful study of and long familiarity with state legislatures, with their personnel, the conditions under which they were elected, and the environments in which they performed their tasks, leads me to believe that some of our criticism is misplaced, and some of our zeal and activity displayed at the wrong time. There are faults, gross and glaring, in the conduct of state legislatures. There are also faults, as gross and glaring and less excusable, in the conduct of the constituencies which

selected the legislators. These must be studied together, that the truth may be learned and the faults remedied.

The nature of the problem and the scarcity of published data render the scientific study of the legislative situation delicate and difficult. I have here attempted a fragment of such an inquiry. For this purpose I have taken four legislatures, of states whence biographic data were forthcoming. It is of course vain to seek in a handful of biographic statistics the special fitness of a given class of men for legislative duty. Yet the average human being is influenced most potently by education, by occupation, and by experience. Knowing these we can at least roughly gauge his fitness for the ordinary duties of public life. Genius, indeed, is not amenable to statistical diagnosis, neither is it an element in this analysis. There is not even a "trace." Genius would not be representative of the masses.

I begin with the legislature of Vermont, a sturdy New England state, clinging more nearly than any of its neighbors to the ideals of a day long past. A survival of the revolutionary times gives each town a representative in the lower chamber. Hence we find one of the largest assemblies in one of the smallest states. There are two hundred and fifty-two members in this populous house of representatives, while in the senate there are thirty members.

Of the thirty members of this senate, only three were college graduates; seven had received training in professional schools; seven had been educated in academies, so numerous in New England; and thirteen received no further education than that offered by the public schools. Nine of the senators were farmers, of lawyers and physicians there were four each, and thirteen were engaged

in mercantile pursuits. The state constitution limits the age of the senators to thirty years. Only three members of this senate were under forty years of age, one half were between fifty and sixty, six ranged in age between forty and fifty years, while six were beyond threescore, the oldest member being seventy-three. The average age of the lawyers was forty-three years, of the physicians fifty years, of the business men fifty-one years, and of the farmers fifty-four years.

Of these thirty men only three had had no previous political experience. Some had been in office practically all their lives. One had carried the burdens of "all the usual town offices." Another had been township clerk thirty-five years, chairman of the selectmen thirty-seven years, and all this while a member of the school board and an assistant judge. Another had held "most of the town offices," while still another had held "all except clerk and treasurer." What showers of public honors!

In the house one twentieth were college graduates, one fourth had received training in academies, while over one half had gone no further than the public schools. There were one hundred and twenty-three farmers in this house, six lawyers, ten physicians, forty-eight merchants and manufacturers, three bankers, five preachers, six insurance writers, two hotel proprietors, three liverymen, fourteen laborers or artisans, including a blacksmith, a driver, a sailor, a teamster, a painter, a "boardsawyer," several laundry men, carpenters, and loggers. Six had no visible occupation other than that of "politician and office-holder," while one was a student not yet graduated from his college. One would think that a wonderful degree of versatility and originality was displayed by some of these law-makers in their private pursuits. One member made his daily bread by "occasional speculation," another was a "fish culturist." One useful member was a "lawyer, farmer, and breeder." Another was busy as "town clerk and trea-

surer, and clerk in a general store." But the most versatile of this coterie of men of many affairs was one who professed to find time to be a "furniture dealer and undertaker and miller and dealer in grain and feed."

In this house were twelve under thirty years of age; one sixth were between thirty and forty years, one third were between forty and fifty years; one fourth were between fifty and sixty years; while thirty-five were old men over sixty. The average age of the lawyers was forty, of the business men forty-three, of the laborers forty-three, of the farmers fifty, of the physicians fifty-two, of the clergymen fifty-five.

This house also was rich in political experience. Only one eighth had never before held public office, and these were mostly the young men. Many of the older members had held office for fifteen, eighteen, twenty, and thirty-six years. Over one half had held more than three offices, and had been in public service more than ten years.

Of this body of two hundred and eighty-two law-makers, only nineteen had sat in former legislatures, — several, it is true, for four or five terms; but the vast bulk had received no previous training in legislative work. Such special preparation for legislative duties as they possessed, they had received in the minor township and county offices. Thirteen of these men were old soldiers, and two were of foreign birth.

Ohio may be taken as a type of the populous state in which manufacturing, mining, and agriculture are of nearly equal importance. There sat in its general assembly thirty-three senators and one hundred and ten representatives.

In the senate one third had received a college training, a second third had not been farther than the common schools, and the last third had been trained in academies, normal schools, and professional schools. Fourteen, or almost one half of this body, were lawyers; nine were engaged in business affairs. There were

two teachers, two editors, two farmers, and one physician. Nine of the senators were under forty years old, nine were between forty and fifty years, ten were between fifty and sixty years, and two were over sixty years old. The average age of the lawyers was thirty-six years, of the editors, thirty-eight years, of the business men forty-four years, of the teachers forty-nine years, and of the farmers fifty-five years.

One half of these senators had not held previous political office of any kind. Only six had had previous legislative experience.

One eighth of the house members had received a college education; three eighths attended normal schools, academies, or professional schools, and nearly one half received only a common school education, one representative reporting that he had not been "in school after twelve." One third of these representatives were lawyers, one fifth were farmers, one sixth were business men, including manufacturers, bankers, druggists, a lumber dealer, a cattle buyer, a hatter, and a confectioner; there were ten teachers, all from country schools or villages; five physicians, three editors, and one preacher. Ten laborers and artisans also participated in the law-making. This category includes a machinist, several carpenters, and a cigar maker. There were two auctioneers in this house, one the proud possessor of "an established reputation," and the other, "one of the best in the country." Here was a commercial traveler who laid claim to greatness because he had "traveled more than one hundred and eighty thousand miles." One member had for thirty years been a court crier accustomed to the routine of court drudgery. With him sat a metal polisher who was an exponent of labor unionism. One member was still a student in a law school. And, most unusual of all, there sat in this heterogeneous assembly a "musical composer" with a "national reputation, being the author of many works on music and over one hundred piano composi-

tions, many of which have proven very popular," which is more than can be said of some of the legal compositions which he helped enact.

Of these representatives of the people, six were under thirty years of age, very nearly one half were between thirty and forty years, one fifth between forty and fifty, one eighth between fifty and sixty, and one eighth over sixty, the oldest member being eighty years old. The average age of the teachers was thirty-five, of the lawyers thirty-five, of the editors forty-two, of the physicians forty-five, of the laborers forty-one, and of the farmers fifty-four years.

One third of the house had not held any previous political office. Nearly one fourth had been members of former legislatures, and four of these men were professional politicians; while others were "experienced politicians or active in politics," or had "entered politics." Such members had usually filled county and township offices. It is probable that scarcely any one is sent to the state legislature who has not been active in local party organizations, as a committeeman or as a delegate to county or district conventions. The acquaintance thus formed is an essential prelude to a successful political canvass.

There were members in this assembly who had tried their skill at many occupations. The teacher who had turned lawyer or editor or farmer was the most numerous of this class. Several were both farmer and merchant; others wrote insurance between the intervals of law practice or merchandizing. It is the man of modest affairs, or the man of no affairs, who most relishes legislative experience.

Over one tenth of these members were old soldiers, and five were foreign born.

Indiana represents the states of the middle west where the agricultural interests are still predominant. Of the fifty senators who composed its upper house, ten had received a college education; eight had graduated from professional schools; eight had partially completed a college

course; twelve had attended normal schools or academies; while quite one third had not passed beyond the common schools. Lawyers composed just one half of this senate, six followed mercantile pursuits, seven were farmers; of artisans there were five, including a glass cutter and a factory foreman; there were also four physicians, two teachers, and one editor. Only one of the senators was under thirty years old. One half were under forty, one third were between forty and fifty, eight were between fifty and sixty; while only three were over sixty. The average age of the lawyers, the predominating force of the body, was forty years, of the physicians thirty-nine, of the teachers forty years, of the artisans forty-five years, of the farmers forty-seven years, and of the business men fifty years. This was virtually a senate of young men. One third had not held previous political office, while one tenth had held office over ten years, and one third had been members of former legislatures, many of them for several terms.

One seventh of the house members were college graduates, sixteen had received training in professional schools, six partially completed their college course, while eighteen had attended academies or normal schools. Nearly one half the members had no other education than that offered by the public schools. The records of some of these men recall the pioneer days. Two had received but "six months' schooling." Another had been deprived of all educational advantages in his youth, and what education he possessed he received after he had grown to manhood. One member had learned to read in Sunday School. Yet another had only a "limited education." And still another survival of the age of primitive things had gotten "four months of schooling in a log school-house." Not quite one third of these representatives of the people were lawyers; another full third were farmers; of the remaining one third, four were physicians and four were editors; the remainder was about equally divided

between business men and artisans or laborers. With the bankers, manufacturers, and merchants, sat carriage-makers, miners, painters, glass-blowers, bricklayers, bottle-blowers, and plumbers. Here also we find a member who was still a student in college, and who was honored with the privilege of nominating a United States senator.

Of experience in office-holding a scant one third had had none, while five had been in public service over ten years, and one had held office over twenty-two years. Nearly one fourth had been members of former legislatures.

Nine of this house were under thirty years of age, and nine were over sixty. The rest were about equally divided among the three decades between thirty and sixty years. The average age of the lawyers was thirty-four, and twenty of this number were only thirty or under; of the laborers or artisans, forty-two; of the business men, forty-four; of the physicians fifty-five; and of the farmers, fifty-five years.

In this assembly were eight old soldiers, and four foreign born. There is evidence here of the same diversity of gifts that we have found in the other states. Here is one man who was "teacher, publisher, and lawyer." Another who combined the tasks of "farmer, brick-maker, and bricklayer." Of "farmer and lawyer" there are many; so of those who unite the duties of "teacher and merchant" or "teacher and farmer," or "merchant and insurance;" while one carries his partisanship into his bread-winning as a "farmer, carpenter, contractor, and Democrat."

Here also sat representatives of the labor union, one of whom avowed his convictions that "our tax and financial systems should be overhauled." Fortunately he was in a large minority, and there was no overturning of established institutions. A "sound-money-protectionist-expansionist" helped neutralize the acid of socialism.

Finally, Missouri may be taken as a representative of the southwestern states

where the sentiments of ante-bellum days are being rapidly dispelled by manufacture and industry.

In the assembly I describe sat thirty-four senators and one hundred and forty-two representatives. One third of the senators were college graduates; nearly one half had not passed beyond the common schools; of the remainder about equal numbers had either a professional training, or had attended college for a short time, or had taken a course in a normal school or in an academy. Two thirds of the senators were lawyers; the remaining one third were mainly business men, only three farmers being found in the list, and one physician. One half of these men were between forty and fifty years of age, two were over sixty, and one third were under forty. The lawyers averaged forty-one years, the business men forty-seven years, and the farmers sixty-four years. Only five of this membership had held no former political office, and two thirds had been members of former legislatures, most of these for several terms. Nearly all of the lawyer-members had been prosecuting attorneys, or city attorneys, or county judges. This senate was therefore rich in political experience.

Of the one hundred and forty-two members of the lower house, only seven had completed their college course, while twenty-seven had gone partially through college. Thirteen had attended professional schools, and twenty-one had received their education in secondary schools. Over fifty-four per cent were limited to a common school education. One member had formed the commendable habit of "studying at home," and his colleague in intellectual industry confessed himself "quite a student of political economy."

Not quite one third of the house were lawyers, and one third were farmers; one fourth were engaged in business pursuits, including banking, manufacturing, real estate, insurance, contracting, and milling. Six members were physicians, three were teachers, and nine were editors and

"newspaper men." With the two clergymen sat one college professor and one saloon-keeper. The unions were represented by a plasterer, a "grainer and marbler," a miner, a smelter, and a "rail-road car inspector."

The variations of mercantile and professional combinations were as amusing as in the other states we have studied. Here was an "undertaker and lawyer," certainly a misjoinder of parties; should it not read "undertaker and physician?" Here sat the "promoter and real estate merchant," the "salesman and mine organizer," the "furniture dealer and editor," the "horticulturalist," and the "breeder of hogs," the "merchant, miner and farmer," and the "teacher, minister, and farmer." Of "farmer and merchant" there were several, also of "farmer and miner," and "farmer and teacher."

Seven of this interesting throng were under thirty years of age, one seventh were over sixty; over one third were between thirty and forty, one half between forty and sixty years. The average age of the lawyers was forty-one, of the laborers thirty-nine, of the teachers thirty-five, of the physicians forty-two, of the business men forty-four, of the editors forty-two, and of the farmers fifty-one years.

One fourth of the house had not held previous political office, while one third had been members of former legislatures, many of them for several terms. Over one half of the members had held more than two offices, and one third had been in office more than ten years. In this assembly of one hundred and seventy-five citizens, seven were of foreign birth, and forty-two had borne arms in the Civil War, either for the Union or for the Confederacy.

These are the four legislatures, and from what I can learn they are typical of the entire forty-five that convene annually or biennially in our land.

To those who look for a body of well-trained and expert law-makers, this analysis must be depressing; to those who affirm that the average state legislature is

not representative of the great body of citizens, the data gathered are likewise disappointing. For one must be profoundly impressed by the real representative character of these law-making bodies. Every degree of education is represented. Indeed, the one fifth of the men of college training and the one third of academy or professional training far outnumber the ratio of such men in everyday life. Every profession is represented, almost every conceivable business activity has its patrons on the floor of our legislature; with the farmer sits the artisan, with the banker sits the union labor agitator, with the manufacturer sits the small shopkeeper, with the preacher sits the saloonkeeper, with the professional specialist sits the jack-of-all-trades. It is true that these assemblies are far more representative of the rural communities than of the great cities. I have mentioned the men who engage in a multiplicity of pursuits. These can thrive only in the country. The city exacts specialization. From the cities come most of the young lawyers seeking publicity, the labor union representatives, and the professional politicians.

The age of the law-maker is not that of unfledged youth or useless age. Man is in his prime from forty to sixty, and the very large majority of our legislators are of that age. The extreme youth, not yet in possession of his college degree, and the man laden with the experiences of eighty years, are only picturesque extremes in these democratic assemblies.

And in the experiences of political life likewise, every phase and variation is represented. Those who have been only voters, those who make politics a business; those who are ardent partisans, and those who are politically torpid; the conservative and the demagogue, all are intermingled in these representative bodies. Even the foreign-born citizens are well represented.

II

But a legislature is not only to represent the people, it is to make laws; and, un-

fortunately for our legislative system, the making of laws requires expert knowledge, judicious temperament, and great wisdom. None of these qualities are apparent in bulk, in any state legislature. The class of men who possess expert knowledge in framing and interpreting law are the lawyers. While they predominate over other professions in the legislature, those who are found there are either young men, or men without large practice. I think that it will surprise my readers to learn that from one fourth to one third of the members had previous experience in legislative work. These can temper the conduct of the raw members, but they can scarcely be called experts. It requires also another species of expert to aid in lawmaking, the man who is possessed of technical information concerning the conditions that bring forth the law: the mining engineer, the electrician, the ship-master, the sociologist; the men who are most affected by the contemplated laws. These are rarely found in the halls of legislation.

There are other features of this problem which cannot be revealed by statistics, but which must be discovered by personal knowledge. How many of these men have been elected by corporate interests, to help pass laws favorable to corporations? How many are owned by politicians, and how many by rich individuals seeking ulterior gain? How many sought their seats with the secret purpose of bartering their influence for money? And finally, how many are absolutely independent, placing public welfare high above the claims of party or of persons? My experience must lead me to answer each of these questions in the same manner: but very few.

The legislature is composed of average men, possessed of human weaknesses, prejudices, and passions. They are elected by party machinery. They are pressed by corporate and party demands. The majority are as honest as they are simple, and as efficient as they are wise. These men meet to frame our laws, their work is

largely foreordained. Let us scan hastily their method of organizing, and the quality of their output.

I remember the first state legislature I ever saw. I was a freshman in college and had gone to the capitol to witness the organizing of the senate and house. The scenes I looked upon were almost a parallel to those in which I had been an actor but a few months before, the organizing of our freshman class. The importance suddenly thrust upon the fresh matriculate turns his head about as much as the sudden fame upsets the new legislator. Here are men who have always lived in small towns and out-of-the-way places, unaccustomed to travel and distinction, now become suddenly the centre of interest for the entire state. Their pictures are in the papers, distinguished politicians seek them out, they are complimented and dined, and in the blaze of this transitory flame of glory, they lose themselves. The state legislature has been the burial place of many a man's virtue.

The most important function of our early legislatures was deliberation. This has almost entirely disappeared. The rush of the age has invaded the dignified assembly hall, and bills are shot through as by pneumatic pressure. The two most important factors in modern legislation are the lobby and the committee. What deliberation now is granted a measure is given in committee rooms and in private discussion. In the turmoil and boyish ardor of organizing, the lobby interests must secure committees.

It takes some weeks before the new members become accustomed to legislative routine. An average session lasts about four months. Of these the first is given over to organizing and learning the pace, the second and third to trading and manipulating, and the final month is devoted to law-passing.

The amount of this legislation is overwhelming. One of the legislatures I have described sat one hundred and thirty-two days. It passed four hundred and forty-

eight general laws, three hundred and twenty-eight local laws, and sixty-two joint resolutions, a total of eight hundred and thirty-eight enactments, or an average of six and one third a day. But the work was not thus evenly distributed. One half of these measures were passed the last fifteen days. On the last day were passed seventy general laws, seventeen local laws, and six joint resolutions. On next to the last day were passed fifty-nine general laws, twenty local laws, and one joint resolution. A total of one hundred and seventy-three enactments, or one fifth of the work of the session, in two days. I will grant that some of this grist had been ground out in committee, but how fine could even a committee grind so much grist? There are twenty-four hours in one day; in forty-eight hours one hundred and seventy-three laws were passed, or one law every sixteen minutes. But as the legislature sat only twelve hours a day, these rules of human conduct were created at the rate of one every eight minutes. What fecundity! And there is a fiction that every one is presumed to know the law.

These were not all trivial measures, mere amendments or matters of little import. The work of this session included important laws concerning the powers of the boards of health, laws regulating electric and gas corporations, and an entire negotiable-instrument code.

In the same year were passed by the various state legislatures nine thousand three hundred and twenty-five local laws, and four thousand eight hundred and thirty-four general laws; a total of fourteen thousand one hundred and fifty-nine. An overproduction that has lifted lawlessness above par.

Of this mass of legislation a portion is wholesome, another portion is merely passive and harmless, — if indeed any innocent and inert law can be harmless, — a third fraction is vicious, and a final part is foolish.

The wholesome laws are usually the result of pre-legislative deliberation. I

believe the practice developed in recent years, of codifying all laws upon one subject, is a hopeful tendency toward mature legislation. The listless laws are the offspring of our deplorable habit of special legislation, mated with our American good humor. The foolish laws are the fruit of ill-conceived reforms. And the vicious laws are the result of bribery, of carelessness, of selfishness, and of partisanship.

The first group of vicious laws are due to selfishness and bribery.

Some men are always found in every legislature who were sent there for one special purpose. A few are always found who will play with the gold of others. The combination of these few with the gullible many makes possible vicious laws. Closely related to these men are the one or two "milkers" found in every legislature. These under the guise of benevolence introduce a bill "To further secure the rights of stockholders in insurance companies," or some kindred title, hiding beneath the most innocent phrases the most violent measures. This brings all the interested corporations to the capital with the pap, and the venal legislator fattens to bursting. Unfortunately legislation is often a marketable commodity.

Another class of vicious legislation is due to carelessness. The volumes of repealed and amended laws are tokens of this thoughtlessness. In 1873 the legislature of New York passed a charter for the metropolis, and the repealing clause threatened a general jail delivery. The governor refused to sign the measure until an amendment rectified this careless error. In 1882 the legislature of the same state passed a municipal code, and a whole page of the original was omitted from the copy sent to the executive for approval. Through a legislative blunder the supreme court of Ohio was robbed of a large portion of its jurisdiction, two years ago, and an act of a special session of the legislature was required to override the mistake. A repealed or amended

law is sometimes an indication of a change in conditions; more often it is a confession of weakness or of shortsightedness. Our tendency constantly to amend makes laws shifting as the sands.

And a final group of vicious laws are due to partisanship. The machine in American politics is the merging of all functions of government in one control. While I believe that the popular estimates of party tyranny are somewhat overdrawn, there are yet perennial occasions for a general revulsion of feeling. The party lash is too often substituted for public conscience. When a United States senator is to be elected, party servility reaches its extreme. The candidates for the senate are announced before the legislators are nominated, and the senatorial contest is no more confined to the state capitol than the presidential elections to the room wherein the electors meet.

The blood-bought Goebel Law of Kentucky, allowing the governor to appoint all local election officials, and permitting the legislature to canvass election returns and reject the vote of any county, with no power of review in any court, is an example of the vicious extreme to which partisanship leads. In 1901 West Virginia passed ten "ripper" bills, giving the incoming governor the power to appoint all the boards of control of all the public institutions in the state. So are often created new and unnecessary offices and places, to serve as nests for the faithful party workers. The payrolls of our states, like those of our cities, are padded for the benefit of the party henchmen. The evil is multiplied when the machine allies itself to corrupt and powerful corporate interests. This is not infrequent. Every state has fought such unholy alliances.

The method used by party leaders to bring "pressure" to bear on a member, or to "lead him to see the light," are as amusing as they are diverse and original. I know of an instance where the wife of a reluctant legislator was kidnapped and held a prisoner for four hours in the rooms of a man who aspired to become,

and did become, a United States senator. The political influence over the wife proved as potent as her influence over the husband. This winter, in one of our legislatures, it became necessary to put through a measure which was labeled "purely political, and therefore not a question of conscience,"—an unusual inference. A boy member of the legislature happened to have a conscience which was somewhat political in its sensitiveness, and refused to line up. His father was called to the capital, and parental persuasion succeeded where political power failed.

And finally, in this long list of laws there are always a few fool measures. There is at least one fool in every legislature. He imagines himself a reformer. He slips in his bill and trades and log-rolls for its passage. Thus in Nebraska the reformer wanted to prohibit women from wearing corsets and bloomers. This was clearly class legislation, for the title made no mention of men. In Pennsylvania he wanted to prohibit treating. In Kansas he wished to repeal the Constitution and enact the Decalogue in its stead. In Indiana he desired benevolently to change the mathematical ratio of 3.1416 to 3.15 because it was "easier to calculate." And in Michigan he wished to forbid the wearing of tights in circuses and theatres, and the use of every language except English on the menus of hotels and restaurants. This last bill had its origin in the woeful experience of a country member who visited Detroit for the first time. He confessed that he could not read the menu at the hotel whither he had resorted for his dinner. So he blindly ordered twelve dishes, "and I'll be hanged if seven of 'em wer'n't potatoes," he divulged, as he explained his reform bill. In Arkansas three years ago the fool member actually succeeded in passing a drastic anti-trust law which prohibits any corporation which is a member of any pool or trust in *any part of the world* from doing business in the state. The members who passed this all-reaching measure

probably formed a *posse comitatus* to insure its efficiency.

III

These proceedings betray the common weaknesses of mankind lurking in the hearts of our legislators. The creation of a party, the legislator is by nature partisan; the creature of a boss, he is by nature servile; a lover of fame or of wealth, he naturally quails before temptation; a man from the normal walks of life, with neither special training nor special unfitness, he is amenable to the normal influences that commonly affect human action. There is no need of calling him names. He is the result of our system of politics. The college professor may call him "a country squire" or "a labor demagogue." The publicist may rail at "a body of boys, and inexperienced, unknown farmers." The preacher may hurl theological epithets at "the puppet tool of the damned boss;" the fact remains that the average legislature represents the average American human being. His pathology is not unique. We must not be so hasty in laying all the blame for vicious and careless legislation at the door of our representatives. A vast deal of the fault lies elsewhere.

In the first place we are law mad. We look upon law as a cure-all. If you want an index to all human ills, read the table of contents of any statute book. The legislature is not to be primarily blamed for this. It is in the air, the people demand this multiplicity of laws. And it certainly is an adventitious budding of our political tree, which the forefathers, in the planting, did not contemplate. The theory of the constitutional fathers was that the government should be one of limited powers. They believed that the people should be let alone, to work out their own salvation. They did not believe that the legislature could create values, morals, and happiness. We say of the commonwealth: "Let the legislature work out your salvation, and while it is doing so, fear and tremble." This seems to be an American

mania, this craze for law-collecting, like our craze for bric-a-brac. In no liberal country in Europe are there so many laws as in our country; in none are laws more burdensome, and less conscientiously enforced. No European health commission has such arbitrary powers as an American board of health. While we are filling quarto pages with legislative rubbish, let us recall Tacitus: "When a state is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied."

In the second place we have developed the deplorable habit of special or private legislation, and this habit we are carrying to a silly extreme. Over one half of the laws annually passed are local or special in their nature. Utterly insignificant as are these backyard measures, they are enacted at the demand of a clamoring constituency, and rob the legislature of its time and strength. A member's reputation is multiplied by the number of such laws that he can pass for his neighbors. I know of one who fathered twenty of them successfully, from babyhood to maturity, in one year. His constituency rewarded him for this commendable energy by electing him to higher office.

Everybody with a grievance or an ambition hastens to the legislature. The member feels called upon to look first after the interests of his constituents, afterwards to the interests of the state at large. He uses these private bills as a lever upon which to raise his prestige as a statesman; as a medium of exchange for legislative values, trading with his fellow-lawmakers for the passage of their private bills. These measures receive practically no attention from committees. If the people of the district want them, why, that settles it. They know their business. So the whim of a farmer or the wish of a neighborhood becomes glorified into a statute.

This custom is made possible by another American custom, that of district representation. Why should a man live in a given corner in order to be able to make laws for a state? Of course the rea-

son is that that particular district feels entitled to special legislation. The two customs are twins, one should perish with the other.

In the third place we have not yet learned to differentiate entirely the functions of legislation and administration. When the evolution which dictates the total separation of these functions is completed, then separate organs of administration will be developed, as they are in France and Germany. But meanwhile our state legislatures persist in confusing the administration of state institutions with the making of law. This practice is baneful alike to institutions and departments of government, and to the purely legislative work of the assembly.

In the fourth place we seem entirely oblivious to the forward strides of our republic, and to the fundamental principle that government must march *pari passu* with progress. We seem to forget that, since the days of the first thirteen states, our population and social and economic conditions have undergone wonderful changes. Then society was agricultural and wealth individual; now society is urban and wealth corporate. The change in needs and the multiplicity and diversity of emergencies which arise in this complex society we meet with legislative methods which were suited to the simple needs of a sparsely settled agricultural community.

The most potent force in our economic life is the corporation. This creature of law has become the creator of law. This shifting of property obligation from the individual to the aggregation necessitates a new conception of duty. But have you ever seen evidences of a corporate conscience? All branches of our public law have been undergoing a slow metamorphosis, because of the entrance of the corporation into our legal environment. So must all branches of our private law become modified. The corporation has found a permanent place in our business life, but we have not yet formed for ourselves a permanent safeguard against its

constant intrusions upon private rights. We have retained the simple methods of a colonial legislature, while society has proceeded with giant strides toward the goal of corporate property and responsibility. It is not an impossible task for a corporation to own a legislature. More than one railroad corporation has successfully accomplished this task of government ownership. These great artificial beings have many times set out to elect a legislature in consonance with their desires. They have also many times secured the control of a legislature after its election. We cannot excuse corruption, neither ought we to excuse a society that meets such novel and potent conditions with such primitive and impotent methods.

IV

There remain the two usual accusations, heard wherever a legislature is discussed: these men lack ability and experience, and they also lack the time necessary for deliberate and judicious action.

It is true that the average representative is not a man of unusual ability. Men of ability cannot usually be persuaded to leave their congenial occupations and subject themselves to the harsh criticisms of an *unfeeling public*, and to the rigors of a political contest. I value among my acquaintances a man of culture and ability who was requested by his neighbors to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the legislature. He was obliged to refuse, for the pay the state allowed was not enough to meet his expenses as a candidate and legislator. He would have to suspend his work, and hire some one to take his place during the session. It is only in a crisis that a citizen should be compelled to give his fortune and his livelihood to the state. We do not pay our legislators a living wage, certainly not a wage that can attract ability. We do not honor our lawmakers, but rather it is a term of ridicule and jest among the cultured classes to be known as a member of the legislature.

The result of this attitude of the state is perfectly natural. The men of ability avoid the office. About seventy-five per cent of the members seek the place. They are of a kind who relish the opportunities that accompany it. Some are available because they are "old soldiers" from the Civil War, others because they are young soldiers from the Spanish War. Some have been party servants, and this is their reward for faithful service. Some "voted for Lincoln." A few are the incarnation of radical ideas. And still fewer have only the recommendation of a quiet, useful life filled with good deeds and honest, plain thinking. Of the four legislatures tabulated above, I can count a scant dozen men in each body who are really men of superior ability or experience. The rest are not necessarily mediocre, but fairly represent the average intelligence, honesty, and ability of the community. There are a few young men who seek the position as a stepping-stone to higher political honors. A few of these subsequently render the nation valuable service; some of our wisest statesmen received their training in these preparatory schools of legislation. A large number graduate into Congress. In the national House of Representatives thirty-seven and one half per cent of the members were thus prepared, and of the Senate forty-four and three tenths per cent.

In 1777 it was written into the constitution of Vermont: "The House of Freemen of this state shall consist of persons most noted for wisdom and virtue, to be chosen by ballot, by the freemen of every town in this state."

Time and conditions have lowered our standard. We are content with average wisdom and average virtue; and in years of apathy virtue and wisdom are quite forgotten, and we elect whom the machine nominates. Rotation in office, party control of nominating machinery, the ambitions of corporations and of party leaders, these are the forces that move the pawns on the legislative chess board. Under the political conditions which the majority of

the voters tolerate, can we expect the legislature of a state to be composed of the best men of the community? And we know that the real danger of the democracy is the withdrawal of intelligent and humble men from public duties.

That the legislature lacks time is axiomatic. The community and conditions rob the legislator of his hours. It is not the wilful sin of the representative that he gives heed to the thousand voices that constantly call to him from his constituents. From every hamlet in the state, from every township and city, from every corporation office, flows a stream of bills to the honorable representatives of the various districts, and on the mad current of this stream are rushed forward bills, members, and public. The veto of the governor and the efforts of the few able members cannot dam this annual overflow of our legislative Nile. Unfortunately the silt that the recession of opinion leaves after the adjournment of the legislature reeks with the unwholesome odor of bad laws, of foolish laws, and of vicious laws. This deluge pours forth from the people; it is not the creation of the members.

These are the conditions from which modern legislatures and their work arise.

Instead of setting ourselves to the task of bettering the conditions and making scientific legislation possible, we have turned elsewhere for relief. First, we have tried to minimize legislation by biennial sessions, and some have even suggested quadrennial sessions, and standing commissions for enacting orders which should stand until the meeting of a decennial legislature. This tendency is not in consonance with the spirit of a republic. The evil we combat is not legislation, but

unwise legislation. Legislation is a vital function of the body politic. And legislation by representation is the life blood of a republic. We dare not allow the legislative organ to atrophy; we must help it to greater specialization, and thus follow the laws of evolution. The first step in this development was the committee system. That is now outgrown. The next step must be toward a still greater degree of specialization. The function of the lobby must be absorbed by legitimate legislative organs.

Second, we have become accustomed to view the courts and not the law as the bulwark of our freedom. The courts stand between the people and the people's legislature. They ward off the evil effect of pernicious laws. It is anomalous that a free people should need a court of justice to save it from the destructive forces of its chosen lawmakers. We are drifting from the Saxon toward the Roman ideal, when the court becomes both the lawmaker and the judge.

Our theory of legislation by representation is not wrong, but our practice of the theory is antiquated. Yet even with our present crowded calendars, and lobbies, and party bosses, and corporate omnipotence, noble results can be attained if the people are not supine. After all, it all lies with the people. They can dignify the office of lawmaker by choosing only the honest and the able; they can degrade it, they have degraded it, by choosing the average, the mediocre, the vicious, and the foolish. All of our political evils feed upon the indifference of the people. Popular demand is the ultimate source of good law, popular indifference is the immediate source of bad law.

EMERSON

BY HENRY JAMES, SENIOR

[NOTE. — The paper that follows was composed by the late Henry James in 1868, or thereabouts, and read a few times to private audiences. It forms a sort of *pendant* to a more elaborate paper on Carlyle, which had been written previously, and which, after Carlyle's death, appeared in the *ATLANTIC* (May, 1881), and subsequently in *Henry James's Literary Remains* (Boston, 1885). Whoso wishes to see a more unceremonious view of Emerson than that now printed, will find it in the latter book, pp. 292–302. My father was a theologian of the “twice-born” type, an out-and-out Lutheran, who believed that the moral law existed solely to fill us with loathing for the idea of our own merits, and to make us turn to God's grace as our only opportunity. But God's grace, in Mr. James's system, was not for the individual in isolation: the sphere of redemption was *Society*. In a Society organized divinely our *natures* will not be altered, but our spontaneities, because they then will work harmoniously, will all work innocently, and the Kingdom of Heaven will have come. With these ideas, Mr. James was both fascinated and baffled by his friend Emerson. The personal graces of the man seemed to prefigure the coming millennium, but the resolute individualism of his thought, and the way in which his imagination rested on superior personages, and on heroic anecdotes about them, as if these were creation's ultimates, set my father's philosophy at defiance. For him no man was superior to another in the final plan. Emerson would listen, I fancy, as if charmed, to James's talk of the “divine natural Humanity,” but he would never *subscribe*; and this, from one whose native gifts were so suggestive of that same Humanity, was disappointing. Emerson, in short, was a “once-born” man; he lived in moral distinctions, and recognized no need of a redemptive process. My father worked off his mingled enchantment and irritation in the following pages, in which he pits Emerson's unconscious being against his conscious intellect, and treats the latter as symbolic of the natively innocent Humanity that is to be. — WILLIAM JAMES.]

It is now full thirty years ago that I made Mr. Emerson's acquaintance. He had come at the time to New York to read a course of lectures. These I diligently attended, and I saw much of him also in private. He at once captivated my imagination, and I have been ever since his loving bondman. I tried assiduously during the early days of our intimacy to solve intellectually the mystery of his immense fascination; but I did not succeed. I could very well see what the charm was *not*. It did not the least consist, for example, in any intellectual mastery he exhibited; for what he mainly held to be true I could not help regarding as false, and what he mainly held to be false I regarded as true. Still less did any conventional graces or accomplishments account for the spell he wrought; for no man was more austere than he in manners, or less addicted to the arts of pleasing. He was, in fact, as nude and chaste to my imagination as a statue out of the marble. But what the magic actually *was*, I could not at all

divine, save that it was intensely personal, attaching much more to what he was in himself, or by nature, than to what he was in aspiration, or by culture. I often found myself, in fact, thinking: if this man were only a woman, I should be sure to fall in love with him. For although men marry for all sorts of things, for fortune, for family, for fashion, for accomplishments, for wit, for beauty, for comfort, for convenience, they never really love a woman but for one thing, and that is herself, or what she is in right of her own person, unbacked by any conventional attestations.

This was at least a clue to my riddle's ultimate solution. It did not by any means suffice to solve it, but it fixed my face in the direction whence alone the solution was finally to come. For it was utterly impossible to listen to Mr. Emerson's lectures, without being perpetually haunted as to your intellect by the subtlest and most searching aroma of personality. In the first place everything on the

spectacular side of the experience suggested it. His demeanour upon the platform, as you all remember, was modesty itself: not the mere absence of display, but the presence of a positive personal grace. His deferential entrance upon the scene, his look of inquiry at the desk and the chair, his resolute rummaging among his embarrassed papers, the air of sudden recollection with which he would plunge into his pockets for what he must have known had never been put there, his uncertainty and irresolution as he rose to speak, his deep, relieved inspiration as he got well from under the burning-glass of his auditors' eyes, and addressed himself at length to their docile ears instead: no maiden ever appealed more potently to your enamoured and admiring sympathy. And then when he looked over the heads of his audience into the dim mysterious distance, and his weird monotone began to reverberate in your bosom's depths, and his words flowed on, now with a river's volume, grand, majestic, free, and anon diminished themselves to the fitful cadence of a brook, impeded in its course, and returning in melodious coquetry upon itself, and you saw the clear eye eloquent with nature's purity, and beheld the musing countenance turned within, as it were, and hearkening to the rumour of a far-off but oncoming world: how intensely personal, how exquisitely characteristic, it all was! And how infinitely less it reminded us of our old and gross and rustic Adam, than of that refined and mystic "seed of the woman," who will yet make beautiful the sterile places of our nature!

Much more, however, than his outward demeanour even, is the very form of Mr. Emerson's mind fertile in these elevated suggestions. What strikes you above all things, when you look at the substance of Mr. Emerson's thought, is his cordial appreciation of the intellect, or the masculine force in nature, and the generous homage he pays it ever in its most tyrannous and exaggerated forms. No man of half his renown was ever half

so gracious as he to the most wilful or insolent of intellectual upstarts. A feeling of envy, a suggestion of rivalry, is unknown to his breast. He is frankness itself to every one that demands his recognition, and if any claimant goes away with his egotism rebuked, it is never because he has not been treated with cordial hospitality, but simply because he has enjoyed his first opportunity of measuring himself with a style of manhood more sincere than his own.

What a worship he has also, not only for men of thought, but for men of observation, or knowledge! It has often appeared to me almost a plaintive sight to witness the sweetness and delicacy of his reverence for any burly and boisterous son of science, who yet *knows* more than other men. Science embalms all her votaries to his respectful regard; and if you can only tell him some new fact of knowledge, especially some fact that lends a picturesque attestation or illustration to human life, he will never forget you. Who loves Plutarch or any similar annalist of heroic names, as Mr. Emerson does? He would, I dare say, have discovered Plutarch, if his fame had never travelled beyond his native Bœotia. And how he revels in the proverbial philosophy of the East, that paradise of the sage or wise man whose living word is absolute over the imagination of his followers, and dyes all their thought to its own hue.

And then, again, how intensely practical is Mr. Emerson's influence! It is impossible to read him when you are young and as yet undismayed by the experience of life, without instantly speculating how you shall begin forthwith to live; nay, to live the manliest possible life. No writer so quickens the pulse of generous youth; so makes his brain throb and reel with the vision of the world that is yet to be. It is as if the spotless feminine heart of the race had suddenly shot its ruby tide into your veins, and made you feel as never before the dignity of clean living. Undoubtedly your first necessity always was to report yourself personally to this

mystic shrine without delay, to know what the hierophant might have been commissioned to say to you specifically. I do not say that you were ever likely to find what you sought. I do not say, in fact, that you were not pretty sure in the long run to come away disheartened rather than encouraged. I think, indeed, that you were rather an exceptional person if you returned with feet as assured and hopeful as those which bore you on. For Mr. Emerson was never the least of a pedagogue, addressing your scientific intelligence, but an every way unconscious prophet, appealing exclusively to the regenerate heart of mankind, and announcing the speedy fulfilment of the hope with which it had always been pregnant. He was an American John the Baptist, proclaiming tidings of great joy to the American Israel; but, like John the Baptist, he could so little foretell the form in which the predicted good was to appear, that when you went to him he was always uncertain whether you were he who should come, or another. And naturally enough, you were liable — unless, as I have already said, you were uncommonly free from personal vanity — to return disconcerted. It is very significant, this, that every man who was so happy as to open a new poetic vein, or invent a more spiritual gospel than the old, or devise an urgent material reform in the line of dietetics, must needs betake himself forthwith to Mr. Emerson, to get his adventurous banner blest.

Now why do I thus linger upon these personal traits of Mr. Emerson? It is because they at least indicate, however little they supply, the solution I shall venture to give you of the problem of his rare genius. They indicate one thing very clearly, and this is that the influence exerted by Mr. Emerson over the minds of his contemporaries is not in the least of a dogmatic or intellectual, but of a purely personal quality. And personality — character — as it seems to me, is the distinctive badge of Mr. Emerson's genius. That is to say, his genius is strictly mys-

tical or living, consisting altogether in his own vivid personal lustre or significance. Not what he thinks has ever interpreted Mr. Emerson's genius to me, although his thought is always grand, majestic, manly; nor yet what he says, although his speech is colour and melody and fragrance itself to my senses; nor even what he does, although his action is always free, spontaneous, fearless: but all simply what he personally stands for or represents — what his peculiar genius symbolizes — in the divine drama of the Incarnation. There is no technical man of letters in the land who will not cordially bow to Mr. Emerson's literary sceptre; yet this is what those who value Mr. Emerson most value in him the least. I think it has never once occurred to me in my long intercourse with Mr. Emerson to prize his literary friendship, or covet any advantage which might accrue from it to myself. No, what alone I have sought in Mr. Emerson is not the conscious scholar, but always the unconscious prophet, whose genius, and not by any means his intellect, announces, with unprecedented emphasis, spontaneity as the supreme law of human life.

I have diligently cultivated Mr. Emerson's acquaintance, as I used diligently to cultivate Mr. Carlyle's. But Mr. Carlyle is an egregiously secular person, and you go to Chelsea, as you go to the theatre, for entertainment or diversion. Mr. Emerson, on the other hand, is an eminently sacred person, and you frequent Concord as you frequent the Cathedral — for self-recoil, self-examination, and reproof. Mr. Carlyle is a gross human reality, suggesting absolutely nothing to your devout imagination, but appealing with unexampled vivacity to your sensuous wonder and love of fun. Emerson is a tender, divine personality, making a most modest appeal to your senses, but brimful of significance to your imagination. Carlyle is an abject realist. He willingly confounds what is of temperament with what is of character, what is of nature with what is of culture, what is thing with what is

person. His men are all heroes, not to be estimated for their representative, but for their absolute worth, not to be honoured for the light they reflect upon human nature, but for their incontestable private superiority to all other men. Emerson is an idealist. He indeed honours great men, but only for their human substance. They are not heroes, but strictly representative men. They do not, indeed, represent a divine or infinite substance, but a human or finite one; and this is already much. His Platos, Swedenborgs, Shakespeares, Montaignes, Napoleons, and Goethes, are truly representative men, as he calls them, but they always represent the human mind, always its native ideas, aspirations, and resources. They each of them embody some characteristic greatness of the mind, some subtlety of genius, some immense sincerity of belief, some ineffable grace, some creative imagination, some comprehensive energy, belonging to human nature itself, and fit to make us glory in that nature supremely. They do not reveal or represent anything essentially above human nature, anything essentially spiritual or supernatural, anything infinite, in short, or divine; but still they *do* represent something more than they individually constitute, and this is a great gain. Carlyle loathes to conceive of nature and history as a divine drama merely, intended solely to educate the human mind, or make it at last receptive of divine order and power. On the contrary, he conceives of them as absolute realities, and hence does not hesitate to regard the good and the evil, the true and the false, the strong and the feeble that he discerns in men's persons, as finalities, clothing the universe of the divine administration in impenetrable gloom. Emerson has a deep instinct, at least, of the opposite truth, if not a large intellection of it; and you always feel accordingly the divine hopefulness which breathes from out all his dealings with nature and man.

In truth, Carlyle is a sheer devotee to will or moral force, as the permanent measure of God's creative power in our

nature; and hence he unaffectedly abhors the evangelic philosophy, which sets moral force aside, or reduces all men — good and evil, wise and foolish, great and small — to an indiscriminate spiritual pulp before God, to be moulded by him afresh in unitary immortal form. Now I shall not pretend to say what Emerson's conscious relation to the evangelic philosophy is, but at all events his unconscious genius relates him to it in a much more favourable way than this. For by his genius he is vowed only to Art or the spontaneous force, whose organ is always delight, not duty, and his veins so throb with this new wine of nature, that although he totally renounces every theologic tradition, and disuses every theologic dialect, confessing only the new-found spiritual Bacchus, you are yet sure that he is far nearer the spirit of the truth than any votary of its letter in the land. Unlike Carlyle indeed, Emerson has never tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, never caught a glimpse of the cherubin and the flaming sword that turns every way to baffle the guilty conscience; but puts forth his white, unshrinking hand direct to the tree of life. His movement is so strictly involuntary, indeed, that he cannot imagine why people of a different genius, of a more complex temperament, recoil with dismay from his serene, unconscious temerity. He has not the least vital apprehension of that fierce warfare of good and evil which has desolated so many profounder bosoms, which has maddened so many stouter brains. He acknowledges good alone, but evidently he recognizes it, not as a purchase or contingency of men's spiritual culture, but as an obvious law of their natural experience; having vastly more to say of it as an open manifestation of beauty to the senses, than as a revelation of hidden truth to the soul.

Carlyle utterly ignores this virgin freshness which our nature puts on in Emerson: these tender *remains*, as Swedenborg calls them, of Divine peace and innocence which have escaped the wreck of

our moral manhood, and are now coming forth in every form of regenerate æsthetic activity to renew and beautify the common earth into a garden of the Lord. Carlyle has no suspicion of these fragrant unconscious deeps of the soul, wherein God's restorative virtue or redeeming power has always lain concealed from a profane or premature recognition, until it was ready to go forth in a renovated race consciousness of mankind, replete with all social equity, armed with all social energy. Emerson — I will not say intellectually allows, for he livingly avouches and exemplifies this virgin soul in humanity; but he has no suspicion that it is not natural and of his own essence; no suspicion that it is a fruit exclusively of that race discipline and culture which were announced in Christianity, and have been slowly struggling to our surface consciousness in all subsequent history. Emerson conceives the soul to be chaste and sweet of its own momentum, in its own absolute right, and without any need of that stupendous Divine manipulation which some men call Providence, and others History, to make it so: as infallibly chaste and sweet when it abandons itself to secular gain, or the allurements of pleasure, as when it aims in secrecy to reproduce God's stainless probity. Thus, while Carlyle is an essential school-master, the harsh edge of his pedagogy being blunted by his practical good-nature, Emerson is essentially a prophet: only prophecy with him puts on a strictly modern form, and shows God no longer concerned with the affairs of specific persons and peoples, but intent exclusively upon the vindication of his equal and intimate presence in every soul of man.

Carlyle — all unwittingly, I grant — rings out the old world of misrule which was inaugurated by the first Adam: that world in which man's foolish wit and wisdom have borne sovereign sway, and human nature accordingly shows itself at best a mere battle ground of heaven and hell. Emerson, on the contrary, — but in

like utter unconsciousness of his mission, I admit, — rings in that better world inaugurated by the second Adam, in which at last the divine spirit is supreme, and our nature, consequently touched by that inspiration, brings forth immaculate fruit; that is, all those spontaneous graces of heart and mind and manners which alone have power to redeem us to eternal innocence, peace, and self-oblivion. In short, Carlyle is the last gasp of a world in dissolution; the death-rattle of an ancient but always merely provisional and now utterly exhausted life of God in man; and there is consequently no outlook of hope, but only of despair in his filmy eyes for man's earthly future. Emerson, on the contrary, is the child of an altogether nascent, or rather resurgent, era; the comely, close-packed, perhaps untimely, bud of a redeemed life of God in our nature; no longer a stinted, voluntary, ascetic life, confining itself to the solitudes and desert-places of the private bosom, but a rich, spontaneous public life, pervading the lowest places of our nature, animating, sanctifying every humblest possibility of our actual flesh and blood consciousness; and he sings us songs accordingly of such immortal cheer that the owls and bats of our drowsy degenerate Christian night are fain to drop lifeless and blind in the luminous ether of his fresh regenerate Pagan morning.

But it is time to conclude. I shall have ill succeeded in my task, if I fail to convince you that Mr. Emerson's authority to the imagination consists, not in his ideas, not in his intellect, not in his culture, not in his science, but all simply in himself, in the form of his natural personality. There are scores of men of more advanced ideas than Mr. Emerson, of subtler apprehension, of broader knowledge, of deeper culture; but I know of none who is half so interesting in himself, none whose nature exhibits half so clear and sheer a reconciliation of infinite and finite. I know of no man in whose nature the gross masculine or material force has become so spiritualized as in his; in whose

nature *thing* has become so glorified into *person*. Here is a man who seems to me almost void of will, void of that tyrannous moral power which incessantly drives its subject to subjugate all men to his dominion. I find in Mr. Emerson no trace of this invasive, diabolic temper. I find in no man, especially no man equally famous, anything like the exquisite, unaffected, perfectly unconscious deference he pays to every other man's freedom. Of course, if it were at all conscious on his part, I should have nothing to say of it. He seems to me absolutely void of covetousness; entertains no clandestine designs upon any one; would not if he could impose his sway upon you; is destitute of all persuasive arts; has no resources either of flattery or command; is so ignorant, indeed, of all our accustomed devices in this sort, and so estranged from our ordinary corrupt manners in general, as to appear to most people utterly inexpansive; and yet he draws all men unto him, is sure of their spontaneous homage. And the philosophy of this fact, to my conception, is simply this: that the mas-

culine or moral force, force of will, presents itself in his natural personality so refined, so sublimated into feminine or æsthetic force, force of spontaneity, that men instinctively do him homage, as a manifest token of divine power in our nature. We are things, you know, and we are persons, both. We are born things, and we become persons. Now what strikes you in Mr. Emerson is that he seems to have been born person instead of thing; that is to say, thing in him seems to be so completely absorbed in person that we cannot help regarding his peculiar genius as a purely providential fact, as an unexpected development of our natural history, and welcoming it therefore as a new divine augury for the race. It is a fact of his nativity, anticipating, superseding all that is spiritual cultivation or character in him; and as nature is universal, while culture alone is individual, we reasonably argue from the creative power patent in him to the same power latent in us, and hope that what is here the dawning divine radiance will go on to mid-day glory in all other men.

WHEN LEAST AWARE

BY ELLEN DUVALL

THE one passenger who had just quitted the fast disappearing train stood on the old platform and looked wonderingly about her. Of station proper there was none. A long, low, open, dilapidated freight shed, with a caboose-like room stuck on at one end, rows of peach baskets, heaped-up fruit crates, a pile of fresh-hewn lumber, — these were what Helen Boscath saw. There were no loungers, no vehicles, no signs of habitation even; and, but for the timely appearance of a conciliatory dog, she would have feared that there had been some mistake. Miss Boscath herself never made mistakes. It had been her fortunate privilege to find life easy and all prepared to her hand. Metaphorically speaking, she had traveled from Dan to Beersheba, from Europe to Cathay, everywhere, indeed, that an affluent young gentlewoman may travel with perfect comfort to herself, without the shade of a mishap, the hint of an adventure. But adventure, like Happiness in the fable, may sometimes stay at home.

Where there is a dog there is, sooner or later, his master, and Miss Boscath waited perforce for the master. He came hurrying out of the dingy little waiting-room, struggling into his coat as he ran, — a young countryman, whose face showed gaping surprise. He stared at the lady, and she, with an inevitable reflection of his expression in her own, stared in return.

"This is Bendon's Cut, is n't it?"

"Yes 'm," was the reply.

Miss Boscath breathed freely. "What time, then, does the up train leave for Garnock?"

The man looked blank. "The up train? Why, it's gone, 'm."

"Gone?" she echoed vaguely, and instinctively turned towards her own vanished train.

The man, whom she perceived to be the station-master, was much more perturbed than she. "You see," he faltered apologetically, "You ought to told the conductor you wanted to get off here; for the train don't always stop, 'cause there's so little passenger travel this way. Then, if this train's late, as its mighty apt to be, owin' to the freight, the conductor stops the Garnock train on the siding a mile out, and lets the passengers for *it* off there. You've passed the train without knowin'."

During this explanation Miss Boscath became all serenity again. "Well," she said, with a finely detached air, yet with a certain peremptoriness of tone, "when does the next train go?"

The man looked from her to the dog, then back again, and, with lowered voice, as if it were a secret, murmured, "7.40 to-morrow morning."

But Helen's beautiful eyes never lost their habitual tranquillity, as she said perfunctorily, pleasantly, but with utter unconcern, "What, then, shall I do?"

For there had always been people in her life to do things, to find ways and means, — there might be delays, but never deprivations. She laid a kindly indifferent hand on the shabby little cur's head.

The late August atmosphere was golden. Through the trees came level sunshafts neck and neck with the shadows of trunk and bough, and the woods' stillness was like a profound embrace. Over all and through all there was a feeling of life's superabundance, of life at its height, at its cresting flood, straining at bounds, ready to break through and fall, in she knew not what torrents of power, beauty, change. She had that curiously thrilling sense that, given another moment, and everything *must* change. The sensation

was new, and, for the instant, it held her.

"What shall I do, then?" she repeated carelessly.

There was no immediate answer, and, looking questioningly at the man, she found him regarding her in open dismay. "Lord knows, lady; I don't!" was his final reply, in a tone that so touched her sense of humor that she laughed.

"Is there no hotel, then, inn, or lodging-place near here?" she asked encouragingly.

Her spark of laughter evidently troubled him still further.

"Lady," he said solemnly, "you don't take it in; there ain't any 'here.' 'Bendon's Cut' is just *nothing*. It was meant for freight; and that's 'bout all it's used for. Wa'n't your ticket for Fairview Junction? Most people go that way. You ought to 've spoke sooner," he added dolefully.

For the first time Miss Boscath had, as the phrase is, to do her own thinking. "But surely there is some decent farmhouse where I can pass the night. Have n't *you* a home and some womankind belonging to you?" — then, seeing his embarrassment, — "any accommodations will do," she said sweetly.

The color rose in the young station-master's sunburnt, freckled face. Speech was difficult; but after what seemed to the lady an extraordinary pause, he stammered, "I know, 'm— we could ha' done it, and we'd love to. But you see, Miss, the baby came this mornin'. My wife, she was turrible sick for a while, so sick that Mother thought we ought to send for *her* mother. My buggy — it's all I've got — 's gone now, and won't be back till midnight. Mother herself is sleepin' in the parlor, — but you're just as welcome; we'll try to make you comfortable" — He stopped. The pride and joy of fatherhood, the sense of mortal peril faced and safely passed, evidently rushed over him and lifted his plain young face into ecstasy. Again Helen felt that new thrill, and had that inkling

of life's Protean nature. She was drawing very near to the heart of things, she thought, to the elemental humanity common to us all, and wondered that never before had she had so complete a sense of that nearness.

At this moment was heard the rumbling of wheels from a vehicle hidden by the freight shed. As if inspired, the station-master bawled, "Uncle Ben, aw, Uncle Be-en!" The rumbling ceased, and a decent old colored man hurried forward.

"Ben, is Mr. Miles at Rosedene?"

"Ya-as, sir; he's goin' to be there a fortnit come Chewsday," replied Ben, looking at the lady in friendly amazement.

"This lady's missed the train," said the station-master, anxiously.

"I was going to Garnock, to General Winnefield's," explained Miss Boscath carelessly. "How far is that from here?"

"Oh, that's twenty-five miles as the crow flies," said Ben, with a discouraging head-shake. "It's more'n half a day's ride; and it's sundown now."

For the first time there came to Helen Boscath some realization of the predicament. She drew a quick breath, and looked vividly about her. The lateness of the hour, the day's decline, the wood's loneliness as well as stillness, struck home as she remembered that she was a woman, young, beautiful, and unprotected. It was not pleasant to be thrust suddenly back upon the sharp edge of sex, and to be made to feel its insufficiency. From the two men in front of her Miss Boscath for the instant recoiled; and it was in a different tone that she again asked: —

"Then what shall I do?"

"Mr. Miles will know," said the station-master confidently.

"Missy, could you wait till I bring him over? It's on'y 'bout five miles," said Uncle Ben, in the sweetest, most matter-of-fact voice imaginable.

Miss Boscath looked almost helpless. "I hate to keep you," she said, turning

to the station-master, "but I — yes, I believe I'm afraid. I *could n't* wait here alone, you know."

"I would n't have you for the world," was the prompt reply, "and I'm goin' to see you through, safe an' sound, no matter what comes. You're welcome to the best we got; but I just *know* it ain't what you're accustomed to," —

"Why, good Lord, Mr. Charley," swept in old Ben, bland rebuke and injured surprise in his manner, — "I'm goin' to take the lady over to Rosedene, an' I'm on'y studyin' how to get the carriage over here, or her over there, seein' it's late. Missy," turning winningly to Helen, "I reckon you never rode in a peach-wagon. 'T ain't so slumberin' as an ox-cart; we drive four mules to ours, an' they just go. I got two clean coffee sacks for your feet to set on, an' if Mr. Charley will lend me the cushion off his ole cheer, I reckon you might make out. All our quality childern round here has ridden some time in a peach-wagon."

Miss Boscath's semi-European education did not cover a knowledge of coffee sacks as footrugs, nor of a peach-wagon and mules as an equipage; but the pleased, relieved look of the station-master's face encouraged her, so she expressed her thanks and willingness to go.

With the dog for company the two men left her for a moment, and then returned to escort her to the peach-wagon. Old Ben carried her bag and umbrella, Mr. Charley her coat, while the dog ran and wagged before. She looked in politely concealed dismay at the queer slatted vehicle she was to ride in, and into which both men helped her to climb. A clean pine board had been laid across as a seat, and on it was the borrowed cushion. This latter evidently troubled old Ben.

"My, my, Mr. Charley," grumbled he, "cyan' the Railroad Company afford somethin' better than an ole rag leakin' its insides out? 'Tain't fittin' for a dog to set on, let alone humans," and he vigorously punched the exuding hair into the split leather covering.

Mr. Charley murmured an apology; and Helen, glad to meet her willing helpers half way, said, "Oh, it will do very well!" and sat promptly down upon it.

The station-master climbed up beside Ben, the dog jumped in behind, the old man gathered up the reins, and the four dapper little mules were off.

When one is ten years old a five-mile ride in a springless peach-wagon is a delight; at twenty-nine it is a question of good-humored endurance, and Miss Boscath had not gone far before feeling that for her it would be the latter. The road was excellent, but the jogging would have relieved, as it is said to do, the most confirmed dyspeptic.

Speech was infrequent. The two men exchanged at long intervals a desultory remark, but as Miss Boscath did not address them they did not feel at liberty to speak to her. Old Ben's silken courtesy, deferential without servility, impressed her as different from anything she had as yet known; while the free, opulent kindness of the young countryman in prolonging his absence from the sick wife and newborn child, in order to provide first for *her* bodily comfort and ease of mind, touched her to the quick. She had thought that the sense of obligation could never be quite pleasant, but there was a sense deeper than any mere personal feeling in being the recipient of kindness so generous and complete. Her eyes, fixed intently on the young man, drew his own. He had been sitting rapt, a little pucker of anxiety on his brow, a half-smile on his lips; but now, as he caught her sympathetic look, he breathed deep, and said, involuntarily, "It weighs ten pounds."

Old Ben, with one of those unreplicable African sounds of wonder and admiration, half turned in his seat, while Miss Boscath said, "Have you thought of a name?"

"My mother, and hers, too, is named Mary; but my wife, she's laid off to call it Myrtle."

Miss Boscath was evidently expected to give an opinion. "How would Mary

Myrtle do, then, Mr. —? I have n't the pleasure of knowing your name yet."

"Jones, 'm; Charles Jones is mine."

"Mary Myrtle Jones, then, seems to go very well, if your wife should like it, Mr. Jones" —

"Call me Charley, 'm, — everybody does, Charley's good enough for me. If the dogs could speak, I reckon they'd call me Charley, too. Seems like I get around better on 'Charley' than I do on 'Mr. Jones.'"

"Law, Mr. Charley, you ought n't to feel shy with your own name," remonstrated Uncle Ben.

"Oh, it ain't that! 'Mr. Jones' is like Sunday clo'es; you don't really *mind* 'em, but you don't want to 'less you have to," explained Mr. Charley cheerfully.

"I suppose you have lived here always?" ventured Miss Boscath, by a happy inspiration divining that the "personal note" is the natural note of the race.

"Born an' raised right here, in this very county," was the proud reply.

"And you, too, — Uncle Ben?" she asked sweetly. She hesitated slightly before uttering his familiar title, for her acquaintance with the colored people was theoretical, a gleanings from the printed page.

"Ya-as, 'm, ya-as, Missy; I come out of the Taskerville family; an' we all b'long right here, 'ceptin' those that b'long on the Jeems River."

He said this as if all the world knew of the Taskerville family.

"You were, then, I suppose, a" — she wondered if he would mind — "a slave?"

"Of co'se," was the serene reply. "Law, Missy, 't wa' n't nothing else to be 'less we'd been poor white, which was worse. But 't was all one to me. I was raised right along with our white children, same eatin', same mindin', 'Duty to'a'ds God, an' duty to'a'ds my neighbor.'" The old man chuckled softly.

"The on'e'est time ole Marster ever whupped me was when he really whupped Mr. Miles. We 'ticed away Uncle Zeb's

coon-dogs with a piece o' cheese, an' went coon-huntin' Sunday afternoon." Uncle Ben shook with the rich, compressed laughter of his race. "Lordy, Lordy, hope I may die, if we did n't have fun! But ole Marster was layin' for us when we come back, an' he lit into Mr. Miles, an' give him three times three; first, for disobedience; second, for Sunday-breakin'; third, for settin' me, one o' the young slaves, a bad example. Ya-as, 'm, he whupped him good."

"And then he whipped you?" asked Miss Boscath earnestly.

"No, *ma'am*, he never teched *me*."

"But I thought you said he did?"

"He did n't exac'ly lick me, Missy, but late that evenin' he caught me sneakin' up the back way with a plateful of apple dumplin's for Mr. Miles, who was shut up in his own room on bread an' water. Missy, 't was a big pie-plate jam-full. An' ole Marster made me set down right there with that pie-plate on my knees, an' eat every las' drap o' that dumplin' with the silver spoon I'd nabbed off the suppertable. Ya-as, 'm, that's what he did. I would n't ha' minded a trouncin', but I do think 't was a mortal shame to spoil a body's appetite for apple dumplin', an' I ain't never cared much for apple dumplin' since. G'long!" Ben slapped the reins down on the mules' backs, and put them to a faster trot.

Miss Boscath was silent. She did not know just what to say, just how to respond to the old man's reminiscential joy; and it occurred to her that your true cosmopolite is one who can meet another on that other's own, and best, ground. Evidently, then, with this regard she was not a cosmopolite, and she wondered how far she fell short of so desirable a completeness.

The windless air was full of an exultant odor of ripened life. When the hard white road dipped suddenly, nature would close quickly in with its leafy shadows and sense of approaching night; or when the road rose on some height, nature would fall away to show in wide rich fields,

plentiful orchards, oak-studded woodland, while beyond —

"Are those mountains or clouds, there to the southeast?" asked Helen.

"Missy, that's the Blue Ridge, — surely you've heard tell o' *them*," said Uncle Ben solemnly.

"Yes, I've heard of them," said Miss Boscath, smiling. She rested her eyes on the mountains so softly outlined, so wonderfully blue. Why is it, she thought, that the mountains cause such a feeling of expectancy? And it gave her a thrill of joy that she had the feeling. It seemed a warrant of youth, an earnest that for her there was still the unforeseen, a something to happen. For her life was surely nearing its flood, but was not yet at the flood. The Veiled Power which is about us had still something in reserve; and never had it so come home to her that life was like a picture which did not yet compose, a melody half caught, a message whose meaning was not yet plain.

She sharply roused herself. Was not her unusual feeling the result of her unusual adventure? Was not she, Helen Boscath, on her way to a strange house, convoyed by two strange men, neither of whom she had ever seen until within the hour? Was not she chancing the courtesy and good will of utter strangers, vouched for by a young, socially ignorant countryman, and an old negro? What would *her* world say, or rather, what would it not say? And she smiled at the thought.

"Did you get that white drake you were talkin' about, Uncle Ben?" asked Mr. Charley with interest.

"I did n't buy none; Mr. Miles gimme one, an' two Berkshire pigs he fotched me from the fair," answered the old man.

"Do you raise pigs?" asked Helen in surprise.

"Naw, 'm, I raise hawgs, Missy," he returned sweetly. "Miss Amelia says there ain't no bacon like mine. I started with five acres that Mr. Miles gimme, an' I got thirty now. Mr. Miles's been like a father to me," he added fervently.

"He must be a Nestor — your Mr.

Miles," said Helen lightly, thinking with relief of the old patriarchal ex-master, a fit counterpart to the old, kind ex-slave.

But Ben looked shocked. "No, *ma'am*, he's 'Piscopal, like all of 'em, an' a vestryman in the church."

"Oh, I only meant that he was wise, and learned in the world's ways, and could take care of himself and others."

"Yes, 'm, he's all that; he's a friend to all who need friendin'," said Mr. Charley heartily. "He got me my place with the railroad. You'll be all right, lady, when you get to Rosedene and Mr. Miles."

"An' Miss Amelia," added Ben quickly, in a tone which showed a wider acquaintance with conventions than his faded blue jeans and shoestring hat would have betokened; and it occurred to Miss Boscath that the old man, probably a lifelong familiar in a family of standing, was more conversant with social observances than she had deemed possible. She felt the more inclined to accept and trust the unknown hospitality which awaited her.

"Here's our woods gate, Missy," said Ben, as he at last turned in from the road; and then they drove through the chill, odorous dusk of oak, chestnut, and maple, along a winding avenue which ended in closely planted cedars and Lombardy poplars. The sun had set, but the light from the zenith fell in a soft shadowless flood upon lawn and house. This latter impressed Miss Boscath as being very open and still. Doors and windows were flung wide. It was just the usual colonial house, however, a two-storied square main building, with pillared portico rising to the roof, and low flaring wings.

Helen's heart beat as it had not done even when she was presented at Court. She had prefigured how things would be, whom she would meet; but still she was by no means sure, and it is uncertainty which has its zest. For the first time it came to her that in her multifariously easy life nothing had ever happened — all had taken place. She had been rather too numbingly certain beforehand of just

what would be. Where had she seen the phrase, "a goldfish bowl existence"? Evidently she belonged to the goldfish gentry, and she was one of these pitiful little fishes now suddenly tossed into a running stream.

"Wait a minute, Missy, till I fotch a cheer for you to step down on," said Ben brightly, "an' then I'll go get Mr. Miles." He drew up before the portico, swung nimbly out, ran up the steps into the hall, reappeared with a chair, and, before Helen could hesitate, she was out and standing on the ground. From the foot of the half dozen low steps she could partly see into the wide hall with its open door at the further end. Just then some one came suddenly from one side, and paused in the doorway. Projected thus against the light, Helen saw him on the instant, a gentleman, young, personable, dressed in linen, and with a flower in his buttonhole.

"Hi, Mr. Miles, is that you, sir" — began Ben; but before he could finish Mr. Miles was down the steps with hand extended. "You missed the train, of course? That always happens unless one knows this haphazard road. And Ben naturally brought you to us. I always tell him that his head just matches his heart, which is one of the best in the world."

Helen never knew whether he took or she gave her hand. Her confusion went over her like a breaker; but when she had emerged, as it were, she found herself in the hall, with a vague consciousness that her host had led her up the steps, that his hand was hard as iron, and its grasp unconsciously strong.

"I rejoice at my good fortune," she was saying, "in finding such kindness as Uncle Ben's, and such consideration as yours." And to her own ears the speech sounded wretchedly "set" and formal. Evidently it belonged to the goldfish bowl, not to the running stream. The stream would take much for granted, would take freely, she fancied, and would expect to be taken freely in return.

"But — but — I thought" — she fal-

tered — "from what Uncle Ben said, that Mr. Miles would be *his* contemporary."

The young man smiled. "His contemporary, the Miles of a by-gone generation, fell in the Valley campaign. He was my uncle. He is the hero of Uncle Ben's youth, and much-vaunted memory."

"And you are Mr. Miles, too?"

"Miles Smallwood, at your service." The perfume of courtesy in his voice and bearing made the old-fashioned phrase a commonplace.

"I am Helen Boscath."

There was a pause. Catching the intensity of Smallwood's gaze, Helen wondered that it should be also wistful. But there was about her a finish, a rich and full effect, which suggested the unattainable. Her unmistakable beauty, dark but with blue eyes, the fine lines of face, head, and shoulders, the perfection of her dress, as fitting as the bark to the tree, — all gave Miles Smallwood a tingling sense of values he had never before reckoned with.

"I fancy you were on your way to Garnock, to General Winnefield's," he said.

"Yes, and Mrs. Winnefield — Laura — wrote me that if I would get off at Bendon's Cut, and take the train for Garnock Station, I should find the drive to Garnock Hall particularly fine. I never dreamed that it was necessary to speak to the conductor. But how did you know I was bound for the Winnefields'?"

"Oh, beauty and fashion are wont to rally there," he answered lightly. "Mrs. Winnefield, the General's young, pretty wife, has her friends coming and going: you are evidently of them, — you talk like them."

"And how do I talk?" asked Miss Boscath, wondering.

"Well, your speech suggests linguistic abilities, — there is a sibilancy of the *s*, an Italian effect to the *r*. If not somewhat de-Americanized, like Mrs. Winnefield, you are perceptibly Europeanized."

He paused.

"Would you have us, then, wholly American?"

"What is it to be 'wholly American,'—something compounded of every man's best?"

Miss Boscath bethought herself. She had scarce met the man, and already they had reached the "personal note." Could two country bumpkins have done better—or worse?

At this moment a soft, shuffling step was heard, and old Ben came back with a lady, a tiny, bent figure which came slowly forward.

"My grandmother, Mrs. Taskerville," said Smallwood formally. "Grandmother, this is Miss Boscath: we shall have the pleasure of her company until she can go on to Garnock." He took his grandmother's hand, and guided it to Helen's.

"I am glad to see you, my dear; or rather to have you with us,—for I can scarce see."

Miss Boscath took the little shriveled hand, light and soft as down, in unconscious silence. Polite platitudes were impossible, for the creature before her was so old that she inspired Helen with awe,—so small, frail, exquisite, that Helen caught her breath. The delicate, withered face was like a translucency for—what?—the soul? Surely all the finest issues of life were made manifest by the ineffable expression of this old, half sightless face, which had a beauty of perfected living, of perfected adjustment to spiritual ends, such as no mere youth, however physically lovely, can ever show.

"I am happy to be with you, to feel your kindness," faltered Miss Boscath.

The intensity of Smallwood's gaze now affected Helen, and her eyes turned involuntarily to his. He stood as if on guard, as one who has been obliged to disclose a treasure, and is rightly jealous of an idle sight of it. His eyes were monitory, yet questioning. Did the stranger recognize the treasure? Was Helen's own womanhood sufficiently affined to this rare womanhood beside her for her

rightly to estimate it? Had she, indeed, that subtle power of appreciation which is the only true appropriation? She entered, at all events, into his feeling, if she could not have formulated his thought; and she felt that whatever Smallwood might, or might not, know, he had at least known the noblest heights of womanhood, and that such knowledge had had a vital influence upon his own life. Like a dart of white light the thought flashed through her mind of how great would be the compliment of this man's regard.

"Ben, take Miss Boscath's bag upstairs," the old lady was saying. "You will find Crecy there, my dear; and you will excuse me, for my impaired sight makes it hard for me to get about."

Helen followed Ben mechanically, and found herself presently in a huge bedroom where an elderly mulatress was arranging an armful of towels on a rack. The worn mahogany furniture, notwithstanding bulk and quantity, yet left the room looking rather bare. The walls were wainscoted half way to the ceiling; above the wainscot Miss Boscath had her first view of fresh white-wash, and, accustomed as she was to the immaculate, it nevertheless impressed her that this generously sized room was wonderfully neat. Against the uncompromising whiteness of wall, ornaments and pictures stood startlingly out, and her attention was immediately caught by an old German print hanging above the carved wooden mantel which, by the bye, was higher than her own tall head. The picture, yellow with age, represented the death of Clorinda, with Tancred kneeling beside her. The fineness of the engraving, its quaint anachronisms, and depth of artistic feeling, so pleased Miss Boscath that she enlivened her toilet-freshening by prolonged consideration.

When the tea-bell rang she went quickly down, and found Mrs. Taskerville and Smallwood awaiting her. Smallwood had his grandmother on one arm, and he offered Helen the other; she took it, and they went out to tea. The table was bare,

in what to her was a French fashion, with mats under all the plates and dishes. Ben, in full regimentals, white jacket and apron, and his "best pants," waited. Could Miss Boscath have overheard a little colloquy in the kitchen, she would have fully understood.

"*You goin'* to wait to-night, Uncle Ben?" asked Aunt Filly, the cook.

"If the Lord spares me," grimly returned Ben. "S'pose I'm goin' to let that white trash at Garnock get ahead o' Rosedene? Not much! English butler — huh! That foreign lady's quality clean through: says 'Uncle Ben' just as natural! So you tell Crecy to get out the green India, the bigges' napkins, an' the old carafes, an' I'll 'tend to 'em. An' tell that triflin' nigger, Clem, not to lay his finger on a blessed thing. He's clumsyer than a bear gettin' over a brush fence."

So the best things were duly set out, and Ben — himself of the best — waited. There was still light enough to dispense with lamps, and Helen had full benefit of color, polish, shine, mellowed by long gentle use.

As they talked, Miss Boscath incidentally told a little something of herself, of her life abroad, her journeyings, her ignorance of this part of the country. She "placed" herself, delicately as unmisstakably, for the benefit of her host and hostess — she thought it "due" them, — yet could not tell whether they really appreciated, or even quite understood, her doing so. Within certain limits they seemed like simplicity itself, and yet it dawned on her that the freedom of intimacy might be as rigidly withheld as was the freedom of hospitality plenteously given.

"Miles, before the light fails, I want you to take Miss Boscath out and show her the Rosery, the old pride of Rosedene, the origin of the name," said Mrs. Taskerville sweetly.

"Certainly," answered Smallwood. "My grandfather's grandfather," he continued, turning to Helen, "when he received the grant for this land, found,

back of where the house now is, a shallow ravine full of wild roses. Hence the name; and, in the enchanted times before the war, Rosedene's famous Rosery was rather a brag of the country side."

"I should like to see it," said Miss Boscath, "but why do you say 'enchanted times before the war?'"

"Because the myth-making faculty of the South has begun to work upon it, and, like Falstaff's men in buckram, it loses nothing by time and distance. Every farm has become a 'place,' or a 'plantation;' a half dozen slaves are now magnified into an army of feudal retainers; everybody then rolled in luxury, and supped off gold plates." His smile faded. "The glory of the South does n't lie in the past and in foolish fictions concerning it, but in the present, in the way the South has accepted hard conditions, and is bending her strength to the task of fulfilling them, — the strength that comes of suffering" — He broke off, and glanced towards his grandmother.

When they went back into the hall, a log was smouldering in the fireplace, and Smallwood put the old lady into a sheltered spot before it. Miss Boscath noted his solicitude, and caught the quality of his tone as he said, "Had n't you rather that we stayed with you?"

"No, I want you to show our company something of the old place," she persisted earnestly.

They therefore went out together, across a wide lawn where sheep were nibbling, and passed by a slender opening through a wall of osage orange into the rose garden. In dimensions it was after all a modest spot, set formally with box, inclosed on three sides by the osage hedge, while the fourth, declining into the little ravine, was left free as of old, to the wild roses. In the middle of the garden was a sun dial, and beside it a much-marred statue of Psyche. They walked at first in that restful, unconscious silence of instinctive affinity and comprehension.

"I like a garden that is n't too trimly kept," said Miss Boscath presently. "Na-

ture should be allowed some liberty, license even, — should be guided, not repressed.”

“Yes,” said Smallwood absently, “I’m trying to bring the whole thing back by degrees. I don’t like renovations that are too startlingly new, so I try to keep everything together and toned down.”

“The whole thing?”

“The place generally. — it came to me mortgaged.”

Unconsciously Helen scanned him. He was but little taller than she, so that their eyes were nearly on a level. His strong jaw and heavily moulded lips, sharp-cut on the edges, were balanced by an unusual sweep of brow and somewhat deep-set, sagacious eyes. While not strictly handsome, he was memorable, she thought, which is better.

He responded to her close scrutiny by a smile, saying, “Oh, the world is always well worth the price of admission, — you evidently think I must have had a rather hard time.”

She colored a little, — “The price of admission?”

“The toil, hardships, pain even; the hope, often denied, always deferred; the ambitions foregone; the aspirations — Well, it costs nothing to aspire; and who grudges the toll of a heartache to his ideals!”

He spoke lightly, as one who flings his meaning on the winds according to the hearer’s apprehension.

“Your philosophy is cheery,” said the lady.

“It’s the general philosophy of a working world, which mustn’t stop for self-pity or regret. I’m no better than my peers — the workers generally.”

“Then it *has* been a little hard?” Her voice was as soft as the wind in the mimosas.

“It would have been ‘hard’ if I had n’t overcome.”

“Ah, but you *have* overcome, then?”

“I’m in the way of it.”

“But you have done the thing you could rather than the thing you would?”

She seated herself on Psyche’s pedestal.

Smallwood rested an elbow on the dial and leaned towards her. “If I gave you the details, would you furnish me with a brief for complaint?”

She hesitated; then fixed her lovely eyes on him. “I’m afraid that, like Mephistopheles, I like my mouse alive; like life warm from the lips of those who *really* live — and you are one of them.”

“Then, with all your seeing, books have thought for you?”

“That would be to admit that I haven’t the ‘experiencing mind.’ But, partly, yes; women have to take life at second hand, you know.”

“And do you regret this law?”

Her smile was alluring. “Not when I may have my mouse alive, my story direct.”

Smallwood drew a deep breath. “Are n’t you afraid of inciting me to the egotism of the self-made man?”

“But you are not self-made?” She spoke with surprise.

“In a measure, yes; in one sense, no. Science has a hard task to strike a balance between environment on the one hand and heredity on the other. But I hold to our country proverb, that ‘there’s more in the breed than there is in the pasture.’” There was a pause.

“Do you smoke?” suggested the lady.

“No,” was the unsoftened reply. And to her it was suggestive of small economies rigidly practiced, of small personal indulgences unflinchingly eschewed.

There fell a longer pause. The hour when, above all others, time seems to stand still, the softened light, the dusk stealing from every leafy covert, the scented stillness —

Smallwood brushed his hand across his face as if to dispel illusion.

“When I want a thing, I want it, oh, so much!” said the lady gently.

“And do you think I don’t want a thing, ‘oh, so much?’” demanded Smallwood almost sharply. He roused himself and stood straight beside the dial. “Who are the bravest, the most hideously rash,

— what is it that makes men rash, Miss Boscath?"

His voice might mean either jest or earnest, but it sent her blood coursing.

"Death, and the unattainable," was her immediate answer. For the temptation to "dare" him a little was well-nigh irresistible, to try her woman's wit, her power of perception, as against his plenitude of man's life, — to try the strength of the tide, — she turned sharp from the thought, and looked away from him.

Smallwood set his teeth. "You are the finest audience man ever had," he said half ruefully, — "but after?" Then without giving her time to reply, "But let's pretend that this *is* death and the unattainable, and that there *is* no 'after.'"

Miss Boscath drew *her* breath. It is one thing to feel the strength of the tide; quite another to be borne down by the current. Her heart beat. Hitherto it had always been her vanity which had agreeably pulsed. A moment ago she would not look at him; now she could not.

"Well, where shall I begin?" He flung the question lightly, in a tone which instantly restored her confidence in herself and him. He had gone to the other side of the dial and was now leaning with his arms crossed upon its top. His eyes and mouth had the look of one who has gathered up the reins, and has himself well in hand. No man, she thought, was less likely to prove a fool than this one, seeing that idle spendthrift of his emotions he evidently was not. He might have his moment of divine madness, but the moment would not be evocable at her, or any woman's, will. She rather blushed for herself.

"Where shall I begin?" he repeated.

"At the beginning," she returned, smiling.

"Then I'll begin with the Centennial. I was twelve years old that summer, and grew up, as children sometimes do, unknown to their elders. I had a half-fare excursion ticket given me, and with a cousin two years older went to Philadelphia under the care of the conductors. We saw

everything, but I always remember the Centennial, as it were, through thin slices of Bologna sausage and an arm-long roll of Vienna bread, for we lived on that fare for five days. We had cots under the stairway of a cheap hotel from which we sallied forth in the morning to return at night. That was my first introduction to Life spelled with capitals," — he made a gesture — "and it will always remain writ large on the pages of fancy." His tone changed. "My father died that winter, my mother the following spring; my grandmother was thus left with me, my two sisters, and this heavily mortgaged home. Every cent went to pay the interest, and the question was, how were we to be educated. The summer I was thirteen I became agent for a lamp which I sold through half a dozen counties, and saved the proceeds. At sixteen, I was agent for some sewing machines. At eighteen I taught school for the six winter months, and for the other six I pasted or painted advertisements on every telegraph pole and farm outbuilding between here and tidewater." He smiled grimly. "So, by working a year, and studying a year, I won my degree at the University and also at Princeton; and for the last seven years I've worked this place regularly, and been principal of the old academy in town here. My removes of fortune have been constantly for the better. When I was a mere kid a neighbor gave me a lamb. This I tended till it became fine South-down mutton. Then I exchanged it for a pig. I tended piggy till he became a prize porker; then I swapped him for a calf. My calf I raised to a heifer, and traded *her* off for a colt. The colt proved unusually good, and as a three-year-old I traveled him up to the Hagerstown Fair, and sold him to a circus man for one hundred and thirty dollars. For years he was 'Osceola, the Equine Wonder;' and his rider, who figured in sawdust life as 'Monsieur Xenio, the Unsurpassable Bareback Artist,' was in private Mike Mulvey, a warm-hearted Irishman. I used to go to the circus every fall in order

to see Oscie and his rider, and always found them flourishing."

Miss Boscath's eyes asked an irresistible question. "I'm going to throw manners to the dogs, Mr. Smallwood, and be plain woman. Do you mind telling me what you did with the money? It rounds the story, you know."

"I put a new roof on the house."

"Forgive me," said Helen confusedly.

He laughed frankly. "That's nothing. 'Plain woman' will do for all ordinary occasions of life; gentlewoman for the extraordinary; and for the extremes — the reticences, silences, blindnesses, and oblivions, — a lady."

"Your grandmother taught you that." The soft swift words were like a bird's dart.

"She showed it to me." It was the return dart. Each paused, with the effect of wheeling away.

"But if you're a soft-hearted fellow like me, Miss Boscath," pursued Smallwood, "it's terrible to trade in live things. It rent my heart to part from my poor tame sheep; but the night I sold my horse I wanted to lie down and die."

He started violently, then checked himself, and stood tense against the dial. It was not so dark but that he could see the sudden glitter on her lashes, the winning pity of her eyes, the faint quiver of the silent lips. He raced on, to gain time, to overtake himself.

"So this is the simple tale of my moving accidents by flood and field. And as for finding life hard — well, one thing done at a time and to the full, and life is never hard."

She smiled: "I could not wish your life different seeing that its outcome is so — interesting."

The word was evidently a substitute, not to say subterfuge, and she looked at him to see how he would take it. Smallwood frowned. "It is more than my deserts to have entertained a lady's idle hour." His bearing was proud, his tone mocking.

From wistfulness her look changed to

entreaty, for she could not but divine that he had unclasped somewhat of the tables of his heart. She regarded him intrepidly. "You have not entertained. You have filled with thought, which is food, a — what you would call — an empty, objectless life."

Their eyes met, an endless, elemental moment in which neither could look away. The swallows circled black against the west; the cheep of a homing bird fell to them from the near distance; close at hand the lone cry of the whip-poor-will seemed to shut them in; a star or two had trembled slowly out. Smallwood strode suddenly forward to offer his hand, but Miss Boscath rose lightly to her feet without help.

"You have n't told me the lettering on the dial." She spoke as if she had been running.

"The lettering?" he looked about vaguely as if forgetful of time and place. "Oh, it's a dog-latin couplet which in English runs:—

" 'The Hours are Time's feet,
The Minutes are his wings, —
Then climb with those and fly with these
To better, higher Things.'

I tease my grandmother by calling it a Watts Hymn."

She made no rejoinder, and then in silence they walked back to the house.

The lamps were burning in the hall, and Mrs. Taskerville in her accustomed place sat knitting. Smallwood, excusing himself, went out, and left Miss Boscath free to look about her. The chintz coverings were old and faded; the ceiling — and walls where not wainscoted — needed repainting; and much of the tiled hearth was broken. In contrast to the heavy old furniture there were light wicker chairs and tables scattered about, and a tall clock ticked in one corner. Comfort and economy were equally evident. Helen went closer to the mantel to look at the carving beneath. It represented Indians singly and in groups; a white man lay bound, with his head on a huge stone,

while beside it knelt an Indian girl with her arms flung out above him.

"Heavens!" said Smallwood gayly behind her, "don't you recognize Pocahontas and Captain John Smith?"

"Of course I do," returned the lady almost indignantly. "I was only admiring the size of the boulder on which John's head is laid. But it's really very spirited."

"Is n't it? — and done by a local wood-carver famous in my grandfather's time for his mantels."

Miss Boscath took a seat near Mrs. Taskerville, and Smallwood sat down by a reading-lamp. The truthful light flooded his strong, work-hardened hands, and revealed mercilessly the quality of his ready-made linen clothes.

"Tell us something of what you've seen, my dear," said Mrs. Taskerville with interest. "We quiet folk like to hear of the world's doings."

Helen glanced at Smallwood.

"Perhaps we all like our mouse alive," he said significantly.

Thus encouraged she told one little incident after another, and, memory warming to its work, she was soon launched on a pretty stream of pleasant recollections. She discovered that she had a traveler's pack, and that there was pleasure in unrolling it. Her own world said always the same things, just as it went always to the same places, so that there was not much inducement to compare notes. She addressed herself almost pointedly to Mrs. Taskerville, yet felt that Smallwood was her true listener. As she talked she realized that never before had she made so full, single, and wholly personal, an impression. She had been sought, of course, but there had been other considerations, — her wealth and social prestige. She could give much, and well understood that the self behind the giving had never been the sole motive. After all, *her* world was one of barter, however adroitly and prettily the truth might be disguised. But while she thus talked, there crowded to her mind trains of vivid thought very different from those she vocally presented.

What, after all, did the life she was retailing amount to? Was it a Barmecide feast, all seeming and nothing real? Life, for her, had been so superimposed from without, so carefully prepared and sifted, that she wondered whether it had not come near to being dangerously sterilized. The verb "to live" can never take the passive form, but of herself, she thought, it would be truer to say, — *She is lived*. And quite irrelevantly it flashed upon her that it is soul and mind that grow up on the instant, in moments of grave responsibility or of keen emotional revelation.

She wished that the man under the lamplight did not sit so still, as if he were drinking in all she had to say: interest such as this could only be justified to itself by a corresponding interest on her part, — was she prepared to return the debt in kind? The trappings of her life seemed to fall away. The Seven League Boots of — what? were carrying her — where? Books *had* thought for her, true; but she had also thought for herself, and she well knew why. For the first time she was tempted to tell what had been, to her, a deeply significant episode. Frankness for frankness, why should n't she disclose something of her life? Why should n't she doff her usual conventional self, and enjoy a moment of reality? She had been asked a question, — why not answer it with another?

Turning suddenly to Smallwood she said, "You asked me, 'Who are the bravest, the most hideously rash?' Question for question, — What is the greatest and surest of touchstones?"

Was it actually her own voice which put that telling question? Smallwood started violently; then sat rigid. But his amazement was not more evident than his swift comprehension. The Protean quality which she had felt in outward nature now seemed transferred to her own inmost being. Surely, she thought, the greatest marvels lie within. She was conscious of gathering herself up, of putting forth all her powers. She had been given the outlines of a life, — she would

retaliate in kind. For Helen well knew why her world believed her ambitious, given over to a fine, quintessential worldliness; but she was now tempted to see how some one else would interpret *that* episode. She caught her breath.

"Speaking of these foreign marriages, something came under my own observation," began Miss Boscath easily.

"One day, some years ago, a young girl found herself engaged to — a — a Count Onofrio. I say, found herself; for she could n't disentangle the processes either then or later. There were meetings, — always in the crowd of relatives and friends, — there were compliments, flowers, confetti, the usual thing," —

Helen's fine voice, full of its "linguistic abilities," was impersonal enough, but Mrs. Taskerville let fall her knitting, while Smallwood gripped the wicker chair arms until they creaked.

"The girl took the count's arm at balls, he danced with her often — in silence, though — they never talk to young girls over there; and Count Onofrio was too well brought up to try to talk, even to an American; he would n't have expected it of himself." Miss Boscath laughed softly. — "But somehow the girl knew he liked her; he waited for her, watched for her, and so" — Helen stopped.

"Oh, this sort of thing is like smile for smile, — we all know about it; — the girl smiled back," said Smallwood carelessly.

"The count's courtesy was like velvet; his compliments like pearls; his beauty like that of some rare cameo, and as unchanging." Again Miss Boscath paused. "Influences were put in motion, however; there were undulatory effects of the emotional atmosphere. In Latin countries when such affairs are well and properly done, they are tremendously involved. But one day it seemed to the girl as if all *his* family waited upon *her* family, and Count Onofrio, by proxy, laid his heart and hand at her feet. It was all very effective, very Italian — full of color, harmony, action."

Smallwood changed his position. "Love is equality," he said coldly.

Miss Boscath turned and faced him fully. "Precisely; 'self-judged, like Freedom, does it go to meet its doom;' but that conception does not exist, I fancy, among the Latin races. Oh, there are abysmal differences of consciousness between races, as between individuals! However, the girl took the heart and hand; I don't know why, unless it seemed the — proper thing to do, because *not* to do it would have been an anti-climax, awkward and ugly. Acceptance fitted; refusal did n't." Miss Boscath sat a moment musing. "It is n't always the first step that counts," she pursued presently. "The girl's father was the least exacting of mortals, yet he somehow always made himself felt. One divined that he penetrated, and was seldom deceived. The girl's stepmother adored her as only one woman can adore another. Well, it was the girl's father who first dropped a tiny ruffling pebble into her little artificial Italian lake of romance. A day or two after the engagement he said, with whimsical gravity, 'It's not really the child who wants the moon, you know, but the father who always wants the moon for his child. I thought your particular moon, however, would have been a different kind of cheese. I thought you would have demanded more of life, would have shot more than three arrows.'

"More than three arrows?" she asked.

"Youth, beauty, and a fifteenth century name. He's a very pretty fellow as they go, and good, according to their notion; but he'll never set an Anglo-Saxon wife afire. If you really care for him, though, it's all right. He's nice; he has a tremendous sense of responsibility to his family, and he does exactly as they desire. That's the conception of being well brought up — and good — over here. I'm not sure that he's not still in the fifteenth century, but you can spend the rest of your life in finding out. You're mine and your mother's child, though, not a changeling; we had our wonder-time and, from little things about you, I

thought you would have required yours. It's our birthright. But we can't get out of life what we don't put into it!"

Miss Boscath drew a deep breath. "Count Onofrio was charming, but his ideas were as fixed as the days of the week, the hours of the day. He was intensely punctual, minute, regulated. He was a walking museum of set beliefs, traditions, conventions. Of course there is no human being but has in him one drop at least of the unexpected; but in Count Onofrio the drop had undergone the thousandth dilution." She laughed softly. "He was perfectly devoted to his family, and absurdly persuaded of its importance. It was a religion, — this belief in his family, — and he expected the girl at once to be converted; it was like being assured of one's historic and social salvation. And the count and the family desired so much: a dowry for his sister; a commission in the Papal Guards for his brother; the old Palazzo to be bought back and fitted up, and his father and mother and an old great-uncle to be installed there, — the Count was as naïvely frank as he was solicitous. The girl could hardly help feeling that she was a means to an end. We all have our little vanities, perhaps, but it was n't exactly that. It was n't so much a lack, as that the whole thing was unreal, like the painting of a fire — everything but the warmth. Not that the girl was ignored, there was a good deal for her, too; but fifteenth century Italy did n't understand nineteenth century America, and the girl could not live backward. So she finally drew back. It was terribly difficult; things had gone so far; and Count Onofrio and his family simply *could n't* see that anything was lacking, especially when he said — and believed — that he worshiped the ground she walked on. She could n't say to him: 'You think it nature's law that a woman shall be nothing but an adjunct; very well, then, it counts tremendously for whom she must forego her life.' Her father helped wonderfully; but the Onofrios never could understand." Miss

Boscath paused a moment, then spoke more quickly. "We pay for mistakes, however. The girl was left slow of heart to believe — what the poets have written. Somehow a talisman was put into her hand by which to detect — hollowness. She, too, I believe, must have grown up on the instant."

Her voice died down into silence. The somewhat green log softly heezed and bubbled, and Mrs. Taskerville's slow needles began to click again.

"If that young girl had loved him, she would not have known, she would not have minded," said the old lady gently.

Smallwood sat looking into the fire. "Love is life for life; she was *bound* to know," he said sternly.

At the moment Crecy, who had been hovering in the background, now ventured into the light. "Miss Amelia," she said softly, in that tone of plaintive persuasion common to the race, — "cyan't you mek up your mind to go upstairs now? I been awaitin' an' anoddin' for mos' two hours. 'T is gone 'leven."

Mrs. Taskerville turned to the accustomed voice, and then there was a little stir of preparation. The old lady on Crecy's arm went first, and Miss Boscath followed. As she reached the landing, on a sudden impulse she looked back. Smallwood stood on the hearth, and his intense gaze seemed to be dragged captive-wise after her. But beneath the proud resistance of that look there breathed, as it were, an exquisite entreaty. As Helen caught his eyes, and felt the significance of their beautiful, expressive gaze, the answering color in her face so burnt that she instinctively lifted her hands to hide the crimson. It was over in a flash. Smallwood stood transfixed, while she turned and went swiftly upstairs.

Awaking at the first hint of dawn amid the twitter of birds and the more distant sound of animal life, Miss Boscath rose at once. Surely the place and she were under a spell. She was fain to recover herself, to resume her ordinary interests, to

retake her habitual easy self-possession. Sleep had not been deep, dark, still enough. She had felt motion, but not direction, and had been conscious of a denuding light which made her tremble. She pushed open the heavy window-shutter and looked out. Her side of the house lay in moist, dewy shadow, and the dusk of dawn, so like that of the previous evening, thrilled her. The spell seemed actually to rise up to enfold her and compel. She buried her face in her hands and waited; surely the normal would come again; but meanwhile all life seemed charged with a curious expectancy. Is it exactly remembrance, she wondered, to have one's whole consciousness flooded with a sense of another's personality? She lifted her head with a feeling of suffocation, and was startled to see how light, like a tide, had risen. And there are other powers in life besides light, she thought, that rise like the tides. What was it that was now swelling up within herself, sweeping over old impressions, blotting out customary feelings and thoughts, affording something immeasurable and mighty to her inmost vision, and changing the whole face of her inner landscape? Surely it was like a great tidal wave, terrible as beautiful. She instinctively flung out her hands with the swimmer's gesture, and sprang to her feet in order to feel solidity beneath them. At that moment she heard a distant sound of one of those heavy shutters slam sharply back against the house. The sound seemed to run round the wall like an electric spark and to touch her. She started violently; then stood sentiently still. Some one else was wakeful, watchful. Some one else was on the flood which, however illimitable and far-reaching, if it ever comes at all, never comes but once, and never bears but two. With the sound of the shutter she could fairly see the gesture of the strong hand which must have thrust it back. And before long she heard a house-door open and some one go out; some one who had a man's blessed privilege of *doing* as well as of *being*, of dis-

pellling by homely toil all mirages of heart and brain — if mirages they were. Then it was that Miss Boscath began quickly to dress. This finished, she went to the window again, and watched light array itself with color, and saw what was at first vague illumination assume form and place. The flowers of a morning-glory which had taken possession of a dead tree rose like delicate tongues of flame, pink, crimson, purple, against the first touch of level sunlight. She instinctively wished that her own little life had some particular place, meaning, and purpose; but perhaps such was the ineffable promise of that strange inward tide.

When Helen went down to breakfast she found, early as it was, Mrs. Taskerville as well as Smallwood in the dining-room. In spite of her host's smile and quick greeting, he looked older than he had done the night before, graver, more powerful. He suggested something sheathed and apart. Resolution was expressed in both look and bearing, and Helen saw that he had braced himself to that keen test of strength — the flat return of life to everyday commonplace. He has pride and courage, thought she, two good swords which every gentleman ought to carry. She, too, looked somewhat pale and worn, and her beauty was dimmer — lovelier, perhaps, but less complete — than it had at first appeared. As their eyes met, Smallwood drew a deep breath, and then neither looked at the other again.

"Miles, why did you go out so early? I heard you stirring just at daybreak," said Mrs. Taskerville.

Smallwood's lips tightened. "I was up, so thought I might as well go out."

The remembered sound of that shutter was distinct enough to make Miss Boscath color.

"I hope *you* slept well, my dear?" continued the old lady.

"Very well, thank you."

"And did n't wake early, of course?" Smallwood spoke involuntarily, wistfully.

Helen felt that truth compels truth. "I heard a shutter slam, and some one go out," she answered. Then she felt the most probing look that had ever rested on her face.

"I wonder what the difference is between courage and audacity," he said slowly.

She rested her eyes on him. "I'm no oracle; but I begin to see that one gets nothing out of life without audacity for some occasions, and courage for all."

"Are you fond of poetry?" he asked abruptly.

"Are you?" she parried.

"I must be, since my love has survived the obligation to teach it to those academy girls." Her smile answered his, yet he was regarding her wistfully.

"If one could only *live* one's poetry instead of reading it" —

"What would you call living one's poetry?" she interposed hastily.

His hand on the table clinched until the veins stood out.

"Oh," he said under his breath, "for the courage of one's feelings as well as of one's opinions!"

"Do you mean," said Miss Boscath slowly, "that the same power in us which makes for audacity makes for poetry as well?" She had to make herself meet his eyes.

"I meant" — he stopped short, then added desperately — "the inmost truth of things, the essential self in man or woman behind all circumstances, all conventions."

"You, certainly, could furnish a brief for the poets."

"And not you?"

"I might" — she began, and then could go no further; his face stopped her.

Breakfast over, the farewells were hurried, and Miss Boscath was soon in the carriage on her way to the station. Smallwood drove, with Uncle Ben beside him, and the distance, which the evening be-

fore had seemed long, seemed now unusually short.

Once at the station conversation was difficult; ordinary commonplaces would not serve, yet anything more seemed aggressive. Almost in silence therefore, Helen and Smallwood side by side paced the long old platform. Presently the locomotive whistled in the distance. Miles turned suddenly. "You did n't answer my question last evening as to who are the bravest, the most terribly rash."

"Nor you mine, as to what is the greatest of touchstones."

"I could have answered yours."

"And I could have answered yours."

Each paused; the train was close at hand.

"Miss Boscath, do you remember what Virgil said of Augustus, — that either he never should have lived, or never should have died? You are a woman who should either never come into a man's life, or else should never go out of it." Smallwood spoke with desperate determination. "Not that I regret the vision — if it's to be but that; yet I hold the man a fool who does not try to make good the vision."

There was but a moment, for the train was halting. "You said you had been made slow of heart to believe all that the poets have written; you might still give yourself — and me — a chance: you might find some poetry in letting me live mine."

Helen gathered her courage with a determination which matched his. "Come to Garnock," she breathed. "This is magnificent, but it is not — prose."

"Life's not all prose, even yet, thank God!" returned Smallwood unsteadily.

The conductor stepped off to see the one passenger on, and gave her ample time to get comfortably in before signaling to the engineer. The train puffed away. Miles stood rooted to the platform; but Helen had the rose from his buttonhole held tight in her hand.

A VETERAN SKATER'S GOSSIP

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY

I MUST confess at the outset that I am not altogether clear in my mind as to what length of service constitutes a "veteran," the question being somewhat obscured by the modern frequency of the phrase "old veteran," which would seem necessarily to imply the existence of "young veterans." In view, however, of the fact that I may with a good measure of accuracy lay claim to almost two score years of familiarity with those wings of flashing steel which when fastened to the feet of man make him a worthy rival of Mercury himself in air-dividing speed, the nice point whether I should be classed as an old or young veteran may perhaps be permitted to remain in abeyance.

I have a vivid recollection of my pupilage in the accomplishment of skating. It was in the days preceding the invention of that ineffable boon, the spring skate; and when, after the long walk over the hard-frozen roads to Steele's Pond or Ritchie's Swamp, one had to adjust the clumsy wooden affairs with their perplexing straps, while one's exposed fingers grew numb and cramped with cold, it certainly seemed as if one had to win his way into the Paradise of enjoyment through a veritable Purgatory.

The proper adjustment of the straps was troublesome enough in all conscience, but the real crux of the affair was the hole in the heel into which the screw fitted. To make this hole accurately required a gimlet of the correct bore, and a steady hand; and it certainly could not be done to advantage at the edge of the ice, when one was impatient to be in full flight over the glistening surface.

Yet if you thoughtfully prepared your heel at home you were morally certain to find on your arrival at the skating place an impertinent pebble ensconced in the hole, and resolutely resisting your frantic

efforts at dislodgement. Many and long are the years between, and yet I can remember still, although far worthier things are lost in oblivion, my struggles with such a pebble one particularly fine Saturday, and how with gimlet and jackknife I worked at my heel until at last I dislodged the intruder, incidentally so enlarging the hole that my skate would not stay firm and I had to get a new heel.

From this misery the inventive genius of Forbes and his followers happily delivered us, and thereby, no doubt, vastly multiplied the numbers of those who eagerly repair to the ponds and lakes what time the waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen.

The Steele's Pond and Ritchie's Swamp that were such favorite resorts in my school-days lay beyond the borders of the city, the first being divided from the salt waters of the harbor merely by a narrow strip of beach along whose top ran the road to Point Pleasant Park, and the second being hidden in the heart of a thick wood, and accessible only by devious paths over very rough ground.

Each had its own attractions, the pond commanding a fine view of the peerless harbor, and the swamp having an air of seclusion that would have appealed to Nathaniel Hawthorne when he was wont to spend long hours speeding over the ice-clad bosom of Sebago Lake.

I had an experience at the pond, of the kind that prints a deep impression upon the memory. The day was exceedingly cold, and my numbed fingers found it particularly hard to fasten on my skates. Indeed, if I remember aright, there was a hateful pebble in one of my heels which gave me a lot of trouble. Consequently, when at last I had everything properly adjusted and secured, I dashed off at top speed, and — went plump into a hole in

the ice which received me up to the neck!

Helping hands quickly rescued me from my uncomfortable situation (by the way, the first sensation of the plunge was one of warmth, the temperature of the water being higher than that of the air), but my skating was dished for that afternoon, and as I hurried home with my clothes rapidly hardening into a suit of mail, I wondered whether the consequences would be such as to debar me from any more skating that season. But, happily, my sturdy frame stood the test finely, and I was not able to manage even one day's dispensation from school on the strength of my icy immersion.

The Halifax boys were fortunate in having no lack of provision for outdoor skating. Beside the two places already mentioned, there were Griffin's Pond and Egg Pond within the confines of the city, and then at varying distances from the city a number of lakes.

There was also salt-water ice, as well as fresh-water, to skate upon. Every winter the lovely North-West Arm, a sort of fiord piercing inland behind the city, would be frozen over, and at rare intervals, twice within my own recollection, the harbor itself would succumb to the persistent wooing of the Frost King, and assume a breastplate of gleaming white which offered famous skating. Indeed we had the notion, the scientific accuracy of which I am not prepared to defend, that salt-water ice was somehow more to be desired than fresh-water ice, and we never thought of patronizing the latter when the former was available.

The North-West Arm was a truly ideal *locale* for outdoor skating. The high land on either side completely sheltered it from the wind, and the shores were indented with many entrancing little coves in which a group of kindred spirits might have a merry time by themselves, building a bonfire on the beach whereat to toast their hands and noses if the frosty air bit too shrewdly.

But of course the freezing of the harbor was the great event, happening as it did

hardly more often than once in a generation. The last occasion that I remember was somewhat more than thirty years ago, so that a repetition of the phenomenon must be about due. Then the circumstances were peculiarly favorable. The long-continued cold spell which wrought the marvel was not accompanied by any fall of snow, and, for Halifax, was singularly free from wind. The happy consequence was that the ice-sheet which completely covered the Basin and the surface of the harbor clear down to the Eastern Passage rivaled a mirror in glistening smoothness. The Haligonians took a holiday almost *en masse* in order to make the most of this wonderful opportunity. On skates, and in sleighs of all sorts and sizes—for the ice was strong enough to carry a park of artillery—they thronged to the slippery white plain on which the great black hulls of the ships looked so strangely out of place.

It was my good fortune to be on hand when one of the Cunard steamers was forcing her way up to the pier at the north end of the city. The sight was a superb one. The great steel-hulled vessel would charge into the ice-plain at full speed, crushing her way through it until the steady resistance exhausted her impetus, and brought her to a full stop. Then, after pausing for an instant, as if held fast by the splintered ice piled up about her, she would retreat to gather speed for a fresh onset.

There is no limit, I suppose, to be placed to the ingenuity of boys in discovering "dares" whereby to put to the test one another's courage, and we youngsters had not long been watching with keen interest and admiration the progress of the big steamer when out spoke one and said:

"I dare any of you fellows to skate up and touch the steamer's bow before she begins to back out again."

It was surely a brilliant suggestion, and full of fascination for the venturesome spirit. The period of passivity on the part of that huge black hull was so brief as to evade admeasurement, and if one essay-

ing the feat should be a fraction of a second too slow, he would infallibly plunge headlong into the dark, chill water that swirled about the steamer's retreating bow. Yet there were some of us foolhardy enough to accept the challenge; and, the fates being merciful, we were permitted to survive the issue, however little we may have deserved such good fortune. Curiously enough, our parents, on learning of what had happened, showed a most disappointing lack of appreciation of the daring of their scions.

A passing reference has been made to the lakes wherein the neighborhood abounds. Beyond the North-West Arm were Williams Lake and Chocolate Lake, while farther out, in the picturesque Margaret's Bay Road, lay the lovely chain of lakes from which the water supply of the city is derived. Then across the harbor Maynard's Lake, hid among the pines and spruces of the upper slopes; and best of all, the Dartmouth Lakes, First, Second, and Third, with their tiny connecting canal, offered such a stretch of splendid skating in the early part of the winter, before the snow arrived to spoil it, as could not fail to satisfy the most ardent lover of nature and invigorating exercise.

One afternoon at Maynard's Lake those who made their way thither despite the decidedly nipping and eager air were rewarded by a phenomenon without parallel in their experience. The ice had made under exceptionally favorable conditions — to wit, a sudden and severe drop in the temperature accompanied by a complete absence of wind. The result was a flawless sheet of ice from end to end of the lake. But it was the strangest ice upon which I ever set skate, for it seemed as black as ebony, the deep brown waters of the lake showing darkly through its transparent texture, while at every stroke of the steel it rang like some vast metallic drum.

The first skaters on the scene were, naturally enough, so surprised, not to say startled, by these novel features that they felt timid about venturing away from the

shore. But their fears presently vanished, for the ice was safe beyond a peradventure, and soon from all over the lake came the sound of unwonted music, the song of the lake rejoicing in the presence of her guests. No one who had the good fortune to be at Maynard's that afternoon would be likely to forget the experience. Whether any one was wise enough to have an explanation ready for the remarkable combination of crystalline clarity and sonorous responsiveness, I am sure I do not remember. I was quite content to enjoy what the gods gave me in those days, and not trouble myself about perplexing questions.

The Dartmouth Lakes began not far from the harbor, with which they were connected by a somewhat primitive marine railway, one of the first of its kind in the world, whereby a little steamer was transported from the salt water into fresh, and vice versa. Thence they extended one beyond the other for nearly a score of miles in the aggregate, their shores being lined with farms and forests and open pasture lands. A tiny canal connected them, and it was quite possible to start at the foot of the First Lake and continue on through the Second and Third until one gained a point where the railway could be easily reached, and the return to the city effected by train.

The state of the ice upon these lakes varied, of course, with the conditions under which it made, but when these had been propitious the most captious critic really found his occupation gone so far as they were concerned. The best way to enjoy them to the full was to make up a party in which, of course, both sexes were evenly represented, and, carrying an ample lunch, to devote the whole of a winter's day, all too short at any rate, to traversing the superb chain from end to end, with pauses at will in the bewitching coves which indent the shore line.

The Second Lake was the scene of a rather remarkable accident that might have had a tragic ending but for the chance of a call for aid reaching my ears

over a wide space of ice. A number of us had made up a skating-party which, after the fashion of such parties, resolved itself into congenial couples soon after leaving land. My partner was a particularly strong, swift skater, and we altogether distanced the others, pressing on until we had reached the far end of the Second Lake.

Here we found ourselves alone but for one solitary skater who seemed to be practicing "eights" in one of the coves. I was too much engrossed in my charming companion, who, I might mention parenthetically was Belle by name and *belle* by nature, to take an interest in the lone learner so diligently acquiring skill; and after we had rested awhile, for it was a taxing strain against the wind, we set about our return without looking at him at all closely.

With the wind aiding us we were now in for a long luxurious spin down the centre of the lake, and had just got well under weigh when, as we glided along, it seemed to me that the sound of some one calling my name was borne to me upon the wind.

"Did you hear that?" I asked my companion, "I thought I heard my name called."

"No, I heard nothing," she replied; and, satisfied that I had been mistaken, I was quickening my pace, when once more the call came, and this time so distinctly that we both heard it.

I pulled up, and wheeled around. The solitary skater no longer gyrated in uncertain circles, but lay prone upon the ice. Evidently there had been some mishap into which it behooved me to inquire. Asking the young lady to wait for a minute, I dashed across the ice to the prostrate figure, and to my surprise found that it was the Professor of Classics at my Alma Mater, a tall, thin man, who, despite the fact of having only one arm, and of being well into middle life, had become possessed with the ambition of becoming an expert skater.

When I came up to him he said to me

in the same even tone that I was wont to hear in the class-room, directing me to translate some passage from Tacitus or Lucian:—

"Ah! Mr. Oxley, I am glad I succeeded in making you hear me. If I'm not mistaken I've just broken my leg, and I'm afraid I shall have to look to you for assistance."

It was true enough. In attempting to achieve the figure eight his long thin legs had somehow tangled, and he had fallen heavily, with the result that the left one was broken just above the ankle.

Here now was a puzzling predicament. The short winter afternoon was drawing to a close, and darkness approached. The temperature was dropping toward zero, and for the Professor to remain long upon the ice meant serious consequences quite independent of his injury. Yet how was I, with no other helper than a young girl, to get the helpless man over the three miles of ice between us and the foot of the lake, where plenty of assistance could be obtained?

The Professor could not suggest any method, and I was almost in despair when my eyes fell upon a small spruce tree not far away.

"If I could cut that tree down, do you think you could hold on to it, sir, and let me drag you over the ice that way?" I asked.

"I think it would be worth trying," was the quiet response.

Attacking the spruce with my pocket knife, I after some difficulty succeeded in "felling" it, if the term may be used of an affair no bigger than a Christmas tree. It was certainly an extraordinarily crude sort of litter, but it had to do.

My companion fortunately had two long straps wound about her ankles, although she used Acme spring skates, and, borrowing these, I bound the Professor's legs as closely together as I could, making the sound one do duty as a splint for the broken one. Then, while he held on to the spruce tree, we joined our strength to drag it over the ice.

The task was not an easy one for us, and we had to make many pauses to rest and regain our breath, but — conceive what it meant for the Professor! Not only had he to put forth all his strength in order to maintain his hold upon the little tree, but, as may be readily understood, every movement added an acuter pang to the agony he was enduring, until it seemed a marvel that he could retain consciousness.

Yet not a murmur passed his firm-set lips. When he did speak it was in as steady a tone as if there were nothing abnormal in the situation, and he showed far more concern for us than he did for himself.

The long, weary pull down to the foot of the Second Lake certainly did exhaust us. We could not have continued it farther. But there we found willing helpers in plenty, and the traverse of the First Lake was far more quickly made.

A swift skater dashing on ahead had secured an express wagon on whose bottom a mattress, pillows, and rugs were arranged, and the Professor gently lifted in, and snugly wrapped up. In this comparatively comfortable fashion the remainder of the journey home was effected; and it is pleasant to be able to conclude the story with the statement that, despite all that he had to suffer, the Professor was on his feet again in a few months, and on his skates again the following winter.

One more curious experience connected with these glorious lakes was the playing of a game of cricket there one Saturday afternoon. I forget to whom the bright idea first occurred, but it was heartily adopted by sundry members of our club, and, having routed out our bats and stumps and balls, we journeyed thither, suffering a bombardment of chaff *en route* from our friends, who could not understand our carrying the apparatus for a midsummer sport in midwinter.

In the way of a farce the game proved a brilliant success. Swift bowling was of course out of the question, only "underhand sneakers" being practicable; and if, in endeavoring to make a "boundary

hit," the batter missed the ball altogether, he infallibly tumbled over onto the back of his head. But if he did chance to get it fair and full, it went skimming over the flawless ice to an indefinite distance, with the fielders in frantic chase.

It was grand fun, to be sure, but it was not cricket by any means. I have never heard of a parallel performance, although doubtless there have been such.

Nearly thirty years have slipped by since I took a year at the Harvard Law School. The erudite Langdell was then Dean, and associated with him were the stately ex-Chief-Justice Bradley, the genial Thayer, the fluent Gray, and the indefatigable Ames, who now, I think, presides over the greatly enlarged school.

My classmates would have it that I had brought a real Canadian winter along with me. Certain it was that such a season had hardly a parallel in the weather records. For nearly three months without a break the snow lay deep upon the hard-frozen ground, and the famous Mill-Dam road was thronged with fast-trotting horses, whose daily "brushes" were duly noted in the sporting columns of the Boston papers.

Fresh Pond became the Mecca of skaters from all sections of Cambridge, and its shores were lined with envying on-lookers. James Russell Lowell, in bowler hat and navy blue "reefer," would sometimes bend his afternoon constitutional in that direction; and Henry W. Longfellow, his beautiful snow-white beard showing finely upon the speckless broadcloth in which he delighted.

Having paid the price of patient practice and bruised body which any mastery of the intricacies of skating demands, it was in the way of a reward to find one's self an authority upon and exponent of the graceful accomplishment; and there were many eager pupils of both sexes upon Fresh Pond while the skating lasted, who evinced more gratitude for good counsel than one is wont to receive.

An amusing incident of that winter, in which I innocently played a leading part,

may be related. Encouraged by the continuance of the cold, the proprietor of a long-disused skating rink somewhere in North Cambridge announced its re-opening, and that a skater of renown, one Professor Palmer, would give an exhibition of fancy skating. With some difficulty I hunted up the place, and on arrival found a number of skaters upon the ice, going round and round in monotonous fashion, while the sides of the rink were lined with interested spectators.

Knowing no one with whom I could fraternize, I went to the centre of the rink, and proceeded to rehearse some of my "didoes," as we were wont to call the more difficult figures in my school-boy days. (By the way can any expert in philology present a satisfactory derivation of that curious word?) Presently I became aware of the fact that the other skaters were withdrawing from the ice, until I was left alone in my glory, as they had all become spectators of my solitary gyrations. Now this was rather embarrassing. I had not come to give an exhibition of my own skill, but to have a little practice, and incidentally to get an idea of Professor Palmer's quality. Consequently I felt moved to retire from the ice myself, whereupon I was accorded a hearty round of applause mingled with cries of "encore."

Then the significance of it dawned upon me. I had, of course, been mistaken for the performer of the evening; and my feelings may be surmised when a few minutes later the gentleman himself appeared, and proved to be an unmistakable mulatto! Pleasing of countenance, and slight and shapely of figure withal, he glided upon the ice with an easy swing that would hardly have been expected in one of his color. He showed himself to be an excellent skater, too, for although his repertoire was somewhat limited, accuracy and grace distinguished all the feats he did attempt, and the spectators were well satisfied with his performance.

When by the decision of her Gracious Majesty, the best and greatest of British

queens, the much-vexed question of the political capital for the Dominion was settled, and, in the famous phrase of Goldwin Smith, an obscure Arctic lumber town was converted into a political cockpit, it meant that the winter sports of Canada should flourish in the picturesque city which grew up beside the Ottawa River as they can do only where leisure is abundant and the sporting spirit is strong.

Ottawa's winter climate leaves little to be desired by the most ardent devotee of the skate, the snowshoe, the ski, or the toboggan. The Frost King usually appears in force towards the end of November, and holds undisputed sway until St. Patrick's day at least; sometimes lingering in the lap of spring as late as All Fool's day. During this long period the ice, having once formed upon river, canal, and pond, remains as firm and sound as the city pavement, the snow deepens and hardens week by week, and the air is ever clear, bright, and dry, not heavy with humidity as it is prone to be in Halifax, so that a zero temperature is simply stimulating, while a drop to ten, twenty, or even thirty degrees below zero does not keep the children at home from school.

The first skating was usually upon the Rideau Canal, which affords a limited yet effective water-way between Ottawa and Kingston; and a curious feature of it was due to the practice of letting the water out of the canal after the ice had formed, the result being that the sloping sides at the broad reaches offered tempting "coasts" wherewith one might vary the straightforward speeding.

But of course the true sport came when the Grand River itself had taken on its winter breastplate, and invited the strenuous skaters to prove their strength and endurance by offering them a stretch of sixty miles straightaway to Grenville, whence the return might be made by train. I cannot pretend to have ever essayed the feat myself, but I did vastly enjoy going some part of the way. Not far below the city began a chain of islands divided from each other by narrow chan-

nels, and it was nothing short of entrancing to wind in and out of these, exploring their multitudinous coves, and halting, when weary, to start a fire in some cosy nook where the tall, thick trees afforded ample shelter from the north wind.

Recalling Goldwin Smith's sarcastic designation of Ottawa as a lumber town (in connection with which one is reminded of the veteran joke that, despite her changed circumstances, "log-rolling" continues to be an important industry), one needs no explanation of the presence of sawdust in vast quantities. Until quite recently the great mills, whose countless saws bite their way through the huge pine logs night and day all summer long, were permitted to dump the sawdust into the river, where it tainted the water, harmed the fish, and choked the current.

One other consequence was the producing of explosions that were always startling, and sometimes dangerous to life. Concerning the precise rationale of these explosions there has always been a divergence of opinion. That they are due to gas created by the action of the water upon the sawdust is plain enough, but just why they occur when they do, and what sets them off are questions still awaiting a satisfactory answer.

They seem to be more frequent in winter than in summer, and when they do come off they burst up the ice, no matter how thick it may be, leaving a gaping hole which is a source of danger until it is once more frozen over. It was such a hole that not long ago was the scene of a heart-rending tragedy. A merry party of skaters had gone so far down the river that the early dusk of the winter's night closed in upon them ere they were half way homeward. They accordingly quickened their pace, and in essaying a short cut some of them encountered a hole caused by a recent explosion. Before warning could be given, two young ladies, one the daughter of a cabinet minister, the other of a supreme court judge, skated into the opening. A gallant young official plunged in to their rescue. He succeeded in rescu-

ing one from her perilous plight, but all his noble efforts on behalf of the other were without avail, and, although he might easily have saved himself, and indeed was besought to do so by the girl, who maintained her self-possession marvelously, he preferred to go down to death with her.

If one may pass somewhat abruptly from grave to gay, the sport of skating as enjoyed at Rideau Hall, the residence of the governor-general, suggests itself. The representatives of royalty in this most loyal colony have as a rule shown a lively interest in her winter sports. The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise delighted in skating and tobogganing, so, too, did the Earls of Dufferin, Lansdowne, Stanley, and Aberdeen, while Lord and Lady Minto are not to be outdone by any of their distinguished predecessors.

Throughout the long Ottawa winter, accordingly, Rideau Hall is the scene of successive parties at which the skating ponds and toboggan slides are thronged with gay guests. There are two of these ponds. One lies close beside the low, rambling structure which does duty as a vice-regal palace, and is a very ordinary affair. But the other, set deep amongst the pines, is rich in picturesque qualities. A rustic chalet stands close to the edge, affording shelter to the band, and dressing-room for the skaters. The Saturday afternoon receptions are so enjoyable that few of those who are bidden fail to be present; but it is at the moonlight fêtes, of which two at least are given every winter, that the merrymaking reaches its height of brilliance and beauty.

The crisp atmosphere, through which moon and stars transmit their radiance with undimmed splendor, inspires the most languid to surprising liveliness; the *al fresco* character of the function sanctions an indulgence in variety and color of costume not elsewhere appropriate; the dashing lads and bewitching lassies appear to the best advantage; while the lines of blazing torches set into the snow-banks, the myriads of multi-hued lights

gleaming amidst the trees, and the huge bonfires crowning the hillocks with their crackling, up-leaping flames, are all parts of a wonderful picture, hardly to be paralleled, and certainly not to be surpassed, the world over.

The gayety attains its climax with the grand march on the ice, when their Excellencies, having chosen partners of notable skill, head a long procession in a wild game of follow-my-leader, in which each participant carries a handful of Roman candles that discharge their coruscating contents in every direction, not always without damage to the habiliments of their bearers.

At Montreal, the next city of my sojourn in this world of change, there is but little outdoor skating save, of course, in the uncovered rinks, whose number is legion. By going up to Lachine, ten miles or so distant, one may occasionally get very good skating on the broad, still reaches of Lake St. Louis, but this means quite an expedition, which only a few fortunate folk can undertake.

Nor can Toronto, my present abiding-place, claim any advantage in this respect. There is the bay, of course, over whose broad bosom I have sped on skates and in ice-boats with keen enjoyment; and those two rivers of renown, the Don and the Humber, at the eastern and western extremities of the city respectively, are not to be despised — by the small boy, at all events. Yet outdoor skating can hardly be said to flourish here, while the many rinks are crowded with circling patrons every evening in the week throughout the winter.

Thus far I have confined my gossip to skating beneath the wide canopy of heaven, but it must not be forgotten that of recent years there has been far more skating under cover than in the open. The rink has become an established institution whose popularity shows no sign of diminishing.

My first rink was in dear old Halifax — a long, low structure of exceeding plainness, set in a corner of the Public Gardens,
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with so limited an ice space that a hundred people seemed to crowd it. Yet it was a veritable palace of delight to me, for there one could always have before him the inspiring example of adepts in anvils, brackets, locomotives, grapevines, and giant swings, who were not unwilling to explain to appreciative admirers how these feats might be performed. There, too, did the military band discourse delightful music on certain days each week, and thither trooped one's friends of both sexes, with whom one could frolic or flirt through the winter afternoon.

Having set myself to master a number of the more difficult figures, I spent many an hour of hard work, and suffered many a bruise in the achievement of my ambition. But the game seemed to me well worth the candle; and my turn came to be teacher when officers of the army and navy, eager to make the most of their opportunities on this station, besought me to teach them things. And very interesting pupils they proved, too, for they went at the learning with true British pluck and resolution, taking their tumbles with imperturbable good humor, and caring nothing for dignity so long as they realized they were making progress.

In conjunction with one of them, I figured in a highly ludicrous performance that was unanimously encored, without, however, being repeated, for reasons which will make themselves clear. He was of such lofty stature that he might have been a captain of the Life Guards, and of this great height more than one half was legs. We had been practicing the wheelbarrow, an ungraceful sort of figure in which you squat down upon one foot with the other outstretched in front of you, and so skim along the ice, after having got a good headway.

Presently it occurred to my friend that he was adapted by nature to play the part of the Colossus of Rhodes, and he suggested that he stand astride while I do the wheelbarrow through the arch thus formed. The idea commended itself to me, and, while the other skaters gathered

around to see the performance, he got into position, and I charged down at good speed,—of course we should have made some test of the thing first, but we had not,—and the result was that, instead of gliding through the open space, I collided with those long, thin legs, and carried them away from under the slender trunk they bore, bringing the latter down upon me with the force of a pile-driver, the breath being knocked out of my body, and the senses out of the officer's head at the same time.

"It was the most glorious spill I ever saw in my life," panted one of the spectators, when he had recovered sufficiently from his paroxysm of laughter to speak, "and I'd gladly give five dollars to see it done over again." But not even fifty dollars would have sufficed to tempt us to a repetition of the performance.

The playing of the band added immensely to the pleasure of the patrons of that shabby old rink. There are bands of all sorts, to be sure, but, taking them by and large, there are none so good as the regimental bands. There is a combination of strength, spirit, and precision in their work that is eminently satisfying.

These bands gave a regular programme each afternoon, and engagements were made for the numbers by the belles and beaux just as they would be in a ball-room. There was dancing, too, and very good dancing indeed. The Lancers and the waltz lent themselves readily to adaptation for the ice, and were executed with charming grace by a score of couples to whom the centre of the rink was given up, while the other skaters went round and round outside them.

It was an established custom that on Saturday afternoons the last band number should be that old-fashioned composition known as "Money-Musk," which was begun in slow time, and then gradually quickened, the skaters keeping pace with the music until at last both were going at the top of their speed, and the sudden finale found both players and skaters completely out of breath. For this wild

flurry partners who were strong upon their skates were, of course, most to be desired, and there was keen rivalry between the more expert ones, who strove to take the lead of each other as they whirled around the rink.

On one of these occasions I had an experience the recollection of which still gives me a shudder. At the very climax of the gyrations, when the speed had reached its height, and I was straining every nerve and muscle to swing my partner into the front rank, a young girl tripped and fell just before me, turning in such a way that she lay face upward on the ice. I was so hemmed in that I could not swerve to either side, while to go ahead meant to fall upon the girl with all the force of my great speed. There was no time to consider what might be best. Putting forth a supreme effort, I sprang into the air, and just cleared the girl, one of my skates shearing the end off her feather as it struck the ice again. But if I had landed a few inches short —!

I have skated in many rinks since those salad days: the spacious Rideau Rink at Ottawa, in which for the first time wooden "bents" of unprecedented size were used to carry the roof, proving so successful that they came into general use for such structures; the famous old Victoria Rink at Montreal, in which King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, had taken part in a masquerade of unexampled splendor; and the vast Arena, also in Montreal, built especially for hockey-matches, and affording accommodation for six thousand spectators; but of none of them do I bear such happy and tender recollections as of the humble little Halifax rink, because there I — but that is quite another story.

Rink skating under the best of circumstances cannot be compared with outdoor skating when conditions are at all favorable, but it has this advantage — only in the rink can the accomplishment of fancy skating be successfully acquired. There were some very skillful skaters in Halifax and Ottawa. Naturally enough,

however, the highest art was to be found in Montreal, where Louis Rubenstein reigned supreme for many years, as well he might, seeing that, after winning the Canadian and American championships until it became monotonous, he crossed the ocean to Europe, and there proved himself peerless even in the royal city of St. Petersburg. A man of medium height, and by no means slender build, his movements were characterized by wonderful ease and accuracy. He performed the most difficult evolutions with no more apparent effort than the simpler ones, and he could skate "to pattern" with a nice precision that filled the hearts of us clumsier ones with admiration and envy. He never met his superior, and retired from the field some years ago while still at the height of his fame and facility.

In speed skating, also, Canadians have been well to the fore, although it is long since they have been represented on the far side of the Atlantic. McCormick and Whelpley of New Brunswick were perhaps the first to establish reputations beyond their own bailiwick, and the line has been continued through such flyers as Dowd of Montreal, McCulloch of Winnipeg, and others, to the present day.

The most notable competitions have been held upon the immense outdoor rink of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, and I have watched with throbbing pulses the fleetest-footed of Europe confessing defeat to Johnnie Johnson or Johnnie Neilson from the Republic, or Jake McCulloch from the Dominion.

There is surely no test of human skill and strength more pleasing or exciting to watch than a race between skaters of renown. After the initial flurry, which lasts but a moment, they settle down into their long smooth swift stride with their heads bent well forward, and their hands clasped behind their backs, this position presenting the least possible resistance to the atmosphere. So they continue for round after round, varied by an occasional brush which sets one's nerves a-tin-

gle, until the bell rings for the final lap. Then the hands unclasp, the arms swing rapidly, the heads are bent still lower, the legs change their steady motion into short quick clattering strokes, and, while the spectators make the welkin ring with their cries of encouragement, the contestants swing into the home stretch, and expend their last remains of breath and brawn in one supreme effort to breast the tape.

It was my good fortune to be present at the historic holding of the World's Championships in Montreal in the year 1897, when, under ideal conditions,—to wit, mercury about ten above zero, subdued sunshine, flawless ice, and not a breath of wind,—new records were established for many of the distances: Naess from Europe doing the 500 metres (547 yards) in $48\frac{4}{5}$ seconds; J. K. McCulloch of Canada the 1500 metres (1625 yards) in 2 minutes $40\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, and also the 5000 metres (3 miles 188 yards) in 9 minutes and $26\frac{2}{5}$ seconds. At the same meeting Johnnie Neilson of Minnesota set the world's record for the even mile at 2 minutes and 41 seconds, from which it is clear that, wonderful as the skater's speed may seem to one watching him skim over the icy track, he is yet a long way slower than the trotting horse, and cannot hope ever to close the gap that separates them.

The most notable feature of the recent history of ice sport has been the development of the game of hockey, with every stage of which I have been familiar, although my own experience as a player was limited to a single season.

If handsome, stalwart, speedy Jack Hutton, one of the heroes of my school-boy days, could revisit the glimpses of the moon on a night when the two best hockey teams in Canada are battling for the Stanley Cup, the emblem of the world's amateur championship, how filled with admiration and wonder he would be at the fruit the merry old game of "shinny," in which he was so *facile princeps*, has borne!

That human ingenuity will ever be equal to inventing a game surpassing hockey in intensity of excitement for both players and spectators one cannot readily conceive. The comparatively confined area within which it is played, the solid mass of spectators rising bank above bank from the edge of the ice to the roof of the building, the waves of sound that wax and wane with the variations and vicissitudes of the play, the brightly uniformed players darting hither and thither over the snow-white ice under the glare of the electric lights, and the marvelous rapidity with which the puck — a small solid disc of black rubber — goes from end to end of the rink at the bidding of the hockey sticks, carry one to the very highest point of nerve tension.

Brilliant as football and lacrosse may be, they are but deliberate, decorous proceedings in comparison with hockey. To witness a hockey-player pick the puck out of a scrimmage in dangerous proximity to his own goal, and then take it down the whole length of the rink, evading every opponent by dexterous dodges, leaping over sticks thrust in his way, caroming the rubber against the boards, and catching it on the rebound, and finally,

with a deft “lift,” sending it flying through the air past the goal keeper into the net, while the vast crowd, springing to their feet, bellow their joy like veritable bulls of Bashan, — this is to taste to the very fullest the rare delight of a supremely thrilling experience.

Hockey bids fair to contest with lacrosse the claim to be the national game of Canada. There certainly are more of her sons playing the former than the latter game at present, and the interest is broadening year by year. One result of this hockey fever which can only be regretted is that it has given the death-blow to fancy skating. In order to play hockey long flat-bladed skates are required, but for fancy skating short rounded skates must be used. As the majority of young men do not care to go to the expense of having two pairs of skates, they naturally give hockey skates the preference, and so the graceful art of fancy skating is rapidly becoming obsolete.

Here endeth my gossip, not through exhaustion of the subject, but through fear of wearying the gentle reader with whom I have in my own poor way sought to share the joys of many years' pleasuring upon the wings of steel.

THE WARFARE OF HUMANITY

HUGO GROTIUS

I

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

OF all tyrannies of unreason in the modern world, one holds a supremely evil preëminence. It covered the period from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century: throughout those hundred years was waged a war of hatreds, racial, religious, national, and personal; of ambitions, ecclesiastical and civil; of aspirations, patriotic and selfish; of efforts, noble and vile. During all those weary generations Europe became one broad battlefield, drenched in human blood and lighted from innumerable scaffolds.

In this confused struggle great men appeared: heroes and martyrs, ruffians and scoundrels; all was anarchic. The dominant international gospel was that of Machiavelli.

Into the very midst of all this welter of evil, at a point in time to all appearance hopeless, at a point in space apparently defenseless, in a nation of which every man, woman, and child was under sentence of death from its sovereign, was born a man who wrought as no other has ever done for a redemption of civilization from the main cause of all that misery; — who thought out for Europe the precepts of right reason; who made them heard; who gave a noble change to the course of human affairs; whose thoughts, reasonings, suggestions, and appeals produced an environment in which came an evolution of humanity which still continues.

Huig van Groot, afterward known to the world as Hugo Grotius, was born at Delft in Holland on Easter day of 1583. It was at the crisis of the struggle between Spain and the Netherlands. That struggle had already continued for twenty

years, and just after the close of his first year, in the very town where he was lying in his cradle, came its most fearful event, that which maddened both sides, — the assassination of William of Orange, nominally by Balthazar Gerard, really by Phillip II of Spain.

It was, indeed, a fearful period. From Spain, fifteen years before his birth, the Holy Inquisition had sent forth, with the solemn sanction of Phillip II, the edict which condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics. In France, twelve years before his birth, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew had stimulated religious wars interspersed with new massacres, the sacking of towns, the assassination of rulers and leaders. Less than seven years before his birth this French example had been followed in the great massacre at Antwerp, which filled his country with horror. In Italy a succession of pontiffs and princes, moved sometimes by fanaticism, but generally by greed, were carrying out their plans with fire and slaughter. In Great Britain Elizabeth was in her last days: great, gifted, and cruel. Throughout Germany were threatenings of a storm worse than any of those which had preceded it. For though the religious Peace of Passau in 1552 had established toleration, it was a toleration which, being based upon the whims of individual rulers, settled nothing; already Europe was darkened by the shadow of the great coming calamity, the Thirty Years' War.

The child had from his birth the best of all heritages. For he came of a good, pure, sound ancestry. Among his great-grandfathers was De Cornets, — driven

from France by religious persecution, — one of those Huguenots who proved of such immense value to every country which received them. Among his immediate ancestors was a line of state servants, brave, true, and thoughtful. His father was four times Burgomaster of Delft, one of the Curators of the University of Leyden, and a Councilor of State.

But barely had the child begun to lisp when a great danger beset him: his precocity. All his powers, moral and intellectual, seemed developed preternaturally. At nine years of age his Latin verses won the applause of scholars; in his eleventh year poets addressed him as a second Erasmus; at twelve years he was admitted to the University of Leyden. The chances seemed that he would bloom out as a mere prodigy, — an insufferable prig, — then fade, and never be heard of more. But his parents seem to have been more sensible than is usual in such cases: they sent him early from home and placed him among men to whom he was sure to look up with reverence. At the University he fell under the influence of Joseph Justus Scaliger. The genius of the youth bridged the chasm of years which separated him from the renowned scholar, and they became intimate friends.

Two years after entering the University he threw learned Europe into astonishment by a work which would have increased the reputation of any veteran in the republic of letters: a revision of the great encyclopædia of Martianus Capella, including "The Marriage of Mercury with Philology" and "The Seven Treatises on the Liberal Arts." This labor was enormous. The subjects treated by Capella were many and difficult, and to each of these the young scholar gave most thorough study; the number of subjects ransacked by Grotius seems appalling, the number of authors even more so: rhetoric, logic, geography, arithmetic, astronomy, music, all must be investigated, after the manner of the time, by finding what every ancient author had thought upon them.

In rapid succession he also published a translation of Simon Stevin on Navigation, and an edition of Aratus on Astronomy, which gave him repute as a mathematician; and at the same time he continued writing Latin verses which increased his fame as a classical scholar and poet, — as scholarship and poetry were then understood.

At the age of fifteen, after the fashion of the period, he held public disputes in mathematics, philosophy, and jurisprudence. His fame spread far. He was widely recognized as the wonder of the University.

In 1598, the Netherlands sent an embassy to King Henry IV of France. It meant much, for it seemed to bear the fortunes of the Republic. Hitherto France had favored the Netherlands in their long war with Spain, but now there was talk throughout Europe of peace between France and Spain; and if this peace were not prevented, or if a treaty were not most skillfully made, the Netherlands might awake some morning to find themselves exposed to the whole might of Philip II; to his hatred for their heresy and to his vengeance for their rebellion. To meet this emergency the Dutch Republic sent to Paris the Admiral of Zealand, Justin of Nassau, and John van Barneveld, its greatest statesman: with these went Grotius as an *attaché*.

He now incurred a new risk. His reputation had reached France. Men of high position crowded about him, and Henry IV with his own hand hung his portrait upon the youth's neck; but the moral powers of Grotius were as fully developed as his intellectual gifts: his sober judgment shielded him from flattery: all this distinction, instead of spoiling, stimulated him; he did not loiter among flatterers, but returned to Holland and again took up his work as a scholar.

And he avoided another danger as serious as his precocity and distinction had been. He steered clear of the quicksands of useless scholarship which had engulfed so many strong men of his time.

The zeal of learned men of that period was largely given to knowing things not worth knowing, to discussing things not worth discussing, to proving things not worth proving; Grotius seemed plunging on, with all sails set, into these quicksands; but again his good sense and sober judgment saved him. He decided to bring himself into the current of active life flowing through his land and time, and with this purpose he gave himself to the broad and thorough study of jurisprudence.

He was only in his seventeenth year when he was called to plead his first case. It gained him much credit. Other successes rapidly followed and he was soon made Advocate General of the Treasury for the Provinces of Holland and Zeeland. A new danger now beset him, — the danger of becoming simply a venal pleader, a creature who grinds out arguments on this or that side for this or that client, — a mere legal beast of prey. Fortunately for himself and for the world he took a higher view of his life-work: his determination clearly was to make himself a thoroughly equipped jurist, and then, as he rose more and more in his profession, to use his powers for the good of his country and of mankind.

But he made no effort to attract notice, and one striking evidence of his reserve and modesty was discovered only after more than two centuries, when, in 1868, there was found, in a bookshop at The Hague, an old manuscript never before published, but written by Grotius in 1604, its title being *De jure prædæ*. In this manuscript, prepared during his twenty-second year, were found both the germs and, in large measure, the growth of many ideas and trains of thought which gave to his later works such vast value.

He had evidently felt that his thought on these great subjects was not sufficiently mature; but five years later, in 1609, when a conflict of interests between the Netherlands and Portugal seemed to demand it, he developed a chapter of this unpublished book into his first work of

world-wide fame: the *Mare Liberum*. It was a calm, powerful argument against one of the most monstrously absurd claims ever put forth: a claim which at that time clouded the title of humanity to our planet. This was nothing else than the pretense of dominion over the high seas insisted upon by various nations, — a claim which had in days gone by been of some use against piracy, but had become fruitful in wrong. The government which he nominally had in view was Portugal, but the claim which was deepest in his thought was that of England. Her main contention was that the narrow seas — all the seas lying about Great Britain even up to the shores of Norway, of Holland, and of France — were her own; that she was alone entitled to fish in them or freely navigate them; that other nations could do so only by her permission; that her ships in those waters were entitled to lord it over all other ships; that as the mistress of those seas her flag was to be saluted by the vessels of all other powers; and beside all this was her vague claim of the Bay of Biscay and of the ocean north of Scotland.

There was strong warrant for pretensions of this sort. As far back as 1493, Pope Alexander VI had settled disputes between Spain and Portugal arising out of their discoveries upon the Atlantic and Pacific by drawing a line from pole to pole one hundred leagues west of the Azores, giving all west of it to the Spanish, all east of it to the Portuguese. Both these nations attempted more or less persistently to exercise the sway thus given over the oceans as well as over the continents. The Portuguese forbade under heavy penalties any person, whether native or alien, to pass through the waters off the African and Brazilian coasts without their permission; the Spanish were hardly less severe toward those who without leave approached their dependencies. But though the realization of the earth's rotundity renewed the old difficulty, and Spain and Portugal discovered that the Papal decision was futile, since all

their new dominions could be approached both from the east and the west, both nations continued to maintain, as best they could, their sovereignty over the oceans.

Other nations followed these examples. France asserted proprietary rights in the seas off her coasts. Denmark claimed the ocean between Norway and Iceland, and, with Sweden, she insisted on the ownership of the Baltic. Venice, upon her mudbanks at the northwestern corner of the Adriatic, insisted upon a similar control over that open sea; the annual marriage of the Doge with the Adriatic was but the symbol of this dominion. Genoa and Pisa put in similar claims on the west side of Italy. Against all this Grotius published to the world a demonstration that no such right could exist.

His whole argument was mainly a development of two postulates. The first of these was that the right of nations to communicate with one another had been universally recognized; that it was based on a fundamental law of humanity; that, the liberty of the sea being necessary to enable nations to communicate with one another, it could not be taken away by any power whatever. The second was that the sea could not be made property on account of its immensity, its lack of stability, its want of fixed limits. This argument in places seemed thin. The book, after the custom of the time, was filled with an array — far more than sufficient — of learned citations, but its most significant feature — that which went to make it the herald of a new epoch — was that it took its stand upon the inalienable rights of mankind; that it mainly deduced these rights neither from revelation nor from national enactments, but from natural law as ascertained by the human mind.

This book was nominally leveled at the pretensions of Spain and Portugal, but the leading spirits in England saw well what it meant. Although Queen Elizabeth, when the Spanish claimed contributions of Sir Francis Drake in the ocean adjacent to their dominions, had made answer appealing to the natural rights

of all men upon the high seas, all this was conveniently forgotten, and King James I, the crowned pedant of Great Britain, immediately gave orders to his ambassador in Holland to take measures against the young publicist.

These measures having proved futile, John Selden, a great legal authority in England, well fitted for the task, was led to write a reply to Grotius. For nine years he was employed in bringing his authorities together; and in 1618 the book was ready, but it was not then published. It was evidently feared that certain concessions in it might thwart the interests of England in sundry quarters, so that it did not see the light until 1635, and then on account of the direct necessities of England in her trouble with the Netherlands.

In his *Mare Clausum* Selden began, as was then usual, with the Bible. In order to refute Grotius' idea that the ocean cannot be made the property of any one nation he cites the twenty-eighth verse of the first chapter of Genesis, which declares that God said to Adam, "Have dominion over the fish of the sea." "Now," continues Selden, "the fish are the living revenue, — the use of the sea. If these be given, the property itself may be considered as given. Again God said to Noah and his descendants, 'Your fear shall be upon the fish of the sea' (Genesis ix. 2)." Selden then went on to lay stress upon the declaration of the Almighty to the Israelites, "Thy borders are in the midst of the sea," and he argued that of course dominion was given them within these borders, and therefore that this dominion extended over the ocean. He even pressed into his service the poetry of Isaiah, who, as he says, called Tyre "the might of the seas," and Selden argues that "might," in this case, can only mean possession. He declares that the Red Sea is called Edom, which means red, simply because it belonged to the descendants of Esau.

With the same pedantic fullness Selden ransacked the Talmud, the myriad writers of classical antiquity, the records of my-

thology, theology, and philology. Neptune, god of the seas, he insists is only a king who really existed and had the right to rule the sea; stress is laid upon Xerxes as binding the Hellespont; and following these examples are a multitude equally cogent from modern history.

Having thus gone through history, sacred and profane, to show that divine and human authority are on the side of British sovereignty over the seas, he turns to logic, and produces a series of arguments still more extraordinary. He argues that if nations can own land they can own water; that if they can own a little water they can own much; that it is as conformable to reason for a nation to control an ocean as a river. All this was enforced with whole regiments of categories and syllogisms.

Such was the work of a dictator of English learning, a man of great powers of thought, of real independence, of true nobility of character. His only defect was the pedantry which was the bane of his time and from which Grotius, though not wholly free, did so much to raise the world.

The book of Selden was hailed in England as the great work of the age; its doctrines determined English theory and practice as long as England thought it wise to apply them. The world was made to feel them far into the nineteenth century. The treaty attempted by Mr. King, the American Minister to London in 1803, failed because England would not give up the right to impress seamen from foreign ships upon the high seas; and about the same period she applied her doctrine regarding the control of the narrow seas to the control of the broad seas, up to the very shores of America. Even within the shallow waters of Long Island Sound she seized an American vessel, attempted to take therefrom the French Minister to the American Government, and, having failed to take him, seized his papers. Still later, an English man-of-war, in time of profound peace, attacked an American frigate almost within sight of the Ameri-

can coast, took from her four seamen, hanged one of them as a deserter, and forced the other three into the British service.

But the doctrines of Grotius made their way. Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark, Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and, last of all, Great Britain, were forced to yield by the combined opinion of the whole world.¹

The *Mare Liberum* was followed by works from Grotius' pen in many fields. Among the most important were those upon the history of his own country, and he received the title of Public Historiographer. About the same time he reached the first rank in his profession and was made Attorney General of the Province of Holland, Councilor and Pensionary of Rotterdam, with the right of sitting not only in the provincial legislature of Holland, but also in the States General of the United Provinces. He was also sent as one of a commission to England charged to watch over the maritime rights of his country. James I, who had formerly tried to crush him, now flattered him.

On his return in 1616 greater honors awaited him. He was made Grand Pensionary of West Friesland and Holland. This culmination of civic honors in his own country proved to be a beginning of calamity.

Nothing is more wretched in the whole history of Europe between the Reformation period and the close of the last century than the sectarian quarrels which cursed every country. No question seemed too slight a cause for bitter hatred and

¹ For this doctrine of dominion over the sea, see Wheaton, *Histoire du Progrès du Droit des Gens, Première Période*, par. 17, 18; Woolsey, *Introduction to the Study of International Law*, chap. ii; also Hall, *International Law*, pp. 146 *et seq.* For curious applications of the old doctrine and reasons for them, see Walker, *Science of International Law*, chap. v. As to the Chesapeake outrage, see H. Adams, *History of the United States*, vol. ii, chap. i; also Schouler's *History of the United States*, vol. ii, pp. 163 *et seq.*

even for civil war. Germany, England, France, were convulsed with squabbles between various sects and factions, about questions really contemptible. In each of these countries Protestants were not only in a life and death struggle with Catholics, but were seeking to exterminate one another. The Netherlands were no exception to the rule. Two professors at the University of Leyden, Arminius and Gomarus, happened to take different sides on the eternal question of fate and free will. The dispute became vitriolic. The disciples of each caught the spirit of their masters, and soon the Reformed Church in Holland was split into two hostile sects, — each heaping syllogisms and epithets on the other, — Arminius preaching free will, Gomarus, predestination.

It was simply a struggle as to the two sides of the same shield. The question involved was as old as history, — and utterly insoluble. It had puzzled men in all ages. Among the Hebrews, among the Greeks and Romans, among the Mohammedans, and among the Christians, it had served to try the mental powers of a long succession of leading thinkers, — and the main results were vast harvests of hatred.

Unfortunately, in the Reformed Church the debate took a form especially hateful. The partisans of free will insisted that if a man does not act from free will, if his acts are foreordained by a Divine Power which he cannot resist, then there can be no human responsibility for them, and to say that for sins thus foreordained men are to be punished is to deny the goodness of God.

On the other hand, the partisans of predestination insisted that nothing can take place without the foreknowledge and ordinance of God; that to deny this is to deny His omniscience and omnipotence.

The debate went on from bad to worse; it could hardly be pretended that salvation was dependent upon holding the right metaphysical theory upon this question; yet both sides did the usual thing in such cases, — each contending that the doctrine of the other was “of dangerous

tendency;” and soon each was able to show that the other’s doctrine was deadly. Gomarus declared that Arminius was a supporter of the Roman Catholic Church, and that his doctrine at the same time led to skepticism and infidelity. It was difficult for reasoning men to see how the same man could be a Roman Catholic and an infidel, but the vast majority did not reason, — they only believed. Heavy words were hurled: “supralapsarian,” “infralapsarian;” and these seemed to crush out the common sense of the crowd. Gomarus won the victory.

The majority of the pulpits reiterated the charges and flung back the epithets; until finally the controversy became a disease, a disease which speedily took an acute form, breaking out here and there into mob murders. It seemed to warrant the declaration of Bishop Butler as to a possible insanity of states.

In this condition of things, the Arminians, led by Uyten Bogaert, a theologian at The Hague, drew up in 1610 a protest stating their real principles. It was known as the “Remonstrance,” and from this the Arminians received their party name of Remonstrants. Upon this the followers of Gomarus, devoted to the doctrine of predestination, drew up a vigorous rejoinder, and so obtained their party name of Contra-Remonstrants. Mob violence spread rapidly. The States General, mainly a body of educated, thoughtful men, seeing the necessity of calming the country, now issued an Edict of Pacification enjoining tolerance and forbearance, and largely permeated by the just and kindly ideas of Grotius.

The Edict of Pacification was supported by one of the most eloquent appeals ever composed, — it came not only from Grotius’ head, but from his heart. But all this was outclamored by the Gomarist clergy. They cited from Scripture the words, “Ye must obey God rather than man,” by which they simply meant, “Ye are to accept our theory as God’s command.” This carried the great majority of the population.

With this religious question was complicated a political struggle. The Stadtholder and Captain-General of the United Provinces was Prince Maurice of Orange, — the second son of the murdered William the Silent. He had great qualities, military and administrative, but he had also an evident purpose to make himself virtually a monarch. We need not suppose him merely selfish in this matter; there was in him a mixture of motives. He doubtless knew that what was needed to enable the Netherlands to hold their own against Spain, their religious foe, France, their political foe, and England, their commercial foe, was a strong, concentrated government, and of this he was the natural head. He had encountered much opposition which was to him vexatious, and at the very time when the unity of all the provinces was the first thing needful.

On the other hand, a small body of enlightened but patriotic men of great influence loved and believed in republican institutions, feared the monarchical tendency, dreaded a dictatorship, and struggled against every effort of the prince which tended toward it. In this they had some success, and in 1609, fearing that the continuance of war and the increasing dependence of the Provinces upon Maurice would result in his dictatorship, they brought about with Spain the famous Truce of Twelve Years.

This led to bitter hatred between Maurice, the Stadtholder, on one side, and the leaders of republican tendency on the other. Foremost among these latter was John of Barneveld, a statesman renowned throughout Europe, his whole life full of high service to his country, his religious views tolerant, — and closely attached to him was Grotius.

In this wretched struggle between Calvinism and Arminianism Maurice saw his opportunity. Had he been a greater genius or of a nobler nature, he might have called Grotius to his aid and fused both these elements into one strong national force. Such a fusion was made

most happily when in England the Church was united by combining “a Catholic ritual, Calvinistic articles, and an Arminian clergy,” and at a much later period a similar happy compromise was made when Frederick William III stood by the more tolerant thinkers of Prussia and brought together Calvinists and Lutherans into a single body on whose banner was inscribed the shibboleth “Evangelical.” But Maurice did not take so large a view. He saw that the Gomarists had the populace on their side. He cared nothing for their doctrines as such; there is evidence that he did not even understand them; but they were the predominant force, and he took pains to attend their churches, tied his cause to theirs, became the firm ally of fanatical peasants and their clerical managers against the Edict of Pacification. Thus was he able to wield an overwhelming power against Barneveld, Grotius, and their compeers.¹

The course of Maurice was simple. By virtue of his authority as Stadtholder he had merely to forbid obedience to the orders of Barneveld, Grotius, and others in their respective provinces, and when these attempted to enforce their authority it was easy to raise the fanatical Calvinists in revolt.

The efforts of Grotius for peace now became heroic. At the head of a deputation of the States of Holland he publicly addressed the authorities of Amsterdam in favor of toleration. He showed that the highest authorities agreed that either of the two theological opinions might be held without danger of perdition; that the earlier reformers had tolerated both opinions. He besought his countrymen most earnestly and eloquently, in view of the political danger to the country and of the religious danger to Protestantism, to allow toleration and peace. All in vain. On the great mass of his countrymen the modern idea of toleration had not even dawned. He and his associates were dis-

¹ Motley gives a curious story illustrating the ignorance of Maurice regarding the doctrines he supported.

missed with contempt, and his address was suppressed by force.

Wearied unto death, he was besought by his family and friends to give up the struggle. But he would not. He would make another exertion, and he drew up a new formula of peace to be signed by both parties. It contained nothing contrary to Calvinism; it proposed to leave matters at issue to a council, and in the meantime pledged all to peace. This, too, was in vain. The fanatics would have none of it, and Maurice stood by them.

Matters were soon beyond any peaceable solution. Maurice, with the Gomarists, took such measures that Barneveld, Grotius, and their associates were obliged to summon the Provinces to resist. But resistance was futile. Maurice was a successful soldier with a great name, and behind him were a large current of patriotism and an overwhelming current of fanaticism. In August, 1618, he was able to send Barneveld and Grotius to prison. Everything favored him. The death of his elder brother during these events gave him the crowning honor, and he became the head of his family, — Prince of Orange.

And now was set in motion a prodigious piece of machinery, — the Synod of Dort. It embraced the leading theologians of Holland with delegates from various parts of Protestant Europe. Their weary discussions dragged along through the entire following winter. The result was a foregone conclusion. As in nearly all the greater councils of the Church, Catholic or Protestant, its proceedings were determined by intimidation and intrigue rather than by discussion. Episcopius and the Arminians at the Synod of Dort had as little chance as the opponents of Athanasius at the Council of Nice; or as the Bishop of Braga at the Council of Trent; or as Archbishop Kenrick and Bishop Strausmaier at the Council of the Vatican. They were simply outclamored and voted down. The whole decision was in accordance with the direction of Mau-

rice and the Gomarists. It was now declared that the Remonstrants must submit to the Synod; that to oppose it was to rebel against the Holy Spirit; that if they persisted in disobedience they would incur not only the censures of the Church, but punishment from the State. Against this the Arminians tried to make a stand, and solemnly appealed to their brethren; but at last, in April, 1619, the Synod declared them guilty of pestilent errors and corrupters of the true faith; their doctrines damnable, and Episcopius, with his associates, deprived of their positions. This being accomplished, Barneveld and Grotius were dealt with. The court had been assembled in February. It was composed largely of the enemies of the accused; the proceedings lingered until the Synod of Dort had made its main decision and denunciation. Barneveld was sentenced to death on the 12th of May, 1619, and was executed on the day following, bearing himself nobly on the scaffold, and neither asking nor allowing any of his family or friends to ask pardon from Maurice.

A few days later Grotius was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and transferred to the castle of Loevestein. Vigorous measures ensued against lesser offenders; such Arminian ministers as could be seized were torn from their pulpits, stripped of their property, banished, or imprisoned. From all parts of the Netherlands they were driven to neighboring countries, Catholic and Protestant. It was a story like that of the Puritans driven from England, the Huguenots from France, the Moriscoes from Spain, the Protestants from Salzburg, the Finlanders and Jews from Russia in our day; — the same old story, — unreason, bigotry, party passion, individual ambition — all masquerading as "saving faith."

All this work having been set in motion, on the 29th of May, 1619, the Synod of Dort was closed.

The imprisonment of Grotius was not the worst that now befell him. His ene-

mies sought to rob him, not only of his liberty, but of his honor. His request to present his defense to Prince Maurice, as he truly says, "was afterward misinterpreted as if I had had wonderful things to reveal." The fact that he thought of offering his services as a counselor to Prince Maurice will not prejudice against him any American who remembers how statesmen like Daniel Webster and William Henry Seward sought most patriotically to redeem administrations in our own country in the interest of principles which they held dear. Not only was Grotius refused, during the weary months of trial, any opportunity to draw up a defense in writing, but when it was granted he was allowed only a single sheet of paper and four hours of time. After the manner of that period in treason trials, he was not permitted to summon counsel or to consult documents; worst of all, the utterances of Barneveld were evidently presented to him in a false light, so that, in repelling charges against himself, Grotius was made to appear as if attacking his friend. Thus were set in motion the calumnies which have been reëchoed from that day to this, and to which even our eminent American historian of the Dutch Republic has given an attention which they do not deserve. Looking over the whole matter dispassionately, the conclusion seems irresistible that Grotius, in prison, was deceived, and, as he himself insisted, his utterances misinterpreted. Nothing else in his life warrants the belief that he could have been for a moment disloyal to Barneveld. That Groen van Prinsterer should repeat these charges adds nothing to their strength. No one can read the attack made by this modern enemy of Arminianism and of Grotius without seeing at once that its charges are utterly vitiated by its sectarian bitterness. Grotius' attitude in those most trying hours was not that of a determined, uncompromising ruler of men, like Barneveld, but that of a scholarly statesman, honest and straightforward, seeking to serve his country. He may

have been for a moment deceived by the intriguers who sought to separate him from his friend, but his conduct, taken as a whole, was that of a patriot and a true man.¹

Shut up in the Castle of Loevestein, during nearly two years Grotius found consolation in his studies. At the end of that time he was rescued by a stratagem. His wife, who had shown a most touching devotion to him from first to last, who had shared his captivity, and done all in her power to make it tolerable, made friends with the wife of the jailor and others who might be of use, smuggled her husband into a case supposed to contain borrowed books, and thus had him conveyed from the fortress. After several hairbreadth escapes the box was carried to the house of a friend, and Grotius, escaping from it, fled in the disguise of a brick-layer into France. One thing in this departure did him special honor. This was his letter to the authorities of the Netherlands declaring that no person had been bribed to aid him, that he himself was not guilty of any crime against his country, and that nothing that had taken place had diminished his love for it.

Arriving in France, he was welcomed on all sides as a great European scholar. Louis XIII settled upon him a pension which unfortunately was small and rarely paid; luckily friends were found to give him shelter, and he continued his devotion to his studies. Among other treatises which attracted general notice he wrote a defense of his course, straightforward, with no bitterness; various works calculated to diminish intolerance; and, in 1622, at the Château of Balagny, he began giving final shape to the great work of his life, the *De jure belli ac pacis*, and for three years it occupied his best thought.

Few more inspiring things have been

¹ As regards the charge that Grotius was disloyal to Barneveld, see Motley, *John of Barneveld*, vol. ii, pp. 396 *et seq.*; and for echoes of the old attacks, resentful and bitter, see Groen van Prinsterer, *Maurice et Barneveld*, Utrecht, 1876, pp. ccv, *et seq.*

seen in human history. He had every reason for yielding to pessimism, for hating his country, and for despising his race. He might have passed his time in satirizing his enemies and in scolding at human folly. He did nothing of the sort; but worked on, day and night, giving to mankind one of the greatest blessings it has ever received.

The great work of Grotius was published in 1625. Its reception must have disappointed him, for while thoughtful and earnest men in various parts of Europe showed at once their appreciation of it, the mass of men were indifferent, and their religious leaders, as a rule, hostile. The condemnation of it at Rome, the fact that it was placed upon the Index of works which Catholics were forbidden to read, and that this Index bore the sanction of a Papal bull, was at first a great barrier. So, too, the distrust felt by the leaders of the Protestant Church checked its progress. But more and more it made its way. In every nation were jurists and statesmen who, while they acquiesced nominally in the teachings of the church, in which they had happened to be born, did some thinking on their own account. In the minds of such, the germs of the better system planted by Grotius took root. Many, too, whose belief was in accordance with the dominant ecclesiastical ideas, had hearts better than their heads, and on those the eloquence of Grotius wrought with power. In various universities, his doctrines began to be commented upon and taught, and notably at Heidelberg, where Pufendorf became Grotius' first great apostle. His ideas found their way into current discussion, into systems of law, into treaties, and, as generations rolled by, the world began to find itself, it hardly knew how, less and less cruel, until men looked back upon war as practiced in his time as upon a hideous dream, — doubtless much as men in future generations will look back upon the wars of our time.

Most notable among those who were immediately influenced by Grotius' work

were his two foremost contemporaries, one a Protestant and the other a Catholic.

First of these was Gustavus Adolphus. He was by far the greatest and bravest leader of his time. Grotius' work became his favorite study; he kept it by his bedside; it was found in his tent after his death on the field of Lützen. Despite the atrocities of the opposing commanders, he constantly stood for mercy and began on a large scale the better conduct of modern war: his most impassioned speeches were made to his soldiers in dissuading them from cruelty or in rebuking them for it.

And there was another great example. Three years after the appearance of Grotius' book, Cardinal Richelieu, who then governed France in the name of Louis XIII, took La Rochelle. It was the stronghold of French Protestantism; it had resisted as few fortified places have ever resisted; the Protestants gathered there had been guilty of high treason in its worst degrees — they had called in England to their aid; they had rebelled so madly that they were outside the pale of mercy; the greater part of the city population had been destroyed, and among those who were left there had been recourse to cannibalism.

The whole civilized world expected to see a frightful example made; and in view of the ferocious instructions which at the beginning of the war thus ended had been given by Pius V and other pontiffs, in view of the savage practice general throughout Europe, and above all that of Philip II and Alva in the Netherlands, and of Tilly in Germany, there was every reason to expect a massacre of the inhabitants with plunder and destruction of the city. All Europe held its breath in anticipation of cruelties befitting the long and bitter rebellion of the Huguenots against their sovereigns in Church and State.

Richelieu was a devoted believer in the dogmas and authority of the Church — he had begun his literary life by polemics against Protestantism, and his first act after his great victory, as a general, was to

celebrate a high mass of thanksgiving, as a bishop. He had received his education in an atmosphere of cruel intolerance of which we can now hardly dream. It was the period when the teachings of the sainted Pope Pius V were in all their vigor; the time when that pontiff wrote letters to Catherine de Medici, to Charles IX, to the Duke of Anjou, and to other leaders in France, commanding them not merely to persecute, but to massacre, forbidding them to spare a single Huguenot prisoner, citing to King Charles the example of King Saul, and holding up to the most Christian king, as the punishment he would merit and receive from the Almighty if he showed mercy to the Huguenots, the punishment received by that Jewish king for showing mercy to the enemies of Israel. Still dominant were the teachings of Gregory XIII, who celebrated the Massacre of St. Bartholomew with thanksgivings at Rome, commemorated it in magnificent pictures at the Vatican, and struck a medal in its honor for circulation throughout Europe. Not only did the early education and environment of Richelieu seem to presage a fearful treatment of La Rochelle, but his own conduct in other matters seemed to insure it. As a rule, toward those guilty of treason he was ever merciless, and for crimes against public order he sent members of the highest families in France to the scaffold.¹

But, to the amazement of the world and to the intense disgust of the fanatics who thirsted for vengeance, Richelieu now did none of the terrible things expected of him. He indeed swept away a mass of dangerous party privileges which the sect had enjoyed, but even to the most bitter of the Huguenots he was

merciful. He allowed no massacre, no destruction, no plunder. After he had summoned into his presence Guiton, the Huguenot mayor of the city, who had stood out against him so long and so desperately, he treated him with respect and inflicted upon him merely a short banishment. The Huguenots, though broken as a party, were not even excluded from civil office or debarred from the exercise of their religion; everywhere was lenity. The fanatics of his own church bestowed on him such names as "Cardinal of Satan," "Pope of the Atheists."

How was it that in this case Richelieu showed a toleration and mercy so at variance with everything in his previous career? All the circumstances of the case enforce the conviction that, during the three years between the publication of Grotius' book and the taking of La Rochelle, the cardinal had been influenced by it. It had arrested the attention of thinking men in all parts of Europe, and must have been known to the foremost statesman of France, living in the very city where it was published. Throughout his whole career, Richelieu showed an especial respect for scholars and scholarly work, as the Sorbonne bears witness to this day. At a later period, even when there was much diplomatic friction between the two men, Richelieu freed Grotius' writings from the French censorship, and declared him one of the three great scholars of his time. Even if the cardinal knew the book merely as Nicholas II of Russia knew the epoch-making work of Jean de Bloch against war, — the book which led that czar to call the Peace Conference of The Hague, — that is, merely by report, by quotations, by discussions, he could not fail to have grasped its main purport. There seems, indeed, no other way to account for the fact that from one of the most devoted of ecclesiastics and most merciless of statesmen there came, during this vast temptation to cruelty, so benign a treatment of subjugated heretics and rebels.

But a striking proof that Grotius had

¹ For the full text of the letters of St. Pius V, commanding massacre and forbidding mercy, see De Potter, *Lettres de St. Pie V*, Paris 1830. Those especially citing the punishment of King Saul for his mercy to the Amalekites were directed to King Charles and Catherine de Medici (nos. xii, xiii). For copious citations, see Laurent, *Hist. du Droit des Gens*, tome x.

brought in a new epoch was shown three years after his death. In 1648 plenipotentiaries from the great states of Europe signed at Münster the great Treaty of Westphalia, which closed the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the Eighty Years' War in the Netherlands, and a long era of savagery in all parts of the globe. This instrument embodied principles which Grotius had really been the first to bring into the thought of the world. At its base was his conception of the essential independence and equality of all sovereign states, — all its parts were riveted together by his conceptions of eternal justice, — the whole structure was permeated by his hatred of cruelty and love of mercy. To the signing of this treaty the Papal authorities at Rome had constantly shown themselves bitterly opposed; all that intrigue, bribes, and threats could do, they had done; and as the congress at Münster went on more evidently toward a merciful issue, this violence at Rome became more and more marked. As the climax of the whole, Pope Innocent X issued his bull, *Zelo Domus Dei*, absolving the signatories of the treaty from the oaths they had taken when affixing their signatures to it; and not only this, but virtually commanded them to break their oaths. But a new time had come. The signers, having fore-

seen this exercise of the Papal power "to bind and loose," made a solemn pledge and vow not to avail themselves of any such absolution. The book had indeed begun its work. In the next chapter we will examine the teaching of Grotius, note the proofs of its influence on the two centuries following, and mark the latest exhibition of its power in the International Peace Conference of The Hague in 1899.¹

¹ I. For a striking example of the hatred felt by bigots toward Richelieu's tolerance, see Henri Martin, *Histoire de France*, tome xi, p. 278. As to diplomatic friction between Richelieu and Grotius, see Burigny, *Vie de Grotius*, Amsterdam, 1754, tome i, pp. 248-258. For Richelieu's order relieving Grotius' works from the censorship, *ibid.*, tome ii, p. 110. For Richelieu's estimation of Grotius as one of the three foremost savants of his time, *ibid.*, tome ii, p. 208.

II. For proofs that Richelieu, worldly wise as was his policy, was at heart a devout believer, see Hanotaux, *Histoire du Cardinal de Richelieu*, tome ii, 2me partie, chapitre 2; Avenel, *Richelieu et la Monarchie Absolue*, Paris, 1887, tome iii, pp. 393-421; also Perkins, *France under Richelieu and Mazarin*, vol. ii, p. 128, note.

III. For an admirable brief summary of Grotius' relation to the Treaty of Westphalia, see Walker, *Science of International Law*, chap. iv.

IV. For Pope Innocent X and the bull *Zelo Domus Dei*, see Laurent, *Histoire du Droit des Gens*, vol. x, pp. 174 et seq.

THE INFINITE PRESENCE

BY GEORGE M. GOULD

KANT said that two things were sublime: the starry heavens above, and the moral law within. Upon reflection, the stars suggest to "the natural man" but a crude, vague, and far from infinite idea of infinity, and many experts have "explained" the moral law as a utilitarian and evolutionary product. The philosopher's reverence serves, nevertheless, to divide the infinities into two classes, like all other phenomena, those without and those within, objective and subjective, or macrocosmic and microcosmic. It will be found that a third class must be added which will comprise a number that belong to neither world exclusively, but are the joint product of both. In a rigid Berkeleian or Hegelian analysis all would be subjective; in a looser one all equally more or less composite; and especially if one accepts language at its par value, and common sense at its own rating.

The eye of the mind that does not infer sees the starry firmament simply as light-points in a dark blue setting. Distant these points are indeed, but any very great distance is a teaching of hearsay, or inference, and only the astronomer, or one he has taught, has more than a vague and extremely finite conception of their immeasurable distance. The shepherds thought the guiding-star of Bethlehem moved and stood over the manger in which lay the wonderful child. They had no hint of the amazing distance, even of the nearest star, and possibly even Kant's thought of it was vague as compared with that we now hold. How many Americans and Europeans to-day suppose that a meteor is truly a "falling star"? That a star could not move, or point out a locality upon the earth, or the earth itself, is not to be understood by the shepherd mind. If a newspaper reader has seen a long string of figures expressing a guess

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at the distances of stars, they of course express to him no idea more definite than if the numbers were one tenth or ten times as many. It becomes at once the something non-finite, as do all such things not cognizable by his assumed finiteness. The infinite is thus to most a mere negative, whatever its nature, an impatient naming of the unexplored and unnamable. If one attempts to bring to the ordinary mind a somewhat more adequate thought or picture of the infinite, trying to replace its negative by a positive idea, he is met by a smile of incredulity or of shrinking wonder, confessing renunciation and the inability to follow. Should one bravely persist and endeavor to show that the so-called "light" of the stars exists only, and is created, in a tiny, wholly dark space six inches or more behind his own eye, there is a risk of a not flattering answer. Add that not only light, but color also, sound, hardness, heat, cold, odors, etc., — all the "things" our senses tell us of, are sensations, mind creations, unknown products of unknown things by unknown methods and mechanisms. That would be unkind to him, and worse than useless.

Our language demonstrates the purely negative and renouncing action of mind as regards infinity. We have no word for expressing it positively. "Endless," "immeasurable," "infinite," etc., give no desired positiveness, and even the quasi-affirmation in the word "eternal" means only that which endures for an age, the latter meaning originally a lifetime. The seeming positive notation of the word "omnipotence" is no less essentially negative, because men have never thought of it as anything but subjective, — an attribute of God. But God himself, the idea of him held by the careless believer, is only that of an unknown, unknowable,

non-finite, into which vast unknown are indiscriminately flung all tormenting mysteries. He thus becomes philosophically the reserve of inexplains awaiting our leisure and ability. One by one we must take out and at least seek to solve our problems. God must be made cognizable. We can hardly be as perfect as He, which is commanded, if we cannot even know and understand His characteristics; surely not, if we do not even attempt the least of such knowing and understanding.

It is not an advanced psychology that demonstrates the mental creation of finite sensations, and it is also as early shown that the larger makings of infinities are from the materials furnished by the mind rather than from the outside world. It is a truism that seeing is slowly learned, and that, whatever hints reflected ether-waves bring the eye, vision — accurate, useful vision — is a product of the brain and mind. In the same way, evidently, one can readily determine that the thing actually seen, the blue sky with its dots of light, beyond the reach of his flung pebble, does not even suggest infinite space or universe to the shepherd. Nor does the objective give any positive idea of any kind concerning the non-finite. An unknown something out there in some incomprehensible way started some vibrations which somehow or other were transformed, and at last got to the proper brain cells. From numberless results of the kind the mind made inferences and reasoned of the outside sources of the sensations. One need not proceed to the Berkeleian extreme of denying all objective reality in order to take from that outside cause such vast quantities of attributes as must be done to be just to the spirit co-partner. Even the newest physics resulting from radium discoveries may, according to Professor Lodge, leave some hard nucleus of materiality at the centre of the many-guised, cunningly concealed, ionic molecule. If at last that is dissipated into ions, empty centres of vibrational forces, the vibrations at least exist, and

with them all that is essentially objective. The atomic theory is by no means destroyed with the destruction of all "atoms."

In the same way there remains at least the assured residue of objective infinities, but when the mind gets her proper share of its endowments, they are not so rich as supposed. Infinity dwells less without than within, and mental coöperation is required for the creation of even the crudest objective infinity. Summarize all the racial sense-impressions, condense a hundred kinds to the quintessential instincts, still they would be finite in origin and number. The multiplication of finitenesses by any finite number leaves the product still as far from infinite as the first unit. Were the mind a product of materiality and finite experiences, the word "infinite," even with the negative connotation, would not have been formed. That it has positive significance is indubitable, hence the iron law of causality demands that it come from no finite source without. We do, in fact, endow that without with our own self-grown infinities. The analyses of reality, the progress of psychology, all show that our new science is largely a transplanting or taking back to our own minds the rich qualities with which we had too generously endowed matter. In our generosity we lent the old actor our own wardrobe of the spirit. He thereby acted the cosmic rôle assigned to him with better grace and seemliness, but he was in honor bound to return the gold-embroidered cloak and gem-decked crown. He could not wear them in the street. Nor did he need them there, for in the highways of materiality is no cold or warmth, nakedness or garment, beauty or grace. It is only personality and sensation that need, or know, or can own these things. When the intellectual part of personality grows beyond the charm of played amusements, it smiles in pity upon the child's need and the time when it found so much pleasure in imagining into the sticks and wires of its marionettes (world, space, and time).

its own greater, more infinite, personal comedies and tragedies.

And yet the wealth and power which materiality pays back bring their own responsibilities. Unused gold without interest is of no more value than so much iron, and to yield interest or profit, work must be done. By no unimproved or unearned endowment do we come to the grasp and enjoyment even of metaphysical things. The possibility lies in our nature, it is true, and in the nature of mind; but it does not spontaneously exercise itself. We gain the heaven, not only of feeling and duty, but of intellect and imagination, by hardened muscles and tireless climbing. Metaphysical athletics is the most strenuous of all, but these scalars of the Alps of the Spirit have seen views unknown to others, and so superb, so indescribable, that the rare light in their eyes is almost the sole hint of the supernatural glory. The philosophies and religions, the poesies, literatures, and sciences, of the few climbers, are only fainter suggestions; and yet these have made the civilization which we find so miraculous. If humanity itself should attempt the great ascent, whence the stars are seen, not as discrete light-spots sown in the overhead blue, but as the beacons of the soul calling Life to victory over the world!

The two infinities of Kant did not chill or hurt him, but his fearlessness is shared by few. Only for a short instant, at best, will most persons consent to look open-eyed at any clear image of fate or of infinity. Scarcely a friend of mine will look steadily at the clear midnight sky for a minute in silence. The freezing of the heart that follows, the appalling shudder at the dread contemplation of infinity, which may be called cosmic horror, is more than can be endured. If those stars are absolutely and positively infinite, then there is no up or down, and they knew no beginning, will have no ending. With any such staring gorgon of fatalism the surcharged attention is shaken, and the chemistry of common life seizes

upon the liquid crystals with avid hunger.

But why may not this cosmic horror be turned to cosmic pleasure? It is at best not bravery or athletic prowess, and at worst it is a psychic want of equilibrium, a morbid metaphysics. When one has health, strength, and expertness to do a thing there is pleasure in doing it. In a word, the horror is from disuse of the innate power, and the sublimest pleasure may be found in excursions into the infinite. For not the least of the astronomer's delight springs from the grand distances and incommensurables with which he deals, the limitlessness of the pictures nightly spread before him. And is not the historian's similar pleasure in the sweep of eye from age to age and from nation to nation, correlating to unity millions of individualities and events hidden from those who dwell in valleys and in single-nesses? In his analyses and syntheses the philosopher learns of another kind of grave charm, whereby the apparent disorder and fortuity of the world are systematized and coördinated into order and unity by some fair and far harmonizing principle. Such, in truth, are athletes; but their endowment and ability differ in no way from that of the shepherd following his star.

However modern and civilized the shepherd may be, should one rally him to an attack upon the infinite (God's infinities having been first set aside), he would answer that there are at best but two infinities: space and time. And he would see but one childish method—the stretching of the imagination. With perfect plausibility may not one contend that there are as many ways of “feeling after God,” as many routes of excursion into infinity, as there are personalities? Every one differs from all others, even from his brother, in some quality, aptitude, or ability. The poorest soul has at least one window opening upon the beyond-the-limited. Most are richer in windows than they know. And richer in roads, too, for these lead out and subdivide, the last being but well-blazed trails, perhaps, —

and follow them at your peril and pleasure! — conducting to great outlooking peaks. The window-gazers, — well, they can at least see their fellows yonder on the summit. But the infinite is not to be observed alone; it is not only observation, it is action as well.

Even the infinite of space may be sought by different routes and methods. Many are common, — by images of trains of cars en route for the moon, the sun, or the nearest star; by written figures giving the lowest comprehensible unit and its cumulated multiplications to a tottering incomprehensibility; by light-years;¹ by thought-spannings of standards derived from time-exposures of plates in photographing nebulae; by spectrum analyses of stars approaching or receding. Are such helps not often great hindrances? More resolute imaginations find them so. One may readapt an old likeness, devised before spectrum analysis (and curiously fore-feeling it), and imagine an eye poised upon a beam of light shot into infinite space from the satellite of a planet of some sun of a great solar system. If the eye travels slower than the rays that left after it, the unrolling process seems hastened beyond the actual; if it travels at the same rate of speed as all the other rays, then the moon and the system are seen as if stationary; but if it travels faster than the light that left before it, then there is to it an inversion of the process, and the satellite will be seen to draw back into its planet, this return to its sun, and finally the sun fade to the primitive invisible nebula.

By such fancies the mind may conquer its own weakness; but it must not be forgotten that materiality not only does not suggest, but that it even disallows them. Better methods are without images, by sheer intellectual muscle, generally with helpful suggestion of materiality, but not by mirroring alone, and always with vitalizing feeling. One arrives sometimes by means of straight contemplation from

¹ The distance traveled by light in one year, at the rate of 186,500 miles per second.

mountain-tops, or even by gazing, by day and upon one's back, at the cloud-flecked and apertured zenith. At night a help is got by piercing beyond the easily visible stars to fainter and for long invisible deeper-lying ones, — and then the stretch of endless blue depths still below; the dizzying sight through a telescope of the jagged crater-tops of the moon jutting against the cold deep. Many such experiences widen and vivify thought, and leave enduring memories, psychic recuperating stations against more resolute mounting. It should not be forgotten that if there is a really and positively infinite number of stars, then at every conceivable point of the firmament there is located a star. Hence, if light were stronger or eyes more sensitive, there would be no discrete light-spots and star-points, but only a sheen of slightly variant intensity everywhere. A qualification of this image is required by the fact that about every star are, probably, circling black planetary bodies, which, rhythmically intercepting and revealing the starlight, would cause the diffused glitter or sheen of the sky to quiver with an intense stippling.

Finally, to grasp within the mental holding an adequate idea of the infinity of the spatial universe, recourse must be had to the scientifically educated imagination. Stretch the images and plays of fancy as one will, multiply conceivables with all the expertness of the best metaphysical prestidigitator, and yet if a limit is assigned beyond which stars and matter do not extend, then one inevitable consequence results; if finite, it must somewhere have a centre of attraction. To that centre, in an infinite time past, must have drawn the entire matter of the universe into one huge central sun. If planetization must follow, then the central sun must still be large enough to dominate all satellites as revolving servants. There is not only no proof, there is perfect disproof, that such a central body exists, and that there is any such revolutionary order of the visible stars. Hence the mat-

ter and the suns of the universe extend, positively and limitlessly, and eternally endure. Touch the logic with emotion, and one has realized the infinite of space.

There is a comforting corollary to this, one that reestablishes the stability that seemed to be slipping, and which tended to arouse the old cosmic horror. Our own solar-system home cannot swing beyond the set limits of unreturn — cannot be “lost” — because it is held within infallible topographic bounds by the pull of the infinity of matter upon every side. The nearer it approaches any perihelion, the more the opposed infinite calls its return.

One may play with the thought (rather, the words) of infinite vacuity or emptiness, pure space; but the imagination balks; and the inevitable extension of the ether into all unoccupied space renders the thought resultless and useless. Moreover, the idea of motion or velocity of a discrete point or world in otherwise unoccupied and limitless space is impossible and self-contradictory. There can be no up or down or direction of such a body. Even in a sun-filled infinity there is no direction in any final sense. Lastly, that final and all-dominating fatalism of the objective world, gravitation, precludes any limit to that world.

The mystery and the infinity of matter seem now fast disappearing into ideas of force. But one may rest secure that all the essentials of an objective world will remain. There is to be no utter deliquescence of externals into subjectivities. Neither physics nor metaphysics can kill the other in the duel of eternity. Periodic vibrations and rhythms become no less objective or real by the death of all the atoms, and the essential of materiality remains, possibly even more stable and unchangeable, with these clotted swirls of ions and ethers, than with the crude lumps called atoms.

And, with all material resolutions and Protean disguises, there remains gravitation, that most unexceptional, inexplicable, and primal of all the fatalisms of the material universe. Only spirit is freed

from its dominance, and even that only when it is freed from its bound body. In the alembic of thought the old idea of the material of the universe may, and probably will, disappear; but only to rise again as motion, which will endure as essentially objective. There is an ill-defined borderline between spirit and body somewhere along the track marked “sensation,” in which motion seems both subjective and objective; but when one actually gets well across it, supposed mentality on the one side is clearly only motility, and on the other it is as surely only immotile mind. On the outside (as we look at it) the entire product passing as the old conception of “matter” is perfectly represented by the word “gravitation.” Hence, transfixed by our thought, it becomes the consummate and convincing exhibit of omnipotence, or the infinite of power. How absolutely it fuses the mysteries and controls the facts of matter is seen in any attempt to think ungravitation. The result would be the homogeneity and motionlessness of the universe reduced to uniform nebulosity. One atom could not vary in distance or size from any other, and none could be in motion. Thus, gravitation is the sole source of quality and motion. Antigravitation, the unlimited sway of centrifugalism, would be followed by a more striking extension of the component matter of the universe into infinite space, and this would be simply an eternal thinning process, wherein the increasing nebularization would never quite become an impossible nothing. On its positive side gravitation thus becomes the best and most easily grasped demonstration of the infinite of power. And as no human intelligence has caught sight of even a hint of an explanation of this strange force, it stands before us as truly supernatural, and all the more amazing to the trained mind, because (unlike most thought of the supernatural) it is uniform and exceptionless. No atom ever escaped its control. It was the first born of all fates and fatalisms. The condition of true philosophy and mental

power is to realize and explain that which is the most common. The poor mind concerns itself least with that to which it is most habited. To the other the oldest and most invariable stimulates the most curious inquiry. If gravitation is ever explained, the oldest source of awe and the greatest sense of mystery will pass out of human life, and both peasant and philosopher will have lost the splendid example of sublime and omnipotent power. The charm of its mystery will, at least, have been lost, and the god of matter, gorgon to the at first startled observer, restful to the resolved mind, will have been dethroned by a mathematical and mechanical formula. Other methods, of course, remain of reaching toward the conception of omnipotence, but none is comparable to this. Herbert Spencer has given us the look of it in his *First Principles*, when he sketches the congelation of the solar system out of the supposed primal nebula. In measureless years he says the icicles are revaporized, and thus the cold eternal heart of fate proceeds in rhythmic systole and diastole, each beat a universe repeated every billion years. One may forget that this is a corollary, a method of action, of the wonder of gravitation.

The infinity of time is sooner dispensed with or mastered, because time is merely the measure of vibrational motion. One thus comes near reducing it to an attribute of mind, a registering of revolutions, a method of mnemonics. Quicker or slower become very relative gaugings, and to the eye on the ray of light, meaningless and self-contradictory. In a static, motionless, or non-revolving universe, there could be no time, and plainly none in vacuous space. It therefore becomes the name for periodicity of motion, begot of physical recurrence and of mentality, non-existent without both parents. How necessary is the subjective parent is illustrated by the De Quincey opium dream. If the dream would always result from the hashish as it did in that instance, if the test were not dangerous, if it were not morbid, and if the tester were surely

strong enough, a single daring trial would be educative. But pathologists and experimenters do not advise it, and it is unnecessary because the results are to be secured by normal methods and are more satisfying. The normal dream of sleep furnishes an abundance of data, too frequently undervalued, as we know. Freed from the bindings of the body, the dream-personality plays recklessly with the stupidities of the waking sense of space and time. Our daytime efforts to condense or stretch time out can never equal that dainty ease. We live so fast or so slow then, we focus long stretches to an instant, or find the dragging moment never passes, or the trivial deed is never done. We stride from mountain-top to mountain-top with miraculous ease and fearlessness, slide down clouds or along the edges of the world with such fine unconsciousness of impossibilities! The subjectivity of time is illustrated, too, by sleep itself, especially if dreamless. Where has time been since, eight hours ago, we stopped thinking? The sleep of anæsthesia is no more, nor less, striking. There are also pathologic and traumatic lapses of time in which, with the loss of memory, there is also a loss of personality, the finding of another self, entirely alien, with as sudden a resumption of the old self after weeks or months. Under such circumstances the puzzle becomes, not what is time, and where, but what is the ego itself? Indeed, how large a portion of what we call individuality, in a last analysis, disappears in the mystery of memory?

In our best and most revelatory experiences with the infinite, there is a subtle fusion of objective and subjective, each illuminating the other, and each crying "Brother!" The influence of rare combinations of mental sensitiveness and rarer circumstances with almost unique composites of fact, may, once or twice in life, bring an experience of incomparable stimulation and rebirth. Such moments come at some time to most of us. Once in our life a sunset may occur, a perfect si-

lence, a sickness and a flower, a vision from a still mountain-top, a billow-breaking rock and a far, fine, sunshot horizon line, a divine music moment, a terrible line of poetry, a bird singing in storm and shine, some tale of heroism with its swift reflex on our own failure or success,—how many are the incidents that reveal the world—and ourselves—to ourselves. Many infinities may thus meet and blossom in the soul to a marvelous flower. Here is one: a becalmed boat, silent, upon a silent and unrippled sea; a soft veil of enwrapping fog blotting out all things of sky, ocean, or horizon. By some lightening of the fog, suddenly there gleamed out of the east the full moon, a huge globe of silver glory. With a glance to the other side there was seen the setting sun glaring through the mist with crimson intensity. How infinitesimal the bit of human life poised in nothingness between those two awful eyes of Eternity!

The best and richest of our infinities are of the spirit's own creating. One said of a certain rhapsodist that his gravitation was upward. The unstruggling ease of the bird's flight seems natural to us, but in truth our thought is not subject to gravitation; it goes up or down with equal willingness. There is even no direction in its spaceless universe. Kant felt the moral law within as sublime, as convincing, a demonstration as the starry firmament. Matter, space, time, and power, these words express the whole of externality. The rest is spirit-land. And how rich it is, how much richer than that poor outer-thereness! If the real and greater infinite is self, why not navigate that universe? We may do so as successfully, more so, one would surmise, as by any lift or push or reflex of materiality, any thrust through space or time. How few have thought of discovering themselves! It seems a strange perversion that moved humanity to set out upon its world voyage of discovery. The journey of knowledge began in quest of the farthest and least useful wealth of good. Leaving the home Lares and Penates the voyager sailed to dis-

cover stars; the world of astronomy and geography he would first know. When he found his own earth, its nature, geology, next moved his curiosity; then its animals. Finally, coming ever nearer, he discovered his own body, and busied himself for long with its least important bones and muscles. At last he saw the mirrored picture of his own face, and that of his brother. The acquaintance should ripen into amity, for all his knowledges and acquirements are epitomized and reclassified, revived in the ego, to study which he now returns to the home. The household gods are found in a sad state of neglect, and in their place is the new altar of Science, with the motto, *Spiritus mortuus est*. The father, he finds, has also died. In his voyaging he had heard that spirit does not die. The priest at the altar of Science assures him that all force may be transmuted, but not extinguished. Is not mind, then, also a force? Is it not as indubitable that the "mental" of humanity is being increasingly worked into the very warp and woof of the material world? Ah, but the weaver, man, at "the roaring loom of time?" His spirit cannot be localizable, as his body was, and the old cosmic horror of infinity breaks or threatens once more. The tragedy of broken faith recurs forever new, until one learns that spirit is not here nor there, and is as real, though not bound by the realities of space, time, matter, or gravitation. All previous studies of the out-there were preliminary and preparatory muscular play before the trust of the spirit wings in an air finer than the luminiferous ether.

How is it with the others, his brother voyagers? The majority have remained "common sailors," the tools of a superior directive will. They have felt no need, nor essayed any power, of knowing the infinite. In their natural bodies (these sad feeders and workers, not for themselves, but for others) psychism may sometimes nest. Promises and possibilities may from the first be suggested, the beginnings of the tool-making faculty of true

mentality; but they are themselves the pathetic tools of the struggle for existence, the methods of making secure the incarnation process. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die. The second great class take their infinities on faith, trusting to the reports of others as to the existence of such things,—the routine accepters of unstudied creeds. Allied to these are those who follow little less blindly the school of prepared philosophic or historical thought into which their minds drop with the least friction and hurt.

But the number of the returning Captains of Thought, of the original discoverers of the infinite, constantly increases, and they come to greet and to know one another, from afar in either space or time. For they are themselves normally spaceless and timeless, and hence true citizens of a genuine Fourth Dimension. And they are one, a united people. Each, by predilection, may have, indeed must have, a special method of realizing the infinite, but all have the same ultimate ideal. They are students, lovers, brothers of the Infinite Presence. The universality of matter, the infinity of filled space, the rhythms of time and motion, the omnipotence of gravitation, all have prepared the student to see, to feel, and to know the Infinite Presence.

The definings of the name "God," even by the most intelligent of its users, and even by a sect, or by one person, make it impossible to use the word longer so that it shall have any definite significance. Close analysis of a single attribute soon lands us in contradictions, if not absurdities. Mankind has so persistently accustomed itself to make God the indiscriminate holder of its indiscriminations that the term has become a mere receptacle for humanity's unsolved problems, a sort of universal question-box of antitheses and puzzles. Instead of adding to the conglomerate, it is our duty to withdraw the slips and answer the questions, if possible. There is no valid reason against, and every reason in favor of, the scientific study of God, a rational theol-

ogy. If there is anything corresponding in the least to the reality designated by the name, let us learn carefully and accurately what it is. Even the self-supposed atheists and materialists are, to a degree, theists and believers in spirit. It is incumbent on them to determine how far they must go and how little they can believe. The jumble of inconsistencies and of moral and intellectual cowardices that the weak have made of God by no means excuses or warrants wholesale denial and impatient cynicism. When the tragic-comedian Heine would relieve his own suffering by a sad laugh at the world, he said, "Oh, He'll forgive me, it's His business." The amazing extent to which sin has dictated the conception of God is a terrible revelation of how little men have lived up to their light. "Jesus died and paid it all, all the debt I owe,"—whole theologies of such horrors do not lessen the truth that vicarious atonements are the commonest tragedies of our every-day life. "God is Love," "He is Goodness itself," sings the devout believer, and he believes as fervently, or did once, in the hell pictured by Adam de Ros and Dante. St. Francis, Calvin, the burners of the Albigenses, all used the same word for their divinity. "He is Beauty" to the Artist, "but, first, Truth," cautions the scientist; and to the poet, the union of Truth, Goodness, Love, and Beauty. It grows plain that the old way made of him the impossible alembic of all contradictions, a sorry makeshift of dialectic difficulty and ethical failure. The fundamental error of all the definers was that of making him responsible for the inorganic universe, or cause of the material world. Ultimate origins, they did not see, are insoluble and unexplainable, and no help was to be got in our intellectual trials or practical woes by the absurd supposition of an uncaused omnipotent person as the cause of the physical universe. There is no proof or suggestion of proof that the inorganic universe came into being by any such help. With the modern study of life, however, came the recognition that,

so far as its incarnations are concerned, it is a creation. We see its miracles, its millions of organisms created by means of effort, purpose, and ingenuity, every day; we see a common endeavor and approximated ideal in and behind all of them; a guiding purpose is evident, converging through all biologic history to a plain and clear, and not so "far off," "divine event." In a word, there is manifest in all living things the Infinite Presence. We endow it with no other infinity but this of presence, for to the derived user of the word "I," it must be forever present. In every other derived ego, it is as manifest, whether flower, tree, animal, bird, or man. All are plainly of supernatural origin, physical forces their utilized tools. No purely physical thing has an ego. It is utterly undesigned and purposeless. To this a consistent and earnest science is driven, or softly comes, by the inevitability which Lord Kelvin, in his way, has recently admitted. How much or how little of the attributes formerly crowded upon "God" may be possessed by our "Biologos," none may say. None may with impunity transfer the old to him, or bring new. He is not to be unloaded upon. The old god is dead with the accumulated sorrows of the ages. The new one is not the resolver of our mysteries and forgiver of our sins. His own world difficulties are enough, and he demands of each of us to aid, not oppress, him.

And quietly grows the perception that, when as person and spirit we do thus feel and know it, we recognize it as like ourselves, as one with us, as the Father of us, we the Sons. He has no eyes and yet is looking at us, no ears and yet He hears us, no face and yet His smile greets us. He is not here nor there, and yet both here and there; not then nor now, but both, and continuously, — this Divinity of Biology, Father of Life.

It remains for the modern cultivated mind and sensitive heart to fuse into living personality the antitheses of religion and science, æsthetics and morality. As

the outcome of ages of specialized effort, such a synthesis is at last possible. The intellectual mirroring or coördinating faculty, viewed in the most superb of its philosophies or sciences or material civilizations, viewed in all of them combined, is, of course, but a part, a small part, of the living and feeling personality; it is but a part of life's being and work here. Religion also caught one of the most vital and primal of the truths of existence; the Fatherhood of life, and the childhood of the living; but it ignored the beautiful too much, the ethical — the objectively ethical — far more, and the intellectual was to it almost the same as the devilish. But few artists have ever learned that beauty is only the smile and the benediction of gladness over the true and the good, the loved and loving real, and can in no way precede or ignore the three fore-running gods of life, religion, reality, and morality. Neither dare ethics do the same as to its own three elder brothers. But nothing now hinders the modern child of the ages from having the clear scientific grasp of the world of a Kelvin, and at the same time being as religious and as ethical as St. Thomas, as beauty-loving as Ruskin. For the Infinite Presence is instantly recognized as being the living synthesis of all these characteristics of which we as partial incarnations present only facets. Religion is but the yearning toward Him, and actualizing Him in our own life, history the record of the progress we and the biologic process are making in this ideal-realism. Civilization is the tool He places in our hands for use toward that end, morality the method of using the tool, beauty and happiness the proofs that it has been used wisely and unselfishly. We now know that materialistic science is not scientific, that exclusive morality is immoral, immoral æsthetics not beautiful; and that a zealot's religion is most irreligious. Let us have done with partialism!

And how different the infinity of the Presence from the inorganic infinities! Purpose, intelligence, ideal, beauty, —

these were the lendings of man to nature, so far as the lifeless infinities were concerned; but every cell, organ, organism, history, — the whole biologic process, — is instinct with them. There is everywhere increasing success dominating always-present and partial failure, personality without individuality, an eternally new phasing of the Infinite Presence. Because it is a genuine incarnation, his indivisible life deputed in each cell and in each mind, with its allotted duty and work. But the reins are held in one hand. We are free only as deputies, not absolutely, and never without the daily accounting, the night's necessary repairing of sleep.

All history is revealed as experimentings and exercises in methods of gaining the consciousness of and unity with this single presence. Religions and religion first made the ideal clear, determined upon its actualization, and, despite a thousand failures, have always held the I-and-my-Father-are-one steadily before reluctantly obedient humanity. Each in his way, but none doubting, the religious leaders, the saints and the martyrs, heathen and Christian, forefelt, foreknew the unity that would come even when their own errors should have helped to bring it. They may have cursed the science necessary to bring it about, and their curse helped the bringing. Materialism and science may have denied the religious brother, but each was necessary to the other. Speculative philosophy and dialectic were but a training of expertness. The systems fail, but systematization succeeds in their failures. The art that should unite truth and beauty may have been untrue and unbeautiful, but it kept the vision, cheered the worker, and died for the new art coming or to come. The best and most serviceable tool of the Infinite Presence is civilization, and of its uses we are as yet only dreaming the most childish dreams.

For the one characterizing and dominant fact of the biologic process is the steady and measurable increase of its con-

trol of physical and chemical force. With every new and successful organism, — amœba, grass-blade, animal, man, — there is, by so much, a detachment of power from the inorganic, and an added gain of energy at the disposal of design and purpose. The clear pointing is to a vitalization of matter, at least a vital control of it and of its forces, a spiritualization of the mechanical. The inorganic, the infinities of space, time, matter, and force, in and of themselves are inconsequent, meaningless, have utterly no *raison d'être*. In the hands of spirit they may be of service, and their existence justified. The God of biology, the Infinite Presence, is patiently, increasingly, gaining such control by means of civilization.

"The moral law within" merits the grandeur of its office as seen by Kant, in that it is simply and solely the command of the Infinite Presence that we, his sons, must become his heirs, helpers, and co-partners. That of old is the significance of all ethics; and of all religion, which is but duty vivified, obligation motivated by love and graced by beauty. Morality is our obedience to the call; happiness, of the world or of any one of us, the proof that we have obeyed, the benediction of His "Well done!"

The commingling of transcendent ingenuity with mistakes, of plain comedy, and plainer tragedy, in the incarnation process, has its theoretical and its practical lessons. The Infinite Presence is made more familiar and lovable by them, despite the atheist's scorn. They give proof of the spontaneous and indestructible primitive belief that, though omnipresent, He is not entirely omniscient, and far indeed from omnipotent. They convince us that He is both Father and Elder Brother (surely He *is*, although of whence and how we have no thought), who wrests from Fate a new world of design and freedom, and to whom the ancient fatalisms are yielding progressive obedience. The unsuccesses in the co-partnership are those who theoretically or practically deny the kinship, seeking

selfish instead of corporate advantage. the egotists of all sorts and kinds. Are
 They are the sinners, the disobedients by choice. There too few obedient left? Ours the
 choice. Then there are the failures, his fault, at least in part, and certainly ours
 mistakes or ours, the defective classes, the the misfortune. To us most clear of all
 parasites, the pessimists, the suicides, — comes His call to help!

UNITY

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

[This poem was written by Mr. Whittier while he was a guest at the Asquam House. A fair was being held in aid of the little Episcopal church at Holderness, and people at the hotel were asked to contribute. These lines were Whittier's contribution, and the ladies in charge of the fair received ten dollars for them. They were written in an album now in the possession of a niece of Whittier's Philadelphia friend, Joseph Liddon Pennock. — S. T. PICKARD.]

FORGIVE, O Lord, our severing ways,
 The separate altars that we raise,
 The varying tongues that speak Thy praise!

Suffice it now. In time to be
 Shall one great temple rise to Thee,
 Thy church our broad humanity.

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
 Sweet bells of peace shall ring its chime,
 Its days shall all be holy time.

The hymn, long sought, shall then be heard,
 The music of the world's accord,
 Confessing Christ, the inward word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
 One faith, one love, one hope restore
 The seamless garb that Jesus wore!

ASQUAM HOUSE, HOLDERNESS, N. H.
 Seventh Month, 28, 1883.

ISIDRO ¹

BY MARY AUSTIN

XVI

IN WHICH ISIDRO COMES TO A CONCLUSION

THE place from which Isidro and the tracker looked on Las Chimineas was a thinly wooded hill, its coastward slope in the spaces between the pine boles well grown with stiff-stemmed manzanita and lilac now waning in its bloom. It lay directly opposite the head of the gorge, and the track ran around it, and over a low barrier running transversely of the rift that turned it sharply to the east. Beyond the barrier, which was clothed with wide low oaks, the gray chimneys began to rise, clustered thickly together. They parted in files, leaving the meadow space clear, and met in a jumble at the head of the cañon. The hill on which the two men stood butted into the left wall of the cañon, and made easy passage to a point above the crowd of chimneys. The whole trend of the cañon and encompassing hills was south of southeast. The wood marched up to the crest of the west wall, leapt over, began again midway of the opposite slope, which was higher, and went on in an orderly and constant growth far east and south. On the down throw of the bare west wall, where the chimneys piled high and disjointed, Arnaldo judged the renegade must be if he were to be found at all.

Las Chimineas lay gray and lonely in the brooding light, squirrels chattered and leapt, a striped snake slid by them in the grass, jays screamed and quarreled in the oaks. Presently Arnaldo held up his hand; the two men had proceeded almost without sound, for the habit of his trade was upon one, and heavily on the other the desire of slaughter. A jay steer-

ing a flight across the cañon veered suddenly near a group of tall chimneys; another, watching, wheeled toward the point, and avoided it with a volley of shrill abuse. Rabbits that ran in the meadow halted and pricked up their ears.

"We have him," said the tracker. He dropped from his horse, and began to work back on the trail to put the brow of the hill between them and Las Chimineas. Isidro was no fool to stay the action with question; he took off his spurs, which clinked softly on the stones, and did as he saw the tracker do. In a ring of pines, screened by lilac, they made the horses fast.

"Go back and watch," said Arnaldo; "when you hear three quail calls, low and quick, and in the same key, I have news for you."

He pressed back against the thicket as he spoke; it seemed to spring aside to give him room; there was a little trepidation in the branches, a twig snapped, a bird started, the warm silence of the wood closed in again. Isidro looked at the places where the man might be supposed to be, but saw not so much as the glint of the sun on bare skin. He did not do quite as he had been told; he went back to the hill and over it, and by dint of all the Indian craft he knew, pressed down to the lower barrier and then up to the top of that, until he looked full on the meadow of Las Chimineas. In a secret place where the grass grew tall against the rooted rocks he saw a pinto pony a-graze at the end of a stake rope. This and the smooth spread of open meadow gave him a hint and food for thought that lasted until he judged the tracker might have returned. He took a longer way back to the horses, looking for the tracks by which Mascado had presumably come

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into the meadow, and heard the signal given twice from the thicket on the hill before he came quite up to it.

"Well?" he said. Arnaldo the tracker was the man for such business; he handed you up the facts without discursiveness, and spared comment until the adventure was achieved.

"Mascado," he said. "He harbors below that one of the chimneys that has a red stain of moss upon it. The boy lies bound to a log of oak. Mascado mends the fire and goes about to cook a rabbit."

"Has he arms?"

"He has a knife about his neck, but neither bow nor spear. The rabbit was caught in a snare; I saw it hanging on a rock."

"Good," said Isidro; "I have seen his horse; the meadow is between it and him. Good again. Look you, Arnaldo, this is my game. Take this,"—it was a pistol from his saddle holster,— "and go back to the chimneys and watch until I have called Mascado out to me. If he so much as lays a hand on the lad, kill; but if not, then do as I say. When Mascado has come out to me in the meadow, unbind the boy, and bring him here. If I happen to any mischance, take him safely to the Father President."

"What will you do?"

"Do? Ah, there is much to do. You shall see." Isidro was coiling and recoiling the riata which hung at every saddle-bow in those days of Alta California. He ran it through his hands and rehung it to his satisfaction. The tracker observed him with a dawning grin.

"Mascado knows a trick of a rope," he said.

"I also," said Escobar; "now go."

He waited in the scrub until he judged the Indian close in to Mascado's cover; then, mounting, he drew cautiously around the end of the hill and rode freely into the meadow. He sat lightly in the saddle, and swung the noose of his riata with irrepressible cheerfulness. Escobar was his own man again.

"Oh, ho, Mascado," he cried; "come

out to me!" His voice, high and pleasant, went searchingly through the rocks. The jays heard it, and replied with screaming; the squirrels heard, and stayed in mid-motion as gray and quiet as the boulders; El Zarzo heard it, and sat up thanking God for a miracle. She knew the voice, and knew at once that in her heart she had always expected he would come.

"Oh-ee! Mascado, come out to me!"

Isidro rode up and down in the meadow swinging his rope. Mascado's muscles sprang to attention; he had his knife at the girl's throat; it was to say in its own fashion that Escobar should not have her. She looked up and smiled.

"Do," she breathed, "for after that he will but kill you the quicker."

Arnaldo judged it time for interference. He dropped like a cat from the rocks, his pistol cocked.

"Mascado, you dog," he said, "the Señor Escobar calls you."

The renegade was not without some sparks of manhood or philosophy; he stood up, dropped his knife into its sheath, dropped his arms at his sides, and went out walking straight and softly to Escobar. Isidro looked him over with some amazement, which did not, however, abate his cheerfulness.

"What is that on your breast, Mascado?" he said.

"Scratches, señor."

"Sacramento! but they look to be the marks of deer's hooves, and not a month old at that."

The mestizo looked down at his scars with something of a smile.

"So it would seem, señor."

"It appears, then, that we have met before."

"So it would seem."

"On which occasion I did you a favor and got scant thanks for it."

Mascado had a wintry look. "For which later you did me harm enough, Señor Escobar."

"What harm, you dog?" quoth Escobar.

Mascado's face was bleak, but his eyes

glinted. "El Zarzo," he whispered dryly.

"Now by God and His Christ!" said Isidro, "but that word is likely to cost you dear. But I cannot kill a dog standing. Get horse, Mascado; I have heard you can throw a rope." Isidro's circling rawhide hummed in the air; he threw it up and kept it there by the whirling force of motion. He ran it out, and bid it follow the mestizo like a questing snake. It was an exercise in which his perfect attune of body and temper made him excellent. It had been said of him at Las Plumas that he won in such contests because he did not particularly care for honors where the eagerness of others shook the hand.

Mascado got his horse. Certainly Escobar had saved his life in the affair of the buck under the oak, but this did not mend his disposition; unquestionably Isidro had exceeded the requirements in permitting him honorable contest of a sort not uncommon in the country, but it did not lessen his hate. However, and it was much more to the purpose, the consciousness which he could hardly escape, that his private meditation did not fit very well with the circumstances, lent him a touch of shame that mitigated his skill. Vengeance burned in him sickeningly. The rogue was for murder if the chance allowed. The mestizo took pains and time with his rope, fretted to see it a little touched by the dampness of the meadow. Isidro kept his swinging to a kind of wordless tune. Arnaldo and the girl had come out of the rocks and watched them from the hill.

"Come on, Mascado, come!" cried Isidro.

Mascado came; riding at full gallop he threw the rope, dipped as he rode and slipped from his horse's back to the belly. Escobar's noose slipped smoothly from his shoulder; in fact, neither rope found lodgment. The sod of the meadow was wet and springy; it gave to the horses' feet; not the best ground for trying a duello of riatas, but there was advantage to neither side. They wheeled, recoiled,

and rode. At the second cast Isidro's rope went neither far nor wide, but there was threatening in its hum. He bent backward as he threw; to Arnaldo, watching, it seemed that he went clean off his horse to avoid the flying loop that hovered a moment and settled on the horn of his saddle. It appeared that was the moment Isidro waited for; without casting off he stood with his horse at tension, and his rope, which had gone but a noose length from him, shot out from his long right arm, dropped over Mascado, and with a jerk Escobar had him from his saddleless pony. The mestizo had his feet under him in the moment of lighting; if Isidro drew in fast Mascado came faster. One arm was pinioned, but the other was free from the shoulder; he had out his knife. He came in great bounds like a cat, rising from the springy meadow; rage foamed in him like unbridled waters. His own horse, with feet spread and planted, held Escobar at the end of a taut rope. Isidro fumbled at it to cast off, but not before Mascado got in a blow above the shoulder. Isidro set spurs and set them deep with the impact of the knife. The mestizo had a moment of check as the horse sprang away from him, but the tug of the rope brought him sprawling. His body rose in the air, thudded on the sod, rose again, and the knife, struck from his hand, whirled a gleaming flight across the meadow. By this Arnaldo came running from the hill and cried out to Escobar in God's name. The spurt of Isidro's anger, which took him the width of the meadow, lasted no longer than the knife smart, and went out of him as the blood went, leaving him drained and faint. Arnaldo got his rope around Mascado's legs, and so bound and disarmed drew him up to them.

"See to him," said Isidro.

"And not to your wound, señor?"

"It will wait. It may be I have other scores to settle with this rascally half-breed." He turned his horse toward El Zarzo on the hill. On the way to Las Chimineas he had worked himself into a

cool distaste for this meeting, but the affair with Mascado, the rage at treachery, the smart and indignity of his wound had the effect of a hiatus. He had a shock, therefore, to come face to face with the Briar, looking haggard and large-eyed, with red marks of bonds upon her wrists. The qualm of meeting warned him how dear the lad had been. Isidro trembled as he got down from his horse. They were both pale, and shook, came close and stood by each other, but did not touch.

"Has he hurt you?" cried Escobar; "has he laid hands upon you? If he has wronged you I shall kill him." Ah, ah! they were both red enough now, she in a tide of maiden shame that swept up to the dark crescent of her hair and confessed her what his words implied, he with shame for her shame. Well, at any rate, the mischief was out.

"Has he hurt you, señorita?" Isidro said again more collectedly.

"He did not dare," cried the girl.

"He will never have the chance again," said the young man. "I will deal with him as you wish." But the girl had a more pressing concern.

"You bleed, señor, you are hurt," she trembled.

"A flesh cut merely," he said; "Arnaldo will dress it." He meant nothing more than to reassure her, but to El Zarzo it signified the change in their relations. This month past he would have had no other do for him. She hung her head; there was no blinking the fact of his knowledge, though she did not ask him then, nor until long afterward, how he came by it. She was boyish enough to look at, lithe and slim, with hair, straight as the fine slant wires of rain, falling on either cheek below the round, firm chin. But he knew her for a maid, and found the certainty confusion enough. It was all of an hour, and that for a man of his temper was a long time, before he was cheerful and cool again. Manlike he made her pay for his aberration, — put her miles from him by an exquisite politeness, made her miserable by prof-

fered duty, in short, brought the trappings of good breeding to serve his own wounded susceptibility.

There was no question of going on that night. The horses were fagged, the riders, too, for that matter, and Isidro needed time to consider his affairs. The shadow of the west cañon wall, that had spread in the meadow and up as far as the edge of the wood on the east while Isidro and Mascado wheeled together, had by now reached the ridge and gone on deepening and darkling through the forest. Stars came out above it low and white. A troop of does and fawns running nose to flank came out of the oaks at the end of the barrier and passed on to the lower meadow. Higher up a bobcat mother led out her young and played with them among the rocks; night hawks hurtled across the damp and musky meadow.

They lit a fire among the chimneys; three of them got little sleep. Isidro, nursing his hurt; Mascado, trussed like a fowl for the spit; Jacintha, for so she must be called, too much a maid not to want the relief of tears, too much a boy to know the use of them; Arnaldo, — but there was really no reason why Arnaldo should not sleep, therefore he did; and he being refreshed, the others in need of refreshment, they were up and stirring betimes. Isidro had settled with himself that he could not take the girl back to Carmelo, but must first find her harbor-age and see Saavedra. Something, also, he purposed toward Peter Lebecque, who was possibly most to blame for the girl's assumption.

"How do we stand toward Carmelo?" he said to the tracker.

"East by south."

"And how toward the other Missions?"

"We might fetch San Antonio by a hard day's riding; there is a trail hereabouts which leads directly into it. All the others are best reached from *El Camino Real*."

"And this trail, could you find it? Then to San Antonio I will go, but first I must dispose of this gentleman."

"The Father President," said Arnaldo, "would be glad of him."

"No doubt," said Isidro, "but we do not travel toward Carmelo, and, besides, we have but three horses."

"The world," said the tracker, "would wag as well without such cattle." Arnaldo was a free man from the south and had the scorn of the full blood for the admixture; besides, he had pricked up his ears to hear Escobar address the boy as señorita, and surmised how matters stood.

"A true word," said Isidro, "but I am in no mood for killing."

"Leave him to me." Arnaldo tied the mestizo by a great variety of knots to a tree, leaving his hands free; his knife he laid on a rock out of reach. "If he is diligent he may be free of his bonds by this time to-morrow; now we will ride."

"Let me not see him again," said Isidro. "Twice I have spared his life; the luck turns on odd numbers." They left him with black looks and stolid; he had not so much as raised his hand to wipe off the blood of yesterday's scratches. Isidro lifted the girl upon Mascado's horse. She could very well have sprung there, but it was part of the punishment he designed by way of alleviation for his hurt esteem; she had claims upon — just what he could not say precisely, but claims which he would satisfy handsomely, though he had no notion of putting her too soon at ease. He grew less assured of his position, seeing how she went staidly and with bent head, except for quietness the very boy that he had brought up from the Grapevine. But she was plainly no Indian; the more he looked at her the more he knew it; hands, feet, and high, straight nose pointed the assurance.

If Escobar was satisfied with the adequacy of his intention toward her, the girl was not, wanting the assurance of it.

"Señor," she said when, after an hour's riding, Arnaldo left them in a pleasant place of flowers while he cast about for the trail, "señor, what will you do with me?"

"I will take you to San Antonio."

"And then?"

"Tell me the truth, — are you an Indian?"

"I do not know; Peter Lebecque has told me that I am not, but the woman I called mother, she was an Indian."

"What was Mascado to you?"

"Peter Lebecque's friend. At least he came often to our place at the Grapevine. Lebecque hunted and trapped with him, but I cannot think that he liked him. It was after Mascado had been with us that the old man would tell me to remember that I was no Indian."

"Why was that?"

"Señor, I did not know at that time. I think now it was because Mascado wished to have me."

"He knew, then, that you were a maid?"

"He has known it for two years; he says that Lebecque told him, but it must have been when they were at wine, for Lebecque was very angry."

"Why is it that you dress in this fashion?"

"Señor, I have known no other. It was my mother's wish, her that I called mother. I think she fancied I was safer so; it was a rough life."

"And you know nothing of your real parents?"

"Nothing. At the time I left the Grapevine Peter Lebecque gave me a packet which he hinted would have placed me rightly."

"What became of it?"

"I left it with the Padres at Carmelo."

"And nothing came of it?"

"Nothing, señor." There was no untruth nor evasion here, but if she had told him how long she kept the packet by her, and how disposed it, she must needs have told him why, and for that she had no words.

Hearing Arnaldo call they rode forward briskly. After that the talk was more at ease, all of the wood and the road and the wild things that crossed their trail.

"It is strange," said Isidro, "that we meet no Indians; I had thought the hills were full of them."

Said Arnaldo, "Report has it that they gather to Urbano in the Tulares."

"Think you he means raiding?"

"Against the mission beeves, — no worse," said the tracker.

Jacintha said little of any sort, but that to the point.

"Señor," she said again when they came to an open grassy valley riding side by side, "when you have me at San Antonio what will you do with me?"

"Marry you," said Isidro with the greatest cheerfulness.

One guesses the marriage of convenience to be the procurement of more than simple living; the earthborn admits no inducement but the drawing of lip to lip and eye to eye, the seeking of each for each in its degree. One must go far from the well of nature to allow other reason; even the mating beasts know better. Jacintha knew nothing of scandal, nothing of caste except as by her love she put Escobar above all others, and, therefore, nothing of social expedients. Marriage was a great mystery, but needing love for its excuse; that much she knew. Though Isidro spoke of marriage he had not spoken of love, no, nor looked it, and against a loveless marriage her maidenhood cried out. She would be hot when he was cold, shaken when he was steady; as often as he touched her, flooded with shame of her full pulse beating against his still one. How should she endure marriage with such a one, even though he be rated a god or among the Blessed Personages. It seemed a greater indignity than Mascado would have put upon her, for the first would but have held her body and this one had her soul. Plainly love sickens of desire if it be not the flower of love. All this Jacintha raged over formlessly, without speech. Of the chivalry which prompted the young man's intent she understood nothing; but seeing him smiling and well pleased with himself, judged that she was of even less account,

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and sickened, poor girl, even while she beheld him glorious in the young day and the flooding light. She could not dare, though she thought of it a hundred times, slip her horse and run hiding in the hills, trapped by her own weakness and his lordly will.

In such tides the spirit ripens fast, quicker if it houses in Latin blood. Isidro was like to find little of the lad left by the time they came to the Mission San Antonio de Padua. In the meantime he smoked cigarettes and discoursed pleasantly of many things.

XVII

A WEDDING AT SAN ANTONIO

Of the resident Padres at San Antonio, Tomas de las Peñas and Relles Carrasco, Padre Tomas at least was no causationist. What he believed he believed and that was the end of it. If Holy Church said a thing was good for you it *was* good for you. Any failure in the application lay in yourself, or in the inscrutable wisdom of God, who often ordered things contrariwise to our expectation the better to increase the merit of belief. Holy Church had prerogatives of cursings and exorcisms and cuttings off, power against men and Legion and evil beasts. For it was not to be supposed that her children would be safe against persons and Powers of the Air, and be given over to the ravages of wildcats and bears.

There was a reason for you if you were so contumacious as to require one, though a greater merit if you were able to believe it, whether it looked reasonable or not. Further than that, San Antonio himself had preached to the fishes, and Padre Tomas preached to the bears.

Something may have been wanting in the administration, for the Padre preached in the mission church while the bears visited the calf-pens by night. These depredations continuing, Padre Tomas went farther, and cut them off from the

company of the elect as you shall hear.

The Superiors of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi had a wonderful keenness for parts. They put a man to his best use with seldom a mistake in the selection. This accounts for their being at once the least covetous and most materially successful of Holy Brotherhoods. Padre Carrasco had a knack with cattle and the soil, Padre Tomas of the Stripes, a gift for the cure of souls. They got on admirably together, but, though their spirits seemed equal to their labors, it appeared at times that their bodies were ill set. Padre Carrasco was a lean man with a thoughtful cast; Padre Tomas was most mortifyingly rotund, comfortable, soft, and rosy. It was his particular affliction that if he ate no more than a handful of peas with cold water, it stuck to his ribs and made him fat. Such being the case, there was no merit in abstemiousness, and the Padre did not practice it. He was a strict ritualist, especially observant of high feasts and festivals, very tender in confessional, mild as to penances, much loved by his people. His project of arraigning the powers of the Church against the bears was favorably looked upon by the neophytes. Holy water was efficacious in so many things. Upon this conclusion the day chosen was that same one upon which Isidro and his party were riding in from Las Chimineas. Toward the end of afternoon all San Antonio was out in procession, priest and priest's boy, cope and stole, censers, candles, and banners, and, to crown all, a picture of the patron of the Mission in a gilt frame; after these the choir and several hundred Indians, more or less naked, interested and sincere.

The procession skirted the fields, winding to avoid wet pastures and unclean thickets; the candles starred out under the gloom of the bearded oaks, and paled again in the sun; blue smoke of incense curled across the meadows. The mellow voices of the choir set the time for the feet of the elder Indians, who shuffled and crooned melodiously behind them. Their

bodies swung; they beat their hands together; it needed but a hint to set them off in the rhythmic ceremonial dances of their pagan times. Your native Indian is devoutly a lover of ritual; the neophytes of San Antonio were enjoying themselves highly. Padre Carrasco signed the cross in the air and sprinkled holy water on the tasseled grass. The voice of Padre Tomas rose solemn and unctuous.

"I adjure you, O bears, by the true God, by the Holy God, by the most blessed Virgin Mary, by the twelve apostles, and by our most reverend saint and patron, to leave the field to our flocks, not to molest them or come near them."

"*In nomine patris*," droned the procession behind him. Isidro and Jacintha came up with them at the northeast corner of the mission inclosure.

Padre Tomas loved guests and the exercise of hospitality, but he had other affairs. He waved the party of riders aside and proceeded with his holy office. They fell in, with children and dogs tailing the procession, and so rode to the Mission, saw the candles, censers, and effigy of the patron disposed and Padre Tomas restored to his normal use.

"Padre," said Escobar, when he had introduced himself and been well received, "I desire you to give lodgment to this lady." The Padre stared, seeing only a slim lad with a sullen air. "I wish, also, that she may be suitably clothed as becoming her condition, and in the morning you shall marry us."

Isidro thought it well to be forward with any business once decided upon. He saw a hundred doubts, questions, protests, trembling in the Padre's countenance. He went on to forestall them. "No doubt there are many things, Padre, which seem to you to want explaining, but the first account of this matter I owe the Father President at Carmelo, to whom I am bound. After that I shall be pleased to make all things clear. For myself, I want nothing of you but a meal; we have eaten nothing since morning." This was to Padre Tomas a predicament as serious as

for a maid to be riding about in man's clothing; moreover, a matter within his province, and remediable. He felicitated himself that he had planned something by way of addition to his evening meal, — a little matter of stuffed fowl, a dish of curried eggs, a pasty of wild strawberries.

Isidro's plan to marry the girl he had known only as El Zarzo was not so much out of hand as it appeared. It had come out of him all at once like a shot, but there had been a night's meditation back of it. Once out, it was sure to be followed up in fact, for the youngster had great respect for his own judgments, and honored them with the act as often as possible. His attitude toward women was informed by the evidence of his time, — that they did not know very well how to take care of themselves. The girl was pure, — he was sure of that, — but in the common estimate besmirched; that was hardly fair, and Isidro loved fairness; otherwise he would hardly have allowed Mascado his horse and a rope. In much the same spirit he lent the girl the succor of his name. He had a high and mighty notion that scandal could not stick on the skirts of an Escobar. Well, not if he was at hand to see to it. As for the girl, she was hardly in case to be consulted, having no one to take her part, equally no one to forbid the banns; and, being a girl, probably did not know what was best for her.

So far, good; he had yet to face his dedicate calling and the will of Saavedra, in whose jurisdiction he stood. That checked him; but as he had never felt the need of a wife, the obligation of having one sat lightly, and he reflected that there had been those who had arrived at saintship through a virgin marriage. He was honest enough toward Saavedra to admit that virgin it must be until he had heard the Superior's will in the matter. He looked to the sacrament to restore the girl's esteem, but he glozed over the inference that, as a good Catholic, if marriage made no impediment to his priestly career, the girl would still be bound. If he did not have her himself, no other could.

If he thought of this at all he was not visibly moved to commiserate her estate; by which you will perceive that there was more in the youth's heart, whether it was in his head or not, than he was rightly aware. Of all his contraptious obligations, that of providing for the girl stood uppermost; so he out with his proposal, and the thing once shaped, stood to it.

Padre Tomas was more than fluttered by the circumstance. He had a very simple way of arranging marriages among the neophytes. Every year he stood the marriageable youths and maidens in two lines, and if neither found any objection to the party opposite, he married them then and there, after which he delivered a homily. He had prepared one for this occasion overnight, but found himself put out of calculation by the high airs of Escobar, and the confession before communion of both parties. They had a difficulty just at the last, for the girl had no name by which she could properly be married. But as she was sure upon the point of baptism, and well grounded in the Christian observances, — Isidro's work, — it was settled by registering her under the name of her foster father, Lebecque, with the place left vacant for her Christian name until Isidro had come back from the hut of the Grapevine, where he purposed going.

Escobar had half an hour with his wife in the mission garden before he set out. The elevation of the sacrament was still upon him, that and the consciousness of having behaved much more handsomely than could reasonably have been expected of him. It lent him sufficient grace to get smoothly through with what might have been an embarrassing interview with a very pretty girl whom he had known as a boy, married without consulting, and was about to desert without compunction. The girl hardly came off so well, being in bondage, poor child, to a harder master than the marriage vow. But she was very pretty, as Isidro found space in the pre-occupation of his affairs to admit. The

clothes that had been provided for her were all that the Mission afforded, — in fact, the holiday dress of the Señora Romero, wife to one of San Antonio's three soldiers, — a chemise of white linen, a neckerchief of fine drawnwork, a cloth skirt, and the universal rebozo. The smoke-black hair was drawn back under a comb, and revealed the slow, soft oval of the cheek and chin, so fine and transparent and richly warmed, running into the pale brownness of the brow, the black, deep-lighted eyes, invariably fine in her type, under the delicately meeting brows. She had a trapped look, — the look of a small hunted thing at bay, and the curve of the mouth was pitiful. Isidro admitted the haggardness as well as the good looks, but it struck no spark out of him.

"Wife," he said, for in fact he knew not what else to call her, "you seem to have fallen into good hands. The Señora Romero is no doubt an excellent lady. This leads me to believe you will be quite comfortable while I am about other affairs. I will go first to Peter Lebecque; there must be things which he should say to me necessary to your proper establishment. Also I must see Father Saavedra, for my leave-taking was something uncourteous. I doubt not the good Padre thinks me mad or dead. After that I cannot tell what will become of me, but you being my wife need have no concern. I will come again and see you safely and honorably bestowed, but the manner of it I cannot at this time tell. It will be somewhat as circumstance and the Father President direct. In the meantime, I commend you to God and Our Lady, to St. Francis our patron, and to the hospitality of Padre Tomas."

This was the substance of his speech, delivered at length in the pomegranate walk of San Antonio's garden. Jacintha was dumb under it. Such was not the custom of bridegrooms; this much she would have known without the excellently voluble discourse on the nature of marriage bestowed upon her by the corporal's wife with the wedding clothes.

She was the daughter of a proud, sensitive man and a sensitive, passionate woman, and, with her forest breeding, had the instinct of a wild pigeon for straight cuts. So she had arrived at some very mortifying conclusions. First, that by her boy's trappings, which she had never thought to question, she had lost esteem of very many people, among them Escobar; next, that much as he disapproved of those, she was much more acceptable to him as Peter Lebecque's lad than as what she now showed to be; most of all, that not now or at any time had he acknowledged one pulse of the hot tide that flooded her at the mere thought of him. She had lain all night with quick heart, clinched hands, and a maze of thought in which one thing only seemed clear, — the wild creature's instinct to seek cover and dissemble, never to let him know; the phrase had an echo to it as of some far receding wave in the crypts of consciousness, — the heartbreak of Ysabel crying in her child. All her energies were bent on that. She would have liked to run away into the hills, to the free life where she might never have word of Escobar, but she knew that she would run back again in sheer hunger for a sight or sound of him. One question she allowed herself in the mission garden; all the pride of the Castros rose up and braved her for it.

"Señor," she said, "when we rode with Mariana's sheep toward Pasteria you told me that you were to become a priest and priests may not marry."

"Why, as to that," said the young man, still going smoothly on in the consciousness of irreproachable intent, "the Church is very explicit as to continuing in the married estate, but many of the apostles, I understand, and of the saints not a few, have been married before taking orders, notably St. Paul and St. Peter and Santa Cecilia; but that is a matter within the province of the Father President."

"And what will become of *me*?" was the cry that rose in the girl's heart and broke in a thin bubble upon her lips; she went dumb, — answered by nods only,

with dropped eyes and folded hands. Isidro commended her discretion, when the poor child was only miserable. He kissed her hand at parting and found it chill.

To say that Padre Tomas was astounded to see the bridegroom ride away on his wedding morning was to say only half. He was even affronted, and stood choking and staring to receive Escobar's last instructions, delivered with the smooth, courteous air which sat so well on the personable youth. No doubt, thought the Padre, it was commendable to show one's self subservient to the Superior of the Order, and continence was a virtue; but if all men practiced it, how else would there be souls to save and God be glorified in the multitude of his saints? Padre Tomas was reputed to have contributed something to that end.

Jacintha lay on her bed shaken with dry sobbing. Hot flushes sickened through her as she recalled the Señora Romero's pointed advice and sly allusions. In the weeks that followed she was likely to learn the use of blushes and tears and other woman's gear.

Isidro rode straight, with Arnaldo at his back, to the place of the Grapevine, reaching it on the afternoon of the second day's riding. He meant to have some plain talk with the old trapper, get a name for his wife and some satisfaction for his chafed dignity over the affair of Juan Ruiz, in which you will remember Lebecque was named a witness.

Trusting to Arnaldo's knowledge of trails, they left the traveled road, *El Camino Real* of that time, and went easily by a scanty wooded hill and a wide mesa, windy and high. This saved horseflesh, but gained them nothing in time, for, arriving early in the afternoon, they found Lebecque from home. Isidro sat in the shade of the vines and smoked cigarettes. The place and the hour gave him a touch of homesickly longing for the spirited, shy lad, mixed with the haunting reminder of pale beauty in a frame of smoke-black hair.

XVIII

A COLD TRAIL

When Delgado left Monterey he went straight to Santa Barbara, carrying urgent letters from Saavedra and the Commandante. With these he quartered himself at the Mission, and set about providing a daughter for Castro, an heir for the Ramirez fortune, and a wife for himself.

It was a cold trail. The occasion of Doña Ysabel's death was sixteen, nearly seventeen years gone, and had occurred at a time when every man dealt with trouble at his own door, with little attention to spare for the affairs of his neighbors. Doña Ysabel kept the matter close, leaning much on the woman Elisa, who had been her nurse and followed her up from Mexico. Jesus Castro was not at that time Commandante, and his family not so much in the public eye. Of the few matrons then at the Presidio some surmised that Señora Castro had a child, but believed it to be stillborn, as might easily have been the case, for the poor lady was known to be ailing. It appeared, finally, there were but two persons who had personal knowledge of the girl, if girl it was, born to Doña Ysabel: Padre Bonaventura, at that time resident at Santa Barbara, now at San Gabriel, and an Indian woman, Louisa, who with Elisa constituted Doña Ysabel's household. Elisa was dead in the same month and of the same disorder as her mistress; the other woman was, if alive, nobody knew where. Delgado went and looked at the tall cross which Castro had caused to be erected over his wife's grave, but got nothing from that; went and talked with as many as remembered the beautiful and unhappy Ysabel; got plentiful comment on the relations of Castro and his wife, but nothing more; then, by Padre Garcia's advice, went to San Gabriel.

Padre Victorio Garcia, resident at Santa Barbara, was an astute man, and knew his neophytes very well.

"You can do nothing here," he said to Delgado; "this people cannot be made to stand and deliver in a court of inquiry. They are like the quicksands that lie up the coast. You throw a stone and it goes quickly out of sight; the surface is smooth as cream, but underneath the sand it works — works; if you wait long enough it will cast up your stone again. So with my people. Get you to Padre Bonaventura; I will cast a few stones. In time something may be brought to light, but you must leave it to me."

Delgado went south, a brilliant figure trailing along the hard wide path of the King's Highway. He saw Padre Bonaventura, and heard from him what he already knew from Castro, but with more color and detail. How, during the time of the pestilence, there had come a cry in the night — "though, indeed, the nights were like the days for labor," said the Padre — to come to a newborn child that might not live. He found the child at Doña Ysabel's and baptized it, saw it carried out of the room by an Indian woman, and never laid eyes on it again. The mother he found very ill, judged that she had the fever upon her at that time. Some days later he was at her deathbed, but her confession was so strange that, believing it mixed with delirium, he gave it insufficient heed, — "for I was much worn with watching, and my people died like sheep," said the Padre, — and in the midst of confession she died. The nurse Elisa had died the same month without the holy office, as too many died in that pestilent time. Afterward it was discovered that no one knew about the child, not so much as that there had been one.

Delgado felt he had helped himself very little, but he stayed a while and looked about him in the city of Our Lady Queen of the Angels, even at that time shortened to Los Angeles.

That accounts for eight of the nineteen days of his journeying. Returned to Santa Barbara, he found that some of Padre Garcia's castings had come up again. During the time of the pestilence

many small parties of neophytes had taken to the hills, hoping to escape it, but, carrying the infection with them, spread it in the wilds. Later the remnant came back again. It was now reported that the woman Louisa had been one of these fugitives.

"Had she a child?" cried Delgado.

"No," said the Padre, — "no child, but her sister had."

"Well" — began the youth.

Padre Garcia held up his hand. "I have examined the records of the Mission, which were regularly kept except for the time that the fever raged highest, and I find that this sister, Juana her name was, had indeed a child of her own, a boy; but I find that about ten days before the death of Señora Castro that child also died, at the age of four months."

"You think, then" — Delgado began.

"I think, my son, we will wait; the stones are not all in."

Delgado waited and looked about him. It seemed impossible that the child could be alive, or if alive that they could find it again, or if found, it should prove Ysabel's child, — three good chances that he must make another cast at fortune; and while he looked at the mission stock and fields, speculating what pickings there would be when these were removed from the care of the Franciscans to the civil power, Padre Garcia brought him news. One of the neophytes, who had been a renegade in the hills three years since, reported having seen the woman Juana with a French trapper in the wooded regions of the Salinas.

"Stale news," said Delgado. "And the child?"

The Indian remembered to have seen none.

"Bad news," said Delgado again; but with it he made an end of Padre Garcia's meddling with the affair, and set out with an Indian packer and a guide, to look for a French trapper with an Indian wife northward in the Salinas hills. He meant to find a daughter for Castro in any event. There were not so many people answering

to that description that he was likely to go far afield. He left the main road, struck into white, shallow trails, followed them until they ran into springs or melted in wind-shifted sand; went large and wide of any trail, inquired of chance-met Indians, slept one night at the Mission San Luis Obispo, slept seven in the open, struck false trails and followed them to confusion. He saw the young quail come trooping down to springs in the gray morning, saw the young fawns hidden by their mothers in long grass, saw a great tawny cougar laid asleep on a limb above a slaughtered deer; he grew saddle-weary and sore, tore his finery in the scrub, wet it at roaring fords, and came out at last at the hut of the Grapevine and Peter Lebecque. His dress was much the worse; he had lost the air and affectation of the capital; he had a network of fine wrinkles about his eyes from much staring in the sun, all of which helped him with the trapper. Delgado had the wit to deal openly with the old man, told him straightly who he was, what he sought, and all his intent except marriage, upon which he would in no wise commit himself until he had seen the girl. Lebecque heard him, peering shrewdly from the shaggy pent of his brows, but made no offer to open his own budget until they had eaten and had two thirds of a bottle between them.

"It is true," he said, "I am a French trapper, and I had a woman from the Mission Santa Barbara."

"And she had a child, not yours?"

"She had a child."

"A girl?"

"A girl."

"Where is she now?"

"At Monterey."

"Monterey! Since when, señor?"

"A month since."

Delgado began to fret visibly at the maddening, slow dribble of the old man's talk. "Monterey, a month, impossible! It is not three weeks since I left there, and neither Saavedra nor the Commandante had an inkling of it."

"Listen," said Lebecque; "it is a long

story, but if good comes to the girl by it, let it be. Forty years I have trapped and hunted north and east in the country of deep snows. But I grow old, and my bones ache, so I have come to this land where the pelts are not so good but the living easier. Seventeen years ago I found me these hills; then I looked for a woman and a place to build me a house. I took my time for that." The old man spoke slowly, his words dropped from him like the dropping embers of his fire, as if each phrase lit for a moment some picture glowing for him in the ashes of remembrance. The fashion of his speech altered as he talked from past to vivid present and into the past again as the picture faded. "At that time I passed through the hills that rise up behind the Channel Waters. I was two days out from Santa Barbara, meaning to go no nearer, for I had heard a wail word that they had a fever there. The Indians were afraid and ran to the mountains, but the pestilence camped upon their trail. I went still in the woods and kept close, for I had no wish to meet with them. Toward the end of one day I heard afar off a strange mewling cry. Up to that time I have thought to know the cry and the talk of all creatures in the wood, but this is new to me. All that place was thick with flowering scrub making slow going. I kept on in it, following that cry, for I am a fool and know not the cry of my own kind. It grows dusk, and I come out at last in a cleared place under a madroño, and see something move on the grass which makes that cry. I look and find it is a babe. *Sacredam!* Well, I look about, and across the open place is a dead woman. One sits beside her that has her head sunken on her knees, her hair is fallen forward and has ashes smeared upon it. I am not sure she is not dead also, but I put my hand upon her and she looks up. I think she has the fever upon her, but presently she makes the sign to me for food, and I see that she is starved. I had not the speech of the Channel Indians, but she had a few words of Spanish,

and we made out with that. After she had eaten she crawled to the child and put it to her breast, and so told me a little of her condition. She was of the Mission Santa Barbara, she and the dead woman, her sister, and five others who had come away from the plague. They had tried the God of the Padres, but now that the sickness had come on them they knew that it was not good. So they would go back to their own gods, but the Wrath followed them. Her sister had sickened, and the rest of the party had run on in a greater fright. But Juana, my woman, stayed by her sister three days until she died. Now she said she would not go back to the Padres lest the anger of her gods should bring a worse thing upon her. The God of the Padres, she said, was a great God, but He could not keep off the fever. It may be so; myself I have no God. I take my chances with the beasts of the field; gods are for women and priests. Well, I buried the dead woman, and Juana, when she had eaten again, followed on my trail with the child ravening at her shrunken breast; for I said, if the fever will not drive her from her sister, will she not be faithful to me?"

"What else?"

Lebecque left off his story to sit with his hands between his knees; all that showed of him was the red spark of his cigarette winking in the dark. Outside the moon, nearing her prime, flooded the swale, and made a long bright splash through the door, but no smallest ray pierced the tight roof of leaves. The dogs whined in dreams upon the floor, no shrill night insect rippled the silence, no leaf stirred the surface of the great lake of light that lapped this lonely isle of shade.

Delgado began to move uneasily.

"The child?" he said.

"Oh, the child"—the old man fell into the drone of reminiscence. "It was a puling brat; I saw soon enough that it was no Indian, but I supposed its father might have been one of the *gentes de razon*; but as I have said, the woman and I had not

much speech together. I was so much the better suited. I saw that Juana wished not to go near the Mission again, and thought it was for fear of the Padres, but afterward I understood that it was on account of the child. By degrees, when the girl was growing up, she told me about it. Juana's husband was employed at the Presidio, and they did not live in the Mission. They had a child, and a sister of my woman worked at the house of one of the officers. When the fever came on Juana lost her husband and child, and at that time her sister bade her not let the fountain of her breast dry up, as her mistress was about to become a mother, and there was reason to believe she could not nurse her child. Afterwards her sister came in the night, for the child was born untimely, and the mother had the plague. They laid a vow upon her never to tell from whence she had the brat, nor to speak its name. So when they came away to the mountains, for the mother died, her sister put a double vow upon her never to tell, never to speak the name; and she never did."

"But did you never think?"

"Think? What should I think? I had my traps to think of. Juana, I know, thought it a love child, whose portion was disgrace. I remember she said the lady's husband was from home. But at the last my woman was troubled in mind in her dying sickness; it was then she told me most; she wished to have a priest, but before an Indian could be found to fetch one she was dead."

"And the child?" insisted Delgado.

"The child. Yes. As she knew her to be baptized, Juana would never give her another name, only such foolish woman's talk as Sweetwater, Bright Bird, Honey-flower, but as she grew and proved to have a pricking tongue we called her the Briar. It was a good name. Well, she grew into a slim maid, and a month since I sent her to Monterey to the Father President."

"The Father President is at Carmelo," said Delgado. "But were there no

marks, nothing by which she should be known?"

"There was a packet, papers, I think, but in the Spanish, which if I make shift to speak I have no skill to read. She is in Monterey by now."

That was as much as Lebecque would say and as much as Delgardo wanted. He itched to be on the road. If the girl had gone to Saavedra, she would by him be made known to Castro, and the young man lose that advantage. He must be forward now with his corroborative narrative if he wished to continue in the affair. There must be two or three young men in Monterey ready to pay court in any promising quarter if Delgardo were not there with his modish airs to put them out of countenance. He was silent a long time, considering his advantage. As for Lebecque, it had given him a start to learn that the girl had not been heard of in Monterey, particularly that he had gotten out of the young man unawares that Escobar had arrived, and Delgardo had met him there. If the girl was Castro's daughter, and, putting the young man's account with his, it looked to be a fact, why had not the papers revealed it? Long practice of cunning against suspicious creatures of the wood had made the trapper cunning with his own kind. Escobar had not known when he left the Grapevine that El Zarzo was a maid. But how if he had found it out? Or Saavedra might be keeping the girl in the background for jesuitical purposes of his own. Priests, thought Lebecque, might be caught at such tricks. Again, it might be that the packet had told nothing, or that the girl, who was not without wit, might have reasons of her own for keeping a still tongue. The old trapper had knowledge that the girl would not be helped by Delgardo's knowing that she had traveled up to Monterey with Escobar in a boy's disguise,—good enough reason for saying nothing. Better reason, if reason were wanting, in not knowing how matters really stood with the girl. More business was marred by too much talking than by too little. The

trapper shrugged his shoulders, and next morning watched Delgardo strike out toward the mission road, and San Antonio de Padua, where he would sleep that night. Lebecque was glad to see him go. Since El Zarzo had left him the old trapper had the minding of the flocks, and found it little suited to a man of his quick and restless habit. His natural grumpiness, startled out of him by Delgardo's news of the night before, returned upon him with the light, and prompted him to one rankling shaft which, though it was directed toward establishing the girl's identity, was planted in Delgardo's mind.

"Señor," he said, when Delgardo was up in saddle, and the flock fretting for the start, "if the girl is not immediately found, inquire of Señor Escobar; he may be able to tell you somewhat."

"Now, what in the saint's name do you mean by that?" cried Delgardo; and he was half in mind to stop and force an explanation; but the blether of the sheep rose up and cut off his words.

Escobar, working across the hills by a little used trail, failed to meet Delgardo, and dropped from it into the cañon of the Grapevine the day following, in the early afternoon. Lebecque was out with the flock. Isidro sat in the shadow of the hut, and recalled how he had first seen it and in what company. As often as he thought of the Briar his heart warmed toward the lad,—always the lad,—never the cold, still girl by the pomegranate hedge in San Antonio. Toward evening he heard the sheep working up by the creek,—soft bleating and the barking of the dogs, mixed with the noise of the water roaring out of the gap. It served to cover the light, accustomed step of Lebecque as he came around the corner of the hut and stood looking down at him with beady, querulous eyes. The contained, curt speech of trappers, mountaineers, and such folk as live much out of doors, is not always to be accounted for as lack of breeding, but rather the gain of that swift sense that seizes upon realities; not

requiring the accustomed approaches of polite greetings, Lebecque did not use them. His glance took in the handsome, indolent length of the young man, and much more beside. Said he, —

“What have you done with her?”

“Married her,” said the youth.

“By the Sacrament?”

“By the offices of Holy Church,” said Isidro.

Said Lebecque, “When?”

“This morning at Mission San Antonio.”

“Where is she, then?” asked the old man.

“There, at San Antonio.”

“And you — are here?” —

Lebecque looked him up and down. Then he took off his cap, which was of wild skin with the tail hanging down; he made a low bow.

“Señor, permit me,” he said; “you are a beautiful fool.” With that he turned heel and was off to his flock. Isidro’s good humor was proof against this. He smoked cigarettes and waited for the sun to go down. Lebecque came back after a while and raked up the ashes of his fire.

“Since when have you known her a maid?” said he.

“Since Mascado ran away with her.”

“What — what! Did he dare? The rascally half-breed, the” — Lebecque’s epithets were, no doubt, permissible in his time. He choked and gasped. “Did he harm her? Did he lay hands on her?”

“I saw to it that he did not.”

“Tell me,” said Lebecque.

Isidro gave him an account of the affair at Las Chimineas. The old man shook with laughter between fits of rage.

“But you did wrong, señor; you should have killed him,” said he.

Isidro let him believe that he had first discovered the boy to be a girl in the meadow of the chimneys. Now that she was his wife he shrank from mentioning the encounter with Delfina.

Lebecque warmed to him so much for his victory over Mascado that he out with Delgado’s story and his own, putting

them together convincingly. Isidro took it all easily enough, as one accustomed to the favor of gods; no doubt he thought he deserved it. His marriage took on the color of romance, to which his facile mind shaped itself. He began to picture how he should deliver the girl to the Commandante, with what circumstance and what an air. Lebecque, watching him, began to snort with impatience.

“Señor,” he said, “permit me again; you are a fool. Here is Don Valentin gone to Monterey with the news to spread it all abroad. Here are you departed, by your own account with scant leave, into the hills with the girl. Who knows that she is still a maid? Who knows that you have married her, — and deserted her at the altar? You, also, by your own account, in the way of being a priest. All Monterey will be humming like a hive. Think you Castro will thank you for this, or Saavedra? Best get you back to your wife and to Monterey with all speed. By the mass, but you will find a hornet’s nest if you are overlong on the road.”

Escobar saw the force of that. If he would make this marriage perform the service he intended in saving the girl’s good name, he must be forehanded with his news. By the break of day he was out with Arnaldo beating about for a trail which should take them a short cut to Monterey. His wife he thought safe in person at San Antonio. To save her reputation he rode to Saavedra at Carmelo.

XIX

THE CAPTURE

From Peter Lebecque’s hut and the Cañada de las Uvas Isidro and the tracker climbed up steadily by the swelling hill-front, seeing the isle of vines dwindle and shrink at the bottom of the swale. The spring, which had been a lusty beauty when Isidro rode first through that country, was now running fast to seed. No rains would come that way again for a

good three quarters of a year. Wild oats and alfilaria curled sun-cured on the eastward slopes; stubbly growth of shrubs on the west, favored a little by far-blown dampness of the sea, hinted at their ashy midsummer hue. Streams rippled shallowly at the fords; young of wild creatures of that season's litter began to run freely in the chaparral. The trail went sidling on the flanks of the hills, and at each upward turn flung them a wider arc of boss and hollow, drowned by a blue mistiness that thickened on level mesas to the waters of mirage. The crests of the hills were mostly bare to the windy flood of cooler air, but a wood of oaks, buckeye, and madroño swept about their bases and lapped upward in sheltered coves along the water courses. Their outlines showed dim and indistinguishable through the haze, like clumps of weed at the bottom of full, still bays of sea water. Out of one of the pools of leafage which lay below them, and yet overlooked in its turn a considerable stretch of sunken rolling land, rose up a column of thin smoke, pale against the dark blueness of the wood.

"Indians at last," said Isidro. "I began to think it true, what I heard at San Antonio, that they had left this country to harbor with Urbano in the Tulares. And look, another." Faint and far the second wisp of smoke rose up straightly and fanned out into the still atmosphere. The next turn of the trail showed them a third.

"Signal fires," said Arnaldo. "Now what the devil will they be about?"

By the middle of the hot morning the riders had sighted five pillars of white smoke, that neither increased nor grew less, but welled up from steadily tended fires, wagged a little at the impulse of an unfelt wind, broke high up against a level of cooler air, and rolled out along the sky. Later in the day Arnaldo pointed out a party of Indians in hunting gear on the trail below them, but when the two men came up to the place the hunters had melted like quail into the chaparral.

They rode all that breathless morning,

following the looping and sagging of a shallow trail, but in the main rising toward the crest of the Salinas hills, and then laid by for a long siesta while the horses fed. They made it long by intention, purposing to ride by the light of the moon, which was nearing its prime and rose early on the red track of the sun. With this in mind they kept saddle in the pure pale twilight of high altitudes, and on until the full yellow orb rose up and walked along the hills.

They rode through a longish shallow valley, open in the middle by a blind sunken water course, but having a thick strip of wood along the bases of the hills. Shortly before moonrise, while the earth underfoot still melted into dusk, and the sky whitened to the nearing light, they became aware of a flutter and a hint of motion, a whisper and beat translating itself to the sense without sound. It came out of the wood ahead of them on their right; it seemed to roll along the earth, and underlaid, yet was a part of, the multitudinous small noises of the night. It grew as they gave it attention, and came sensibly from a close-grown tongue of wood that ran into the open hollow, and resolved itself into a wailing croon, supported by a soft pounding pulse of sound. The wail flared and waned and fell off like the flame of wood fire, glints of which began to show between the close stems of trees. The padding was muffled and incessant. The two men dropped their spurs on the saddle-bow; they crept forward until they found a peephole in the screen of leaves. In a cleared grassy place lit by a brushwood flare figures came and went like puppets in a showman's box. Figures of Indians, naked except for trappings of beads and feathers and stripings of gaudy-colored earths. Huge coronets of feathers of the chaparral cock, the *corredor del camino*, surmounted their heads and streamed down the naked backs. They wore kilts woven of fine feathers of water fowl; necklaces of beads, bears' claws, elks' teeth, and bits of bright shell hung down over painted ribs and glittered in-

termittently with flashes of the fire. The earth under their feet was beaten to an impalpable dust.

"Big Medicine," whispered Arnaldo under the click of rattles and the steady drum of heels. Flashes from the fire showed, besides the dancers, circles of squatting savages whose spirits, raised by the hypnotic movement and beat of the ceremonial dance, fluttered in their throats. Arnaldo the tracker drew Isidro softly by the sleeve and backed away toward the horses.

"What do you think?" whispered Escobar.

"Devil's work," said Arnaldo, and crossed himself as a good Christian; after which he delivered himself as a man of sense. "It is not the time of their regular dances. If they do it now it is because they have some business afoot."

"Think you they were Urbano's men?"

"Who else? One was the renegade Manuel; I knew him; and he that had the feather coat on his shoulders was a Channel Indian. Three others were Tuolumnes. Where else will you find the slum of all the tribes except with Urbano? They are not drawn together by love of each other, but for love of mischief."

"What can they do?"

"Set on some silly shepherds with their sheep, run off a few of the mission beeves, entice a few neophytes from the Missions." Arnaldo had not a great opinion of the native tribes of Alta California. They let the priests sit too easily on their necks, and were frightened by the popping of firecrackers.

The two men rode on in the trail, and the moon rose new washed from the sea. The trail lay mostly in open ground and was not hard to seek. Twice in the fringe of the woods they saw lights low and twinkling on the ground.

"We must by all means keep on until we have crossed the ridge out of this country," said Arnaldo. "To-night they are busy with dancing, but to-morrow they may take a notion to stop us, particularly

if they mean raiding in the direction of Soledad or Santa Cruz."

Isidro had no mind for such an interruption to his affairs. They kept on after this until they struck the wood again and the beginning of rising ground. Here they dismounted, for the trees were low and grew all abroad with gnarly boughs. The trail went faintly among them with many windings. Isidro whistled softly to himself while the tracker puzzled out the way.

"No noise, señor," said the tracker. Isidro stopped short. They went on for a quarter of an hour in the hot dark. Outside of the fence of trees the earth was gloriously light. Arnaldo began to halt at intervals and make signs of listening.

"Heard you anything?" he whispered.

"A cricket chirp and a wakeful bird."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing else."

"Move on a little."

Presently Isidro heard. Out of the dark a slow padding on the fallen leaves seemed to follow them. They stopped, it stopped; they went on, it began again, — a mere whisper of sound.

"Man or beast?" Isidro asked.

"*Dios sabe*," shrugged the Indian. They went on steadily for another quarter of an hour and heard no more of it.

"It must have been a bobcat or cougar," said Escobar.

"Perhaps so; keep as much in the shadow as you may."

Where the wood was thin and straggling it was clearly no night for men who must make way cautiously to be abroad in. Rounding a blunt cape of hills they came suddenly on a camp of a dozen savages asleep, or smoking and a-doze. Arnaldo's horse knew the trick of stillness following a certain touch on his shoulder; but the other, winded a little, for the ground rose steeply, drew in his breath until the saddle-girth creaked. Several of the Indians sat up alert, but a ruffle of wind among the leaves smothered all smaller sounds and covered the retreat of the horsemen. Now they were forced out of the trail and went heavily through the

brush, smelling trouble on all sides. A group of ponies feeding in a meadow snorted recognition to their horses, and got a smothered whinny in return. Arnaldo swore. Isidro, never so merry as when he had need of all his wits, laughed under his breath.

"No laughing matter," said the tracker; "there must be threescore of the swine hereabouts. They might object to you getting on to Monterey."

"What will we do?"

"What we can; just ahead of us is a good level stretch; make the most of it."

They put their horses at a jogging trot; this lasted until the close growth of scrub and trees forced them to a slower pace. Instantly the long padding tread came out of the dark, following. It was light on the grass, but not so light that no twig snapped under it and no leaf rustled. Now and then they heard the swish of a bent bough springing back to place.

"Bungling work," said the tracker; then he laid hand lightly on the other's arm. Forward a stone-cast, the moon glinted on what was neither leaf, nor bark, nor stone. Across the grass the broken and dappled light through the latticed shadow of the trees was cut off and reappeared as under a sliding screen.

"The devil!" said Isidro.

"Evidently," shrugged the tracker.

The wood was full of hints of presence, sense of movement, little prickings of the flesh, uneasy sniffs of the horses. The trail ran here in an easy swale narrowly between two great bluffs of stony earth. The wood, pinched to a file of scant-limbed pines, ran between them and spread into a pool of dark beyond. The defile opening toward the moon was searched and rifled by the light. It was not a bowshot wide from wall to wall. Beyond this a little way lay an open country, affording no cover for spies and the chances of swifter travel for the horses. Riding toward it Isidro and the tracker started a herd of deer, does with young fawns, feeding by a spring. The does threw up their heads to snuff the tainted

wind, and began to trot steadily toward the pass. But here their fine sense served them, and the men behind them, an excellent turn. At the mouth of the defile they swerved, halted, and wheeled, struck a brisker pace, avoided the pass, and disappeared in a dry gully leading toward the hills.

"Where the deer will not go there is no going for us," said Arnaldo; "wait."

He flung off his horse into the thickest shadow. Isidro held both bridle reins and waited, heard a night bird call and the wind tread lightly on the creaking boughs of pines, saw the shadows shrink as the moon rode higher, saw small furry things come out in the light and play; at last saw the tracker rise up out of the dark without a sound.

"Well?"

"Señor, you wish to get to Monterey with all speed?"

Isidro thought of the case in which he stood, — of his breach of behavior to Saavedra, of Delgado hurrying to the Commandante, of Delfina — "By the mass, yes!" he cried.

"Do as I say, then," said Arnaldo; "the moon is too much for us." He led the horses with unconcern back to the spring where the deer had been drinking and threw off the saddles.

"Make as if to camp," he said, "and lie down as if to sleep, but do not sleep; keep your pistol close."

They lay down to watch the ebb of the moonlight and the slow oncoming of the tide of shadow that reached its flood some hours before dawn. They heard no more of any Indians, but no deer came that way, by which they judged there must be men about in the cañon below them and in the pass above. When the moon was low and the black splotches of forest began to run together in the bottoms of the cañons drenched in shadow, they began to move again with incredible stillness, drawing out of the wood toward the bare slopes of hill up the gully by which the deer had gone. Nothing moved behind them but the light wind in the leaves; be-

fore them they had the steep tireless scarp of the hill. They would ride a little, and then Arnaldo would quest forward on his feet a little, exploring the way, incredibly tedious, but they had no serious impediment. Once Isidro's horse struck a loose stone that went rolling and rattling to the bottom of the hill with a small avalanche of coarse gravel and set their hearts pounding with apprehension, but no alarm followed it. They came at last to open country about moonset, found it firm under foot and admitting of some speed. They began to go down presently, and by dawn had come to clumps of thin pines and dwarfish oaks. They rode and saw deer bedded unstartled in the fern, and all the ease of wild life, warrant that no men had lately passed that way. A million wild pigeons began to stir and voice the blush light of dawn; their calls and the incessant rustle of their wings rolled together like soft thunder among the trees. The two men pushed their jaded horses, breaking fast, without lighting, on jerke of wild venison which they had from Peter Lebecque, reached the foot of the grade, struck the level of a valley, crossed it three hours after sunrise, and in the hot palpitant forenoon began to wind and turn in the intricate shallow cañons of low hills. They had come upon no camps nor fresh trail of Indians, saw no signal fires nor any sign of pursuit; not so much as a crow flapped or a jay squawked suspiciously away from the trail.

"The rogues are behind us," said Arnaldo, "we have thrown them off our trail; nevertheless, we must get on to Monterey. We shall have a word for the Commandante."

"What word?" said Escobar, thinking of his own affair.

"There were no women among them. Some of them had guns; they have been trading with the Russians. It will take more than holy water to keep these bears away from the calf-pens of the Padres," Arnaldo chuckled.

"Do you think they are for San Antonio?"

"That or Soledad; they might reach either easily from where they are now camped. They may have accomplices among the mission neophytes. The word that has gone about that the Padres are to be sent out of the country has bred maggots in their heads."

"And what," said Isidro, "if that word were true?"

"Eh," said the tracker, "they are swine; they will return to root in the earth where they were bred."

"They have been made Christians, and the Padres have taught them to save their souls from Hell," said the young gentleman, who still had thoughts of becoming a padre himself.

Arnaldo showed a dry and twinkling mirth.

"Manuel," he said, "was a Christian. I remember an Easter when he served the mass. That was he you saw last night, with the rattle of ram's horn and a bear's teeth grinning on his shoulders."

They were both beginning to weary of the ride. The horses drooped and looked hungrily at the grass by the water courses. The air in the close little cañons was still and hot.

"*Dios!* but I could sleep," cried Escobar, yawning.

"Sleep, then," said the tracker; "here is feed for the horses."

They unsaddled, set the horses to the stake rope, crept themselves under the low screen of a live oak that dropped its branches to the ground. The hills were sunk in a midday drowse. That was a time when, except for some such seldom mischance as had fallen to them the night before, a man might lie down and sleep under any tree in Alta California, and take no account of risk or time. As the mood of the land never swayed much between the extremes of heat and cold, fury and calm, it bred even in its savage races an equable and tractile mind. If the Franciscans found great scope for material advantage they found little for martyrdom. It is a tradition that bullocks' blood went to the cementing of adobe

foundations, but little was shed of another sort.

Isidro and the tracker had expected no harm the night before but an annoying detention and interruption to the for-

(*To be continued.*)

mer's affairs; therefore they slept heavily, that danger over, and woke past noon to find Mascado sitting over them, very still, with Escobar's pistols laid across his knees.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

BY PAUL ELMER MORE

PROBABLY the first impression one gets from reading the *Complete Poetical Works* of Christina Rossetti, now collected and edited by her brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, is that she wrote altogether too much, and that it was a doubtful service to her memory to preserve so many poems purely private in their nature. The editor, one thinks, might well have shown himself more "reverent of her strange simplicity." For page after page we are in the society of a spirit always refined and exquisite in sentiment, but without any guiding and restraining artistic impulse; she never drew to the shutters of her soul, but lay open to every wandering breath of heaven. In comparison with the works of the more creative poets her song is like the continuous lisp of an æolian harp beside the music elicited by cunning fingers. And then, suddenly, out of this sweet monotony, moved by some stronger, clearer breeze of inspiration, there sounds a strain of wonderful beauty and flawless perfection, unmatched in its own kind in English letters. An anonymous purveyor of anecdotes has recently told how one of these more exquisite songs called forth the enthusiasm of Swinburne. It was just after the publication of *Goblin Market and Other Poems*, and in a little company of friends that erratic poet and critic started to read aloud from the volume. Turning first to the devotional paraphrase which begins with "Passing away, saith the World, passing away," he chanted

the lines in his own emphatic manner, then laid the book down with a vehement gesture. Presently he took it up again, and a second time read the poem through, even more impressively. "By God!" he exclaimed at the end, "that's one of the finest things ever written!"

Passing away, saith the World, passing away :
Chances, beauty, and youth, sapped day by day,
Thy life never continueth in one stay.
Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair changing
to gray,
That hath won neither laurel nor bay ?
I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in
May :
Thou, root-stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay
On my bosom for aye.
Then I answered : Yea.

Passing away, saith my Soul, passing away :
With its burden of fear and hope, of labor and
play,
Hearken what the past doth witness and say :
Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array,
A canker is in thy bud, thy leaf must decay.
At midnight, at cockerow, at morning, one cer-
tain day
Lo the Bridegroom shall come and shall not
delay ;
Watch thou and pray.
Then I answered : Yea.

Passing away, saith my God, passing away :
Winter passeth after the long delay :
New grapes on the vine, new figs on the tender
spray,
Turtle calleth turtle in Heaven's May.
Though I tarry, wait for Me, trust Me, watch
and pray :
Arise, come away, night is past and lo it is day :

My love, My sister, My spouse, thou shalt hear
 Me say.
 Then I answered : Yea.

And Swinburne, somewhat contrary to his wont, was right. Purer inspiration, less troubled by worldly motives, than these verses cannot easily be found. Nor would it be difficult to discover in their brief compass most of the qualities that lend distinction to Christina Rossetti's work. Even her monotone, which after long continuation becomes monotony, affects one here as a subtle device heightening the note of subdued fervor and religious resignation; the repetition of the rhyming vowel creates the feeling of a secret expectancy cherished through the weariness of a frustrate life. If there is any excuse for publishing the many poems that express the mere unlifted, unvaried prayer of her heart, it is because their monotony may prepare the mind for the strange artifice of this solemn chant. But such a preparation demands more patience than a poet may justly claim from the ordinary reader. Better would be a volume of selections from her works, including a number of poems of this character. It would stand, in its own way, supreme in English literature, — as pure and fine an expression of the feminine genius as the world has yet heard.

It is, indeed, as the flower of strictly feminine genius that Christina Rossetti should be read and judged. She is one of a group of women who brought this new note into Victorian poetry, — Louisa Shore, Jean Ingelow, rarely Mrs. Browning, and, I may add, Mrs. Meynell. She is like them, but of a higher, finer strain than they (*καλαὶ δέ τε πάσαι*), and I always think of her as of her brother's Blessed Damsel, circled with a company of singers, yet holding herself aloof in chosen loneliness of passion. She, too, has not quite ceased to yearn toward earth: —

And still she bowed herself and stooped
 Out of the circling charm;
 Until her bosom must have made
 The bar she leaned on warm,

And the lilies lay as if asleep
 Along her bended arm.

I have likened the artlessness of much of her writing to the sweet monotony of an æolian harp. The comparison returns as expressing also the purely feminine spirit of her inspiration. There is in her a passive surrender to the powers of life, a religious acquiescence, which wavers between a plaintive pathos and a sublime exultation of faith. The great world, with its harsh indifference for the weak, passes over her as a ruinous gale rushes over a sequestered wood-flower; she bows her head, humbled but not broken, nor ever forgetful of her gentle mission, —

And strong in patient weakness till the end.

She bends to the storm, yet no one, not the great mystics nor the greater poets who cry out upon the sound and fury of life, is more constantly impressed by the vanity and fleeting insignificance of the blustering power, or more persistently looks for consolation and joy from another source. But there is a difference. Read the masculine poets who have heard this mystic call of the spirit, and you feel yourself in the presence of a strong will that has grasped the world, and, finding it insufficient, deliberately casts it away; and there is no room for pathetic regret in their ruthless determination to renounce. But this womanly poet does not properly renounce at all, she passively allows the world to glide away from her. The strength of her genius is endurance: —

She stands there like a beacon through the night,

A pale clear beacon where the storm-drift is —
 She stands alone, a wonder deathly-white :
 She stands there patient, nerved with inner night,

Indomitable in her feebleness,
 Her face and will athirst against the light.

It is characteristic of her feminine disposition that the loss of the world should have come to her first of all in the personal relation of love. And here we must signalize the chief service of the editor to —

ward his sister. It was generally known in a vague way, indeed it was easy to surmise as much from her published work, that Christina Rossetti bore with her always the sadness of unfulfilled affection. In the introductory Memoir her brother has now given a sufficiently detailed account of this matter to remove all ambiguity. I am not one to wish that the reserves and secret emotions of an author should be displayed for the mere gratification of the curious; but in this case the revelation would seem to be justified as a needed explanation of poems which she herself was willing to publish. Twice, it appears, she gave her love, and both times drew back in a kind of tremulous awe from the last step. The first affair began in 1848, before she was eighteen, and ran its course in about two years. The man was one James Collinson, an artist of mediocre talent who had connected himself with the Preraphaelite Brotherhood. He was originally a Protestant, but had become a Roman Catholic. Then, as Christina refused to ally herself to one of that faith, he compliantly abandoned Rome for the Church of England. His conscience, however, which seems from all accounts to have been of a flabby consistency, troubled him in the new faith, and he soon reverted to Catholicism. Christina then drew back from him finally. It is not so easy to understand why she refused the second suitor, with whom she became intimately acquainted about 1860, and whom she loved in her own retiring fashion until the day of her death. This was Charles Bagot Cayley, a brother of the famous Cambridge mathematician, himself a scholar and in a small way a poet. Some idea of the man may be obtained from a notice of him written by Mr. W. M. Rossetti for the *Athenæum* after his death. "A more complete specimen than Mr. Charles Cayley," says Mr. Rossetti, "of the abstracted scholar in appearance and manner — the scholar who constantly lives an inward and unmaterial life, faintly perceptive of external facts and appearances — could hardly be conceived.

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He united great sweetness to great simplicity of character, and was not less polite than unworldly." One might suppose that such a temperament was peculiarly fitted to join with that of the secluded poetess, and so, to judge from her many love poems, it actually was. Of her own heart or of his there seems to have been no doubt in her mind. Even in her most rapturous visions of heaven, like the yearning cry of the Blessed Damozel, the memory of that stilled passion often breaks out: —

How should I rest in Paradise,
Or sit on steps of heaven alone ?
If Saints and Angels spoke of love,
Should I not answer from my throne,
Have pity upon me, ye my friends,
For I have heard the sound thereof ?

She seems even not to have been unfamiliar with the hope of joy, and I like to believe that her best-known lyric of gladness, "My heart is like a singing bird," was inspired by the early dawning of this passion. But the hope and the joy soon passed away and left her only the solemn refrain of acquiescence: "Then I answered: Yea." Her brother can give no sufficient explanation of this refusal on her part to accept the happiness almost in her hand, though he hints at lack of religious sympathy between the two. Some inner necessity of sorrow and resignation, one almost thinks, drew her back in both cases, some perception that the real treasure of her heart lay not in this world: —

A voice said, "Follow, follow : " and I rose
And followed far into the dreamy night,
Turning my back upon the pleasant light.
It led me where the bluest water flows,
And would not let me drink : where the corn
grows
I dared not pause, but went uncheered by
sight
Or touch : until at length in evil plight
It left me, wearied out with many woes.
Some time I sat as one bereft of sense :
But soon another voice from very far
Called, "Follow, follow : " and I rose
again.
Now on my night has dawned a blessed
star :

Kind steady hands my sinking steps sustain,
And will not leave me till I go from hence.

It might seem that here was a spirit of renunciation akin to that of the more masculine mystics; indeed, a great many of her poems are, unconsciously I presume, almost a paraphrase of that recurring theme of the *Imitation*: "*Nolle consolari ab aliqua creatura*," and again: "*Amore igitur Creatoris, amorem hominis superavit; et pro humano solatio, divinum beneplacitum magis elegit*." She, too, was unwilling to find consolation in any creature, and turned from the love of man to the love of the Creator; yet a little reading of her exquisite hymns will show that this renunciation has more the nature of surrender than of deliberate choice:—

He broke my will from day to day;
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay.

The world is withheld from her by a power above her will, and always this power stands before her in that peculiarly personal form which it assumes in the feminine mind. Her faith is a mere transference to heaven of a love that terrifies her in its ruthless earthly manifestation; and the passion of her life is henceforth a yearning expectation of the hour when the Bridegroom shall come and she shall answer, *Yea*. Nor is the earthly source of this love forgotten; it abides with her as a dream which often is not easily distinguished from its celestial transmutation:—

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

It is this perfectly passive attitude toward the powers that command her heart and her soul — a passivity which by its completeness assumes the misguiding semblance of a deliberate determination of life — that makes her to me the purest expression in English of the feminine genius. I know that many would think this preëminence belongs to Mrs. Browning. They would point out the narrowness of Christina Rossetti's range, and the larger aspects of woman's nature, neglected by her, which inspire some of her rival's best-known poems. To me, on the contrary, it is the very scope attempted by Mrs. Browning that prevents her from holding the place I would give to Christina Rossetti. So much of Mrs. Browning — her political ideas, her passion for reform, her scholarship — simply carries her into the sphere of the masculine poets where she suffers by an unfair comparison. She would be a better and less irritating writer without these excursions into a field for which she was not fitted. The uncouthness that so often mars her language is chiefly due to an unreconciled feud between her intellect and her heart. She had neither a woman's wise passivity nor a man's controlling will. Even within the range of strictly feminine powers her genius is not simple and typical. And here I must take refuge in a paradox which is like enough to carry but little conviction. Nevertheless, it is the truth. I mean to say that probably most women will regard Mrs. Browning as the better type of their sex, whereas to men the honor will seem to belong to Miss Rossetti; and that the judgment of a man in this matter is more conclusive than a woman's. This is a paradox, I admit, yet its solution is simple. Women will judge a poetess by her inclusion of the larger human nature, and will resent the limiting of her range to the qualities that we look upon as peculiarly feminine. The passion of Mrs. Browning, her attempt to control her inspiration to the demands of a shaping intellect, her questioning and answering, her larger

the same spirit of resignation. It is entitled simply "Rest:"—

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;
 Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching. Earth;
 Lie close around her; leave no room for
 mirth
 With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
 She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
 Hushed in and curtained with a blessed
 dearth
 Of all that irked her from the hour of birth;
 With stillness that is almost Paradise.
 Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,
 Silence more musical than any song;
 Even her very heart has ceased to stir:
 Until the morning of Eternity
 Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;
 And when she wakes she will not think it
 long.

Am I misguided in thinking that in this stillness, this silence more musical than any song, the feminine heart speaks with a simplicity and consummate purity such as I quite fail to hear in the *Portuguese Sonnets*, admired as those sonnets are? Nor could one, perhaps, find in all Christina Rossetti's poems a single line that better expresses the character of her genius than these exquisite words: "With stillness that is almost Paradise." That is the mood that, with the passing away of love, never leaves her; that is her religion; her acquiescent Yea, to the world and the soul and to God. Into that region of rapt stillness it seems almost a sacrilege to penetrate with inquisitive, critical mind; it is like tearing away the veil of modesty. I will not attempt to bring out the beauty of her mood by comparing it with that of the more masculine quietists, who reach out and take the kingdom of Heaven by storm, and whose prayer is, in the words of Tennyson:—

Our wills are ours, we know not how;
 Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

It will be better to quote one other poem, perhaps her most perfect work artistically, and to pass on:—

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
 Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long
 day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?
 You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
 Those who have gone before.
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
 They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
 Of labor you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
 Yea, beds for all who come.

The culmination of her pathetic weariness is always this cry for rest, a cry for supreme acquiescence in the will of Heaven, troubled by no personal volition, no desire, no emotion, save only love that waits for blessed absorption. Her later years became what St. Teresa called a long "prayer of quiet;" and her brother's record of her secluded life in the refuge of his home reads like the saintly story of a cloistered nun. It might be said of her, as of one of the fathers, that she needed not to pray, for her life was an unbroken communion with God. And yet that is not all. It is a sign of her utter womanliness that envy for the common affections of life was never quite crushed in her heart. Now and then through this monotony of resignation there wells up a sob of complaint, a note not easy, indeed, to distinguish from that *amari aliquid* of jealousy, which Thackeray, cynically, as some think, always left at the bottom of his gentlest feminine characters. The fullest expression of this feeling is in one of her longer poems, *The Lowest Room*, which contrasts the life of two sisters, one of whom chooses the ordinary lot of woman with home and husband and children, while the other learns, year after tedious year, the consolation of lonely patience. The spirit of the poem is not entirely pleasant. The resurgence of personal envy is a little disconcerting; and the only comfort to be derived from it is the proof that under different circum-

stances Christina Rossetti might have given expression to the more ordinary lot of contented womanhood as perfectly as she sings the pathos and hope of the cloistered life. Had that first voice, which led her "where the bluest water flows," suffered her also to quench the thirst of her heart, had not that second voice summoned her to follow, this might have been. But literature, I think, would have lost in her gain. As it is, we must recognize that the vision of fulfilled affection and of quiet home joys still troubled her, in her darker hours, with a feeling of embittered regret. Two or three of the stanzas of *The Lowest Room* even remind one forcibly of that scene in Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*, where the "shrill and lamentable cry" breaks through the silence of the shadowy congregation:—

In all eternity I had one chance,
 One few years' term of gracious human life,
 The splendors of the intellect's advance,
 The sweetness of the home with babes and wife.

But if occasionally this residue of bitterness in Christina Rossetti recalls the more acrid genius of James Thomson, yet a comparison of the two poets (and such a comparison is not fantastic, however unexpected it may appear) would set the feminine character of our subject in a peculiarly vivid light. Both were profoundly moved by the evanescence of life, by the deceitfulness of pleasure, while both at times, Thomson almost continually, were troubled by the apparent content of those who rested in these joys of the world. Both looked forward longingly to the consummation of peace. In his call to *Our Lady of Oblivion* Thomson might seem to be speaking for both,

only in a more deliberately metaphorical style:—

Take me, and lull me into perfect sleep;
 Down, down, far hidden in thy duskiest cave;
 While all the clamorous years above me sweep
 Unheard, or, like the voice of seas that rave
 On far-off coasts, but murmuring o'er my
 trance,
 A dim vast monotone, that shall enhance
 The restful rapture of the inviolate grave.

But the roads by which the two would reach this "silence more musical than any song" were utterly different. With an intellect at once mathematical and constructive, Thomson built out of his personal bitterness and despair a universe corresponding to his own mood, a philosophy of atheistic revolt. Like Lucretius, "he denied divinely the divine." In that tremendous conversation on the river-walk he represents one soul as protesting to another that not for all his misery would he carry the guilt of creating such a world; whereto the second replies, and it is the poet himself who speaks:—

The world rolls round forever as a mill;
 It grinds out death and life and good and ill;
 It has no purpose, heart or mind or will. . . .

Man might know one thing were his sight less
 dim;
 That it whirls not to suit his petty whim,
 That it is quite indifferent to him.

There is the voluntary ecstasy of the saints, there is also this stern and self-willed rebellion, and, contrasted with them both, as woman is contrasted with man, there is the acquiescence of Christina Rossetti and of the little group of writers whom she leads in spirit:—

Passing away, saith the World, passing away. . . .
 Then I answered: Yea.

MARIANUS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I do not know how Marianus ever came to leave his native land, nor what turn of fate brought him to flutter the dovecotes of a convent school. At eleven one does not often ask why things happen, because nothing seems strange enough to provoke the question. It was enough for me — it was enough for all of us — that one Sunday morning he appeared in little Peter's place, lit the candles on the altar, and served Mass with decent and devout propriety. Our customary torpor of cold and sleepiness — Mass was at seven, and the chapel unheated — yielded to a warm glow of excitement. I craned my white-veiled head (we wore black veils throughout the week and white on Sundays) to see how Elizabeth was taking this delightful novelty. *She* was busy passing her prayer-book, with something evidently written on the fly-leaf, to Emily Goring on the bench ahead. Emily, oblivious of consequences, was making telegraphic signals to Marie. Lilly and Viola Milton knelt staring open-mouthed at the altar. Tony was giggling softly. Only Annie Churchill, her eyes fixed on her Ursuline Manual, was thumping her breast remorsefully, in unison with the priest's "*mea maxima culpa*." There was something about Annie's attitude of devotion which always gave one a distaste for piety.

Breakfast afforded no opportunity for discussion. At that Spartan meal, French conversation alone was permitted; and even had we been able or willing to employ the hated medium, there was practically no one to talk to. By a triumph of monastic discipline, we were placed at table, at our desks, and at church, next to girls to whom we had nothing to say; — good girls, with medals around their necks, and blue or green ribbons over their shoulders, who served as insulating

mediums, as non-conductors, separating us from cheerful currents of speech, and securing, on the whole, a reasonable degree of decorum. I could not open my bursting heart to my neighbors, who sat stolidly consuming bread and butter as though no wild light had dawned upon our horizon. When one of them (she is a nun now) observed painstakingly, "*J'espère que nous irons aux bois après midi*;" I said "*oui*," which was the easiest thing to say, and conversation closed at that point. We always did go to the woods on Sunday afternoons, unless it rained. During the week, the big girls — the arrogant and unapproachable First Cours — assumed possession of them as an exclusive right, and left us only Mulberry Avenue in which to play prisoner's base and Saracens and Crusaders; but on Sundays the situation was reversed, and the Second Cours was led joyously out to those sweet shades which in our childish eyes were vast as Epping Forest, and as full of mystery as the Schwarzwald. No one could have valued this weekly privilege more than I did; but the day was clear, and we were sure to go. I felt the vapid nature of Mary Rawdon's remark to be due solely to the language in which it was uttered. All our inanities were spoken in French; and those nuns who understood no other tongue must have conceived a curious impression of our intelligence.

There was a brief recreation of fifteen minutes at ten o'clock, which sufficed for a rapturous exchange of confidences and speculations. Only those who have been at a convent school understand how the total absence of masculinity enriches it with a halo of illusion. Here we were, seven absurdly romantic little girls, who had been put to such sore straits that we had pretended for weeks at a time that

our mistress of class was a man, and that we were all in love with her; and here was a tall Italian youth, at least eighteen, sent by a beneficent Providence to thrill us with emotions. Was he going to stay? we asked with bated breath. Was he going to serve Mass every morning instead of Peter? We could not excite ourselves over Peter, who was a small, freckle-faced country boy, awkwardly shy, and — *I should judge* — of a saturnine disposition. We had met him once in the avenue, and had asked him if he had any brothers or sisters. “Naw,” was the reply. “I had a brother wanst, but he died; — got out of it when he was a baby. He was a cute one, he was.” A speech which I can only hope was not so Schopenhauerish as it sounds.

And now, in Peter’s place, came this mysterious, dark-eyed, and altogether adorable stranger from beyond the seas. Annie Churchill, who, for all her prayerfulness, had been fully alive to the situation, opined that he was an “exile,” and the phrase smote us to the heart. We had read *Elizabeth; or the Exile of Siberia*, — it was in the school library, — and here was a male Elizabeth under our ravished eyes. “That’s why he came to a convent,” continued Annie, following up her advantage; “to be hidden from all pursuit.”

“No doubt he did,” said Tony breathlessly, “and we’ll have to be very careful not to say anything about him to visitors. We might be the occasion of his being discovered and sent back.”

This thought was almost too painful to be borne. Upon our discretion depended perhaps the safety of a heroic youth who had fled from tyranny and cruel injustice. I was about to propose that we should bind ourselves by a solemn vow never to mention his presence, save secretly to one another, when Elizabeth — not the Siberian, but our own unexiled Elizabeth — observed with that biting dryness which was the real secret of her ascendancy, “We’d better not say much about him, anyway. On our own account, I mean.”

Which pregnant remark — the bell for “Christian Instruction” ringing at that moment — sent us silent and meditative to our desks.

So it was that Marianus came to the convent, and we gave him our seven young hearts with unresisting enthusiasm. Viola’s heart, indeed, was held of small account, she being only ten years old; but Elizabeth was twelve, and Marie and Annie were thirteen, ages ripe for passion, and remote from the taunt of immaturity. It was understood from the beginning that we all loved Marianus with equal right and fervor. We shared the emotion fairly and squarely, just as we shared an occasional box of candy, or any other benefaction. It was our common secret, — our fatal secret, we would have said, — and must be guarded with infinite precaution from a cold and possibly disapproving world; but no one of us dreamed of setting up a private romance of her own, of extracting from the situation more than one sixth — leaving Viola out — of its excitement and ecstasy.

We discovered in the course of time our exile’s name and nationality, — it was the chaplain who told us, — and also that he was studying for the priesthood; this last information coming from the mistress of recreation, and being plainly designed to dull our interest from the start. She added that he neither spoke nor understood anything but Italian, a statement which we determined to put to the proof as soon as fortune should favor us with the opportunity. The possession of an Italian dictionary became meanwhile imperative, and we had no way of getting it. We could n’t write home for one, because our letters were all read before they were sent out, and any girl would be asked why she had made such a singular request. We could n’t beg our mothers, even when we saw them, for dictionaries of a language they knew we were not studying. Lilly said she thought she might ask her father for one, the next time he came to the school. There is a lack of intelligence, or at least of alert-

ness, about fathers, which makes them invaluable in certain emergencies; but which, on the other hand, is apt to precipitate them into blunders. Mr. Milton promised the dictionary, without putting any inconvenient questions, though he must have been a little surprised at the scholarly nature of the request; but just as he was going away, he said loudly and cheerfully:—

“Now what is it I am to bring you next time, children? Mint candy, and handkerchiefs,—your Aunt Helen says you must live on handkerchiefs,—and gloves for Viola, and a dictionary?”

He was actually shaking hands with Madame Bouron, the Mistress General, as he spoke, and she turned to Lilly, and said:—

“Lilly, have you lost your French dictionary, as well as all your handkerchiefs?”

“No, madame,” said poor Lilly.

“It’s an Italian dictionary she wants this time,” corrected Mr. Milton, evidently not understanding why Viola was poking him viciously in the back.

“Lilly is not studying Italian. None of the children are,” said Madame Bouron. And then, very slowly, and with an emphasis which made two of her hearers quake, “Lilly has no need of an Italian dictionary, Mr. Milton. She had better devote more time and attention to her French.”

“I nearly fainted on the spot,” said Lilly, describing the scene to us afterwards; “and father looked scared, and got away as fast as he could; and Viola was red as a beet; and I thought surely Madame Bouron was going to say something to me; but, thank Heaven! Eloise Didier brought up her aunt to say good-by, and we slipped off. Do you think, girls, she’ll ask me what I wanted with an Italian dictionary?”

“Say you’re going to translate Dante in the holidays,” suggested Tony with unfeeling vivacity.

“Say you’re going to Rome, to see the Pope,” said Marie.

“Say you’re such an accomplished French scholar, it’s time you turned your attention to something else,” said Emily.

“Say you’re making a collection of dictionaries,” said the imp, Viola.

Lilly looked distressed. The humors of the situation were, perhaps, less manifest to her perturbed mind. But Elizabeth, who had been thinking the matter over, observed gloomily, “Oh, Boots” (our opprobrious epithet for the Mistress General) “won’t bother to ask questions. She knows all she wants to know. She’ll just watch us, and see that we never get a chance to speak to Marianus. It was bad enough before, but it will be worse than ever now. He might almost as well be in Italy.”

Things did seem to progress slowly, considering the passionate nature of our sentiments. Never was there such an utter absence of opportunity. From the ringing of the first bell at quarter past six in the morning to the lowering of the dormitory lights at nine o’clock at night, we were never alone for a moment, but moved in orderly squadrons through the various duties of the day. Marianus served Mass every morning, and on Sundays assisted at Vespers and Benediction. Outside the chapel, we never saw him. He lived in “Germany,”—a name given, Heaven knows why, to a farmhouse on the convent grounds, which was used as quarters for the chaplain and for visitors; but though we cast many a longing look in its direction, no dark Italian head was ever visible at window or at door. I believe my own share of affection was beginning to wither under this persistent blight, when something happened which not only renewed its fervor, but thrilled my heart with a grateful sentiment which is not wholly dead to-day.

It was May, — a month dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and fuller than usual of church-going, processions, and hymns. We were supposed to be, or at least expected to be, particularly obedient and studious during these four weeks; and by way of incentive, each class had its

candle, tied with the class color, and standing amid a lovely profusion of Spring flowers, on the Madonna's altar. There were six of them: white for the graduates, purple for the first class, blue for the second, red for the third, green for the fourth, and pink for the fifth, — the very little girls, for whom the discipline of school life was mercifully relaxed. All the candles were lighted every morning during Mass, unless some erring member of a class had, by misconduct the day before, forfeited the honor, not only for herself, but for her classmates. These tapers were my especial abhorrence. The laudable determination of the third class to keep the red-ribboned candle burning all month maddened me, both by the difficulties it presented, and by the meagre nature of the consequences involved. I could not bring myself to understand why they should care whether it were lit or not. To be sent downstairs to a deserted music-room, there to spend the noon recreation hour in studying Roman history or a French fable; — that was a penalty, hard to avoid, but easy to understand. Common sense and a love of enjoyment made it clear that no one should lightly run such risks. But I had not imagination enough to grasp the importance of a candle more or less upon the altar. It was useless to appeal to my love for the Blessed Virgin. I loved her so well and so confidently, I had placed my childish faith in her so long, that no doubt of her sympathy ever crossed my mind. My own mother might side with authority. Indeed, she represented the supreme, infallible authority, from which there was no appeal. But in every trouble of my poor little gusty life, the Blessed Mother sided with me. Of that, thank Heaven! I felt sure.

This month my path was darkened by a sudden decision on Elizabeth's part that our candle should not be once extinguished. Elizabeth, to do her justice, did not often incline to virtue; but when she did, there was a scant allowance of cakes and ale for any of us. She never

deviated from her chosen course, and she never fully understood the sincere but fallible nature of our unkept resolutions. I made my usual frantic, futile effort to follow her lead, with the usual melancholy failure. Before the first week was out, I had come into collision with authority (it was a matter of arithmetic, which always soured my temper to the snapping point); and the 6th of May saw five candles only burning at the veiled Madonna's feet. I sat, angry and miserable, while Madame Duncan, who had charge of the altar, lit the faithful five, and retired with a Rhadamanthine expression to her stall. Elizabeth, at the end of the bench, looked straight ahead, with an expression, or rather an enforced absence of expression, which I perfectly understood. She would not say anything, but none the less would her displeasure be made chillingly manifest. Mass had begun. The priest was reading the Introit, when Marianus lifted a roving eye upon the Blessed Virgin's altar. It was not within his province; he had nothing to do with its flowers or its tapers; but when did generous mind pause for such considerations? He saw that one candle, a candle with a drooping scarlet ribbon, was unlit; and, promptly rising from his knees, he plunged into the sacristy, reappeared with a burning wax-end, and repaired the error, while we held our breaths with agitation and delight. Madame Duncan's head was lowered in seemly prayer; but the ripple of excitement communicated itself mysteriously to her, and she looked up, just as Marianus had deftly accomplished his task. For an instant she half rose to her feet; and then the absurdity of reattacking the poor little red candle seemed to dawn on her (she was an Irish nun, not destitute of humor), and with a fleeting smile at me, — a smile in which there was as much kindness as amusement, — she resumed her interrupted devotions.

But I tucked my crimson face into my hands, and my soul shouted with joy. Marianus, our idol, our exile, the one true

love of our six hearts, had done this deed for me. Not only was I lifted from disgrace, but raised to a preëminence of distinction; for had I not been saved by *him*? Oh, true knight! Oh, chivalrous champion of the unhappy and oppressed! When I recall that moment of triumph, it is even now with a stir of pride, and of something more than pride, for I am grateful still.

That night, that very night, I was just sinking into sleep when a hand was laid cautiously upon my shoulder. I started up. It was too dark to see anything clearly, but I knew that the shadow by my side was Elizabeth. "Come out into the hall," she whispered softly. "You had better creep back of the beds. Don't make any noise!" — and without a sound she was gone.

I slipped on my wrapper, — night-gowns gleam so perilously white, — and with infinite precaution stole behind my sleeping companions, each one curtained safely into her little muslin alcove. At the end of the dormitory I was joined by another silent figure, — it was Marie, — and very gently we pushed open the big doors. The hall outside was flooded with moonlight, and by the open window crouched a bunch of girls pressed close together, — so close it was hard to disentangle them. A soft gurgle of delight bubbled up from one little throat, and was instantly hushed down by more prudent neighbors. Elizabeth hovered on the outskirts of the group, and without a word, she pushed me to the sill. Beneath, leaning against a tree, not thirty feet away, stood Marianus. His back was turned to us, and he was smoking. We could see the easy grace of his attitude, — was he not an Italian? — we could smell the intoxicating fragrance of his cigar. Happily unaware of his audience, he smoked, and contemplated the friendly moon, and wondered, perhaps, why the Fates had cast him on this desert island, as remote from human companionship as Crusoe's. Had he known of the six young hearts that had been given him unbidden,

it would probably have cheered him less than we imagined.

But to us it seemed as though our shadowy romance had taken form and substance. The graceless daring of Marianus in stationing himself beneath our windows, — or at least beneath a window to which we had possible access; the unholy lateness of the hour, — verging fast upon half-past nine; the seductive moonlight; the ripe profligacy of the cigar; — what was wanting to this night's exquisite adventure! As I knelt breathless in the shadow, my head bobbing against Viola's and Marie's, I thought of Italy, of Venice, of Childe Harold, of everything that was remote, and beautiful, and unconnected with the trammels of arithmetic. I heard Annie Churchill murmur that it was like a serenade; I heard Tony's whispered conjecture as to whether the silent serenader really knew where we slept; — than which nothing seemed less likely; — I heard Elizabeth's warning "hush!" whenever the muffled voices rose too high above the stillness of the sleeping convent; but nothing woke me from my dreams until Marianus slowly withdrew his shoulder from the supporting tree, and sauntered away, without turning his head once in our direction. We watched him disappear in the darkness; then, closing the window, moved noiselessly back to bed. "Who saw him first?" I asked at the dormitory door.

"I did," whispered Elizabeth; "and I called them all. I did n't intend letting Viola know; but, of course, sleeping next to Lilly, she managed to find out. She ought to be up in the Holy Child dormitory with the other little girls. It's ridiculous having her following us about everywhere."

And, indeed, Viola's precocious pertinacity made her a difficult problem to solve. There are younger sisters who can be snubbed into impotence. Viola was no such weakling.

But now the story which we thought just begun was drawing swiftly to its close. Perhaps matters had reached a

point when something had to happen; yet it did seem strange — it seems strange even now — that the crisis should have been precipitated by a poetic outburst on the part of Elizabeth. Of all the six, she was the least addicted to poetry. She seldom read it, and never spent long hours in copying it in a blank-book, as was our foolish and laborious custom. She hated compositions, and sternly refused the faintest touch of sentiment when compelled to express her thoughts upon “The First Snowdrop,” or “My Guardian Angel,” or the “Execution of Mary Queen of Scots.” Tony wrote occasional verses of a personal and satiric character, which we held to sparkle with a biting wit. Annie Churchill had once rashly shown to Lilly and to me some feeble lines upon “The Evening Star.” Deep hidden in my desk, unseen by mortal eye save mine, lay an impassioned “Soliloquy of Jane Eyre,” in blank verse, which was almost volcanic in its fervor, and which perished the following year, unmourned, because unknown to the world. But Elizabeth had never shown the faintest disposition to write anything that could be left unwritten, until Marianus stirred the waters of her soul. That night, that moonlit night, and the dark figure smoking in the shadows, cast their sweet spell upon her. With characteristic promptness, she devoted her French study hour the following afternoon to the composition of a poem, which was completed when we went to class, and which she showed me secretly while we were scribbling our *dictée*. There were five verses, headed “To Marianus,” and beginning,

“Gracefully up the long aisle he glides,”

which was a poetic license, as the chapel aisle was short, and Marianus had never glided up it since he came. He always — in virtue of his office — entered by the sacristy door.

But realism was then as little known in literature as in art, and poetry was not expected to savor of statement rather than emotion. Elizabeth’s masterpiece

expressed in glowing numbers the wave of sentiment by which we were submerged. Before night it had passed swiftly from hand to hand, and before night the thunder-bolt had fallen. Whose rashness was to blame I do not now remember; but, thank Heaven! it was not mine. Some one’s giggle was too unsuppressed. Some one thrust the paper too hurriedly into her desk, or dropped it on the floor, or handed it to some one else in a manner too obviously mysterious not to arouse suspicion. I only know that it fell into the hands of little Madame Davide, who had the eyes of a ferret and the heart of a mouse, and who, being unable to read a word of English, sent it forthwith to Madame Bouron. I only know that, after that brief and unsatisfactory glimpse in French class, I never saw it again; which is why I can now recall but one line out of twenty, — a circumstance I devoutly regret.

It was a significant proof of Madame Bouron’s astuteness that, without asking any questions, or seeking any further information, she summoned six girls to her study that evening after prayers. She had only the confiscated poem in Elizabeth’s writing as a clue to the conspiracy, but she needed nothing more. There we were, all duly indicted, save Viola, whose youth, while it failed to protect us from the unsought privilege of her society, saved her, as a rule, from any retributive measures. Her absence on this occasion was truly a comfort, as her presence would have involved the added and most unmerited reproach of leading a younger child into mischief. Viola was small for her age, and had appealing brown eyes. There was not a nun in the convent who knew her for the imp she was. Lilly, gay, sweet, simple, generous, and unselfish, seemed as wax in her little sister’s hands.

There were six of us, then, to bear the burden of blame; and Madame Bouron, sitting erect in the lamplight, apporportioned it with an unsparing hand. Her fine face (she was coldly handsome, but we did not like her well enough to know it) expressed contemptuous displeasure;

her words conveyed a somewhat exaggerated confidence in our guilt. Of Elizabeth's verses she spoke with icy scorn; — she had not been aware that so gifted a writer graced the school; but the general impropriety of our behavior was unprecedented in the annals of the convent. That we, members of the Society of St. Aloysius, should have shown ourselves so unworthy of our privileges, and so forgetful of our patron, was a surprise even to her; though (she was frankness itself) she had never entertained a good opinion either of our dispositions or of our intelligence. The result of such misconduct was that the chaplain's assistant must leave at once and forever. Not that *he* had ever wasted a thought upon any girl in the school. His heart was set upon the priesthood. Young though he was, he had already suffered for the Church. His father had fought and died in defense of the Holy See. His home had been lost. He was a stranger in a far land. And now he must be driven from the asylum he had sought, because we could not be trusted to behave with that modesty and discretion which had always been the fairest adornment of children reared within the convent's holy walls. She hoped that we would understand how grievous was the wrong we had done, and that even our callous hearts would bleed when we went to our comfortable beds, and reflected that, because of our wickedness and folly, a friendless and pious young student was once more alone in the world.

It was over! We trailed slowly up to the dormitory, too bewildered to understand the exact nature of our misdoing. The most convincing proof of our mental confusion is that our own immaculate innocence never occurred to any of us. We had looked one night out of the window at Marianus, and Elizabeth had written the five amorous verses. That was all. Not one of us had spoken a word to the object of our affections. Not one of us could boast a single glance, given or received. We had done nothing; yet so engrossing had been the sentiment, so

complete the absorption of the past two months, that we, living in a children's world of illusions, — “passionate after dreams, and unconcerned about realities,” — had deemed ourselves players of parts, actors in an unsubstantial drama, intruders into the realms of the forbidden. We accepted this conviction with meekness, untempered by regret; but we permitted ourselves a doubt as to whether our iniquity were wholly responsible for the banishment of Marianus. The too strenuous pointing of a moral breeds skepticism in the youthful soul. When Squire Martin (of our grandfathers' reading-books) assured Billy Freeman that dogs and turkey-cocks were always affable to children who studied their lessons and obeyed their parents, that innocent little boy must have soon discovered for himself that virtue is but a weak bulwark in the barnyard. We, too, had lost implicit confidence in the fine adjustments of life; and, upon this occasion, we found comfort in incredulity. On the stairs Elizabeth remarked to me in a gloomy undertone that Marianus could never have intended to stay at the convent, anyhow, and that he probably had been “sent for.” She did not say whence, or by whom; but the mere suggestion was salve to my suffering soul. It enabled me, at least, to bear the sight of Annie Churchill's tears, when, ten minutes later, that weak-minded girl slid into my alcove (as if we were not in trouble enough already), and, sitting forlornly on my bed, asked me in a stifled whisper, “did I think that Marianus was really homeless, and could n't we make up a sum of money, and send it to him?”

“How much have you got?” I asked her curtly. The complicated emotions through which I had passed had left me in a savage humor; and the peculiar infelicity of this proposal might have irritated St. Aloysius himself. We were not allowed the possession of our own money, though in view of the fact that there was ordinarily nothing to buy with it, extravagance would have been impossible. Every

Thursday afternoon the "Bazaar" was opened; our purses, carefully marked with name and number, were handed to us, and we were at liberty to purchase such uninteresting necessities as writing paper, stamps, blank-books, pencils, and sewing materials. The sole concession to prodigality was a little pile of pious pictures, — small French prints, ornamented with lace paper, which it was our custom to give one another upon birthdays and other festive occasions. They were a great resource in church, where prayer-books, copiously interleaved with these works of art, were passed to and fro for mutual solace and refreshment.

All these things were as well known to Annie as to me, but she was too absorbed in her grief to remember them. She mopped her eyes, and said vacantly that she thought she had a dollar and a half.

"I have seventy-five cents," I said; "and Elizabeth has n't anything. She spent all her money last Thursday. We might be able to raise five dollars amongst us. If you think that much would be of any use to Marianus, all you have to do is to ask Madame Bouron for our purses, and for his address, and see if she would mind our writing and sending it to him."

Annie, impervious at all times to sarcasm, looked dazed for a moment, her wet blue eyes raised piteously to mine. "Then you think we could n't manage it?" she asked falteringly.

But I plunged my face into my wash-basin, as a hint that the conversation was at an end. I, too, needed the relief of tears, and was waiting impatiently to be alone.

For Marianus had gone. Of that, at least, there was no shadow of doubt. We should never see him again; and life seemed to stretch before me in endless grey reaches of grammar, and arithmetic, and French conversation; of getting up early in the morning, uncheered by the thought of seeing Marianus serve Mass; of going to bed at night, with never another glance at that dark shadow in the moonlight. I felt that for me the page of love was turned forever, the one romance of my life was past. I cried softly and miserably into my pillow; and resolved, as I did so, that the next morning I would write on the fly-leaves of my new French prayer-book and my *Thomas à Kempis* the lines:—

"'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

REVELATION

BY NANNIE BYRD TURNER

AH, mocking-bird, I did you grievous wrong
 Once, when I thought you but a simple bird
 Mad over music, noisy, free of word
 While yet the fragrant summer nights were young:

There came an hour when Love, revealing, strong,
 Stood at my side and hushed me, and I heard
 The dark close silence on a sudden stirred
 By the resistless rapture of your song.

Now, when afar to waiting wood and hill
 Trembles exquisite clear your sweet prelude,
 Before the passion of the melody,
 All the slow pulses of my being thrill,
 And all my heart pours out a silver flood
 Of answering — half pain, half ecstasy.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S PERIL

BY HENRY A. STIMSON

THE modern millionaire may not be exactly the “amoosing cuss” that Artemus Ward called his Kangaroo, but he is an object of considerable interest to every healthy young American, and of a good deal of “cussing” to the general. There are a good many of him, and we have no dukes to divert us.

No one in the community seems less in need of sympathy or protection. His private watchman saunters beneath his windows; his chauffeur hangs about his front door; the captain of his yacht is at the other end of his telephone; his private secretary wards off the too pressing public; his doctor is at his command; while his barber, his manicure, and his tailor, “the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker,” throng his servants’ entrance.

For all that, his lot is far from easy. His latest fad, the automobile, is eloquent of his troubles. If he is not using it to escape process-servers, hurrying through back-ways from one state to another, he is being pelted with melon rinds, or running over somebody, or being haled into court for fast driving.

The trouble with the poor man is that he is in new conditions. He has not been a millionaire very long, — the few who were born so are still young, — and the American people have not become thoroughly used to millionaires. Perhaps we ought to be. It is a full hundred years since Wordsworth wrote, —

The wealthiest man among us is the best;
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry; and these we adore.

But that was written in London in 1802. In our community life we do not yet know exactly how to take one another. Inside the sacred pale, or out, we none of us understand very clearly conditions which still to us are new. The new powers we all see and appreciate, the limitations we know very little about, and the perils, particularly to the man himself, we know less.

The millionaire is generally in business, always in a corporation, and usually in a trust. See what has happened. The State in creating the corporation has at once hidden from sight the men who compose it. The company alone is in evidence. It conducts the business, it deals with the public, it has relations with employees, it appears in court, and has agents in the legislature. Meanwhile our millionaire friend and his associates are discharged of all individual responsibility, at least so far as the business is concerned. They are put in the way of becoming very rich, often are made so at once; for the new conditions created by the act of incorporation often give to existing powers a new scope of widely enriching possibilities. These men find themselves immensely stimulated; they can do so much more business; they have become "captains of industry," and "magnates;" they are in demand as "directors;" and all the time they have the new consciousness that while their personality, their opinions, their will, their presence, never counted for so much as now, their individual responsibility has disappeared. Outside their own board of directors, and often within it, they have an entirely free hand.

Then the new temptation begins. There is sure to be some man on the board more ambitious, greedier, less scrupulous than the rest. He presses schemes. The company has its counsel who must commend himself by the skill with which he shows how these schemes can be carried through, and kept within the law, or what legislation is necessary to make them practicable. The lawyer's opinion becomes largely the decisive

judgment of the board. Why should the native compunctions of our millionaire be assertive? It will be the board's action, not his. He is not the company, indeed in the affairs of the company he does not exist individually; at most he is but an officer and a stockholder; and under the general law as it now is, at least in New York, the stockholders have practically surrendered all power when they have created a board of directors.

What follows is natural, if not inevitable. The company finds, perhaps, most profitable business in connection with some egregious public corruption, or even some widespread and flagrant vice, as in the case of the Western Union and the pool rooms. It is in the regular course of business; it is immensely profitable; no one challenges it. What more natural than that even a board of gentlemen of the highest respectability and the most unquestioned character should be oblivious? In time, when because of some incidental publicity public opinion is centred upon it and they are individually challenged, their sluggish consciences are awakened and spurred to action. The prompt and specious and pitiful pleas put forth by their administrative officers are the already worn and ill-smelling phrases with which they have been accustomed to argue with themselves, or to meet feeble demurring within the privacy of the executive offices. The vigor of public denunciation now arouses the men of strongest conscience within the board, and before long official action follows. Happily, there generally are men of conscience, and through them public opinion wins the victories which keep it alive.

Who of us would do right if it were not for the support of the law, and the sharp repressive function of penalty and public opprobrium? These men are simply human. The point to be observed is that in the normal circumstances of their present business life they are in an abnormal situation. Conscience is by no means dead; it is suppressed. The man believes himself still righteous, but he shares the

profits of unrighteousness. I know one elderly gentleman who insisted that "the boys" should not tell him what was to be done with the money for which he drew his cheque for his share in a shady transaction which he much desired to go through.

Of course all consciences cannot be put to sleep. The business world as a whole was probably never more honest than it is to-day, and, within certain lines at least, never more scrupulously trustworthy. The important fact is that we have created conditions of strong soporific tendency even for honest consciences. Doubtless many are strong enough to withstand them, and now and then a disturbed man breaks out; but Americans can endure almost any one better than a man who "makes a fuss." The president of the telephone company in a distant city, discussing business morals with me a while ago, said that he had had to protest to his board that he should resign if a proposition was approved to pay \$30,000 to obtain some municipal privileges which the company wanted to secure, and which were perfectly proper, but for which they were to be held up. The board was not to know who got the money or how it was managed. I asked him how it turned out. His only reply was a smile and the remark, "I am not president now."

But even when there is no direct challenge to wrong-doing, see how our friend is placed with his new corporation. At the outset there is the question of the capitalization. "Good-will" is to be expressed in dollars; "economies" are to be determined in advance and "written down in the bond;" above all, exemption from competition becomes a valuable asset, and increase of business is sure; manifestly the present appraised value of the business, or plants, or constituent companies, has no relation to the face value of the securities that in one form and another are to be issued. Their number depends upon the "nerve" of the promoters, or the preparedness of the public to di-

gest them. A recently organized industrial trust embraced twenty-four mills, on which an average valuation of \$500,000 would have been wildly extravagant, and promptly issued forty-one millions of securities of various kinds. The United States Ship-Building Company organized with three thousand dollars subscribed capital, and in a few months issued \$69,500,000 of securities. These covered various properties which, apart from the Bethlehem Steel Company, for which \$7,246,871 in cash and five millions in stock were paid, were appraised soon after by competent men at \$12,441,518.

Of course, what appears an excessive watering of stock may in exceptional cases be justified by the actual earning capacity of the business. In one trust organized some time ago with twenty millions of stock and a large amount of bonds, to represent a business that had stood at about seven millions of dollars, the chief owner took as his share the entire issue of stock and no bonds, so assured was he of the real value. But the temptation to stretch capitalization to all that the public will buy, when one is juggling with millions, at the cost of no further effort than guiding a pen, is so novel that, even with old heads and well-trying consciences, it has to be reckoned with. "Bicycle" and "Asphalt" and a host of others will not soon be forgotten. United States Steel stands now at fourteen hundred millions, a sum approximately one half larger than the entire indebtedness of the United States government.

When the securities are issued they become a snare to a multitude of very respectable people, including other millionaires. Enormous commissions, written also in millions, can be well afforded as pay for their distribution. The courts have just sustained a claim for one million dollars against the president of the company that managed the deal in a seven-million-dollar transaction, based on the promise of the president to pay that amount to an agent he employed, out of the commission he received. The great

underwriters take the securities in block, and undoubtedly incur risks for which large compensation is due; but the whole financial machinery of the country is employed in marketing them. Quiet investors have everywhere to be informed of the new opportunity to get higher rates for their money. Thousands of old-fashioned conservative securities are brought out and exchanged for the new and much advertised creations, sometimes, perhaps, to the advantage of the investors, but very often sadly to their ruinous loss. Doubtless there are bank officers who will advise wisely even when large commissions are involved, just as there may be life insurance agents who give candid counsel concerning change of policies; but the important fact is that under present conditions wherever these securities go they carry the trail of the serpent with them. They are a measure of the effect, if not of the nature, of our millionaire's temptation.

"Get out of my office! You are getting too d——d near my price," was the final reply of a congressman who was being approached in Washington with a steadily advancing bid for his services. We none of us know just what is "our price" until we are tried; and this deluge of watered securities is washing out the underpinning of not a few. How sensitive careful investors are to such influence is illustrated in a recent instance. An elderly gentleman, meeting on the street a friend of large wealth, asked him what securities he would advise for a small investment he had to make. He received his answer, and, going to his broker, gave his order. When the securities were handed to him the next day, he noticed that they were endorsed for transfer by the man who had advised their purchase. Instantly he passed them back to the broker with orders to sell. His quick apprehension detected a personal interest in the advice, which, however justified it might be in itself, was for him at once vitiated and untrustworthy. Unfortunately, the small investor is not in a position to detect the

real situation, and there are many sorrowful tales to-day all over the land.

Furthermore, there is the temptation that comes to our friend the millionaire in the simple possession of unlimited power. Competitors are not easily disposed of. Some are so unreasonable as not to be willing either to come in, or to sell out. They have to be fought, and, it may be, crushed. They must be put out of the way; the interests at stake are too large to be jeopardized. Legislatures must be dealt with; courts must be approached; paths must be cleared that are often willfully encumbered. Then reports are to be issued and dividends determined, on the basis of which the stock market rises and falls. One large industrial company, I am credibly informed, after recently letting its annual report stand six months or more, issued a correction to the extent of an "error" of \$800,000, on the news of which its stock fell sixty points; and its president is openly accused of having unloaded at the higher price to buy back at the lower.

Investigations are threatened, and must be checked; too inquisitive reporters are to be shut up, and too loquacious newspapers silenced. What wonder that our friend has his hands full, if not in caring for himself, then in protecting his friends. He cannot be too scrupulous in regard to the methods of his agents. He may have to send a man to Europe; how can he tell what he is doing there, or with what sort of men he is dealing? Imagine it being written of him under such conditions, though

tempted still

To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows.
Who, if he rise to station or command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire:
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim:
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth or honors, or for worldly state.

A quiet citizen of my acquaintance recently found himself shadowed by a detective. He said nothing, but employed another detective agency to shadow the shadow. He quickly learned that the detective was reporting daily at the office of a great corporation which was seeking to call off an investigation that was threatened, and with which he was known to be connected.

These men cannot be happy. They are constantly at swords' points with one another. The country watches the battle royal over a "merger," or a voting trust, or a pool, and then turns to other things; but the personal relations involved are far from those of the Kingdom of Heaven. Men in a group, however select, cannot be comfortable when all are carrying knives for one another.

The rich men are often the great benefactors; many of them are the finest flower of our modern life; there are some of whom the country may well be proud; but as a class they represent a constant peril to character. The lawyer becomes the servant of the great corporation; the doctor cultivates his rich patients; the shopkeeper is obsequious to his rich customer; the rich man bows before the richer one; the whole community is thoroughly conscious of this power of wealth, which is so new to us because it is now so widely extended and so vast.

Sir Henry Maine some time ago announced the law that the movement of human society is "from *status* to contract;" that is, that during a long period there has been an advance from fixed conditions to freer ones. But writing more recently, Herbert Spencer shows that conditions have changed. While the old coercive arrangements of human society have relaxed, new coercive arrangements are being unobtrusively established. The steady development of the machinery of society, in the State and in business, is working a reversal of the process that Sir Henry Maine observed. The immense development of all forms of public administration, with its growingsystem

of industries carried on under state regulation or control, coupled with the vast array of business of all kinds organized into great corporations in which individual responsibility disappears and unseen hands direct, is working a corresponding subordination of the citizen; a new tyranny, which, he says, will "eventually lead to new resistances and new emancipations." As yet we are only noting the change; society has still to deal with the outcome. "Human nature," says Spencer, "must be much better than it is at present, before a higher civilization can be established."

But, after all, the chief danger from wealth is to the possessor. The old word as to the difficulty of the rich man's entering the Kingdom of Heaven still stands. The millionaire is himself the man whose sensibilities are dulled, whose heart is most exposed to corrosion. He is compelled to live in a world of his own, where standards are artificial, ideals are low, restraints are few and feebly applied, conventionalities control, and truth is rarely spoken to his ears. He knows little of the discipline of the man

"Who, long compelled in humble walks to go, Was softened into feeling soothed and tamed." Consequently it can seldom be written of him:—

"Nor did he change, but kept in lofty place The wisdom which adversity had bred."

It is a daily wonder if his children turn out well. They have none of the advantages of ordinary boys and girls in the discipline or even the common intercourse of life, and few of the incentives; they are a class by themselves, courted for their money and dreaded for their influence, as to-day in our schools and colleges; and when the son of a millionaire makes a man of himself, or a daughter turns out to be a gracious, unselfish, and lovable woman, a wife to gladden the heart of a man, how universal is the comment!

On the whole, our millionaire friend is not so much to be envied as he is to be better understood. Then he will be happier, and the community more at peace.

MISS GAYLORD AND JENNY

BY ARLO BATES

WHEN Alice Gaylord was, by the death of her grandmother, set free from the long servitude of attending upon the invalid, it might have seemed that nothing need hinder the fulfilling of her protracted engagement to Dr. Carroll. The friends of both the young people expressed, in decorous fashion, their satisfaction that old Mrs. Gaylord, ninety and bedridden, should at last have been released, and it was entirely well understood that what they meant was to signify their pleasure at the ending of Alice's tedious waiting. Some doubt in regard to the girl's health, however, still clouded the prospect. Long care and confinement had told on her; and when a decent interval had passed after the death, and the wedding did not take place, people began to say that it was such a pity that Alice was not well enough to be married.

Dr. Carroll was thinking of her health as one gloomy November afternoon he walked down West Cedar Street to the house where Gaylords had dwelt from the time when West Cedar Street began its decorous existence, and where Alice declared she had herself lived for generations. He glanced up at the narrow strip of sky like gray flannel overhead, around at the dwellings like a row of proper spinsters ranged on either side of the way, and at the Gaylord house itself, a brick and glass epitome of old Boston respectability. He reflected impatiently that of course Alice could be no better until he got her out of an atmosphere so depressing. Then he remembered that he had always liked West Cedar Street, and he began to wonder whether he were not getting so morbid over Alice that some other physician should be called in.

He had long been baffled by being unable to discover anything wrong, beyond the fact that the girl was worn out with the

strain of ministering to an imperious and exacting invalid. She was nervously exhausted; and he said to himself for the hundredth time that rest was the only thing needed. A few months would set everything right. The difficulty was that time had thus far not come up to what was expected of it. Carroll was forced to acknowledge that, in spite of tonics and rest, Alice was really not much better, and he had come almost to feel that the real cause of her languor and weakness was involved in teasing mystery.

The prim white door, with its fan-light overhead and the discreetly veiled side-windows fantastically leaded, was opened by Abby, a sort of housekeeper, who had the air of being coeval with the house, if not with Boston itself. George always smiled inwardly at the look with which he was received by this primeval damsel, a look of virginal primness at the idea of allowing in the house a man who was professedly a suitor, and he declared to Alice that he was still, after long experience, a little afraid of Abby's regard. To-day her customary look vanished quickly to give place to one more vivid and spontaneous. Abby put up a lean finger, mysteriously enjoining silence, and spoke instantly in a sibilant whisper.

"Will you please come in here, sir, before you go upstairs?" she said.

She waved her thin hand toward the little reception room, and the doctor, in mild wonderment, obeyed the gesture, and entered. Abby closed the door softly, and came toward him with an air of concern.

"I must tell you, sir," the old servant said in a half-voice. "A queer thing's come."

"A queer thing's come," he repeated, leaning against the mantel. "Come from where?"

"It's come, sir," repeated Abby, a certain relish of her mystery seeming to his ear to impart an unctuous flavor to her tone. "It's just come. Nobody knows where things come from, I guess."

"Oh, you mean something's happened?"

"Yes, sir; that's what I said."

"But what is it?"

"I don't know, sir; but it's queer."

He looked at her wrinkled old face, where now the mouth was drawn in as if she had pulled up her lips with puckering-strings lest some secret escape. He smiled at her important manner, and, leaning his elbow on the mantel, prepared for the slow process of getting at what the woman really meant. It proved in the event less laborious than usual, and he reflected that the directness with which Abby gave her information was sufficient indication of the seriousness with which she regarded it.

"Miss Alice ain't right, sir. She does what she don't know."

"What do you mean?" he demanded, really startled.

"She wrote a letter to you last night, and then instead of mailing it she cut it all up into teenty tonty pieces, postage stamp and all; and then said she did n't know who did it."

Carroll stared at the woman. Whimsies and mysteries were alike so foreign to Alice that his first and natural thought was that Abby had lost her mind.

"It's true, sir, every word," Abby insisted, answering his unspoken incredulity. "She did just's I say."

"If she said she did n't know who did it," the young man said sharply, "she did n't know."

"Of course she did n't know. That's what's queer."

"But she could n't have done it herself."

"Oh, but I saw her doing it, sir, and I wondered what was the matter with the letter, only I did n't notice the postage stamp, or I'd have spoken."

Carroll knew that Abby was as well

aware as was he of Alice's invincible truthfulness, and that he had not to reckon with any unfounded suspicion of deceit. If Alice had said she did not know who destroyed the letter, then it was evident that she had done it unconsciously and in some condition which needed to be inquired into. He leaned back against the mantel, and, playing absently with the dangling prisms which hung above a brazen pair of pastoral lovers on the old-fashioned candelabra, he heard Abby's story in full. Miss Gaylord had said to the servant that she was about to write the letter, and that it must be posted that evening. Going to the parlor after the note, Abby had seen her mistress cut it to pieces. The maid withdrew, supposing that for some reason the note needed re-writing; but on returning some time later she had been met by the declaration that it was on the table. As it was not there, her mistress had joined in searching for it, but nothing could be found save the fragments in the wastebasket. Miss Gaylord had insisted that she had not cut it, and that she was entirely ignorant of how the damage had occurred.

Dr. Carroll was puzzled and troubled, nor was he less so when Alice had given him her account. She did this unsolicited, and with evident frankness.

"I suppose, George," she said, "it's absent-mindedness; but if I have got so far that I don't know what I'm doing, I'd better be shut up for a lunatic at once."

"Has anything of the sort ever happened before?" he asked.

"I am not sure," was her answer; "but sometimes I've found things done that I could not remember doing; my clothes put in queer places, and that sort of thing, you know. I never really thought much about it before. You don't think" —

He could see that she was seriously troubled, and he set himself to dissipate her concern.

"I think you are tired, and so you may be a little absent-minded; but I certainly do not think it's worth making any fuss

about. You and Abby will have a theory of demoniacal possession soon, to account for a mere slip of memory."

He did not leave her until it seemed to him that she no longer regarded the incident seriously; but in his own mind he was by no means at ease. At the earliest moment possible he went to consult with a fellow physician who was a specialist in disorders of the nerves, and to him he told the whole case as accurately as he was able. The specialist put some questions, and in the end asked:—

"Has she ever been hypnotized?"

"I'm sure she never has," Carroll answered. "She might easily be a subject, I should think. She's naturally nervous, and just now she is run down and unstrung."

"It seems like a case of self-hypnotism," the other said. "Sometimes, you know, patients unconsciously hypnotize themselves or get hypnotized without having any idea of it."

"But would n't she know it afterward?"

"Oh no; the second personality generally knows all about the first" —

"You mean," interrupted Carroll, "that the normal person is the first and the hypnotized is the second?"

"Yes. The personality that comes to the surface in hypnotism, the subliminal self, knows all about the normal person, but the normal person has no idea of the existence of the secondary, the subliminal personality."

"It's so cheerful to think of yourself as a sort of nest of boxes," Carroll commented grimly, "one personality inside of the other, and you only knowing about the outside box."

"Or you *being* only the outside box, perhaps," the specialist responded with a smile. "Well, what we don't know would fill rather a good-sized book."

The suggestion of hypnotism remained in Carroll's mind, and it was not many days before he had a sufficiently plain but altogether disagreeable confirmation of the specialist's theory. He was with

Alice in the old drawing-room, a place of quaint primness, with fine, staid Copley portraits, and an air of self-respecting propriety utterly at variance with psychological mysteries. He stood gazing out of the window, while Alice moved about the room looking for a book of which they had been speaking, and his eye was caught by a sparkling point of light on the sunlit wall of the house opposite. He made some casual remark in regard to it, and Alice came to look over his shoulder.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It must be a grain of sand in the mortar, I suppose," he answered. "It is making a tremendous effect for such a little thing."

She did not answer for an instant. Then she burst into a laugh which to him sounded strange and unpleasant, and clapped her hands.

"Well, I've come," she said joyously.

He wheeled quickly toward her. Her face seemed to have undergone a change, slight yet extraordinary. She was laughing with a glee that was not without a suspicion of malice, and she met his look with a boldness so different from the usual regard of Alice as to seem almost brazen. He could see that his evident bewilderment amused her greatly. A mischievous twinkle lighted her glance.

"Oh, of course you think I'm she; but I'm not. I'm a good deal nicer. She's a tiresome old thing, anyway. You'd like me a great deal better."

Carroll was entirely too confused to speak, but he was a physician, and could not help reflecting instantly upon the cause of this strange metamorphosis. He naturally thought of hypnotism, and he came in a second thought to realize that Alice had with amazing rapidity been sent into a hypnotic condition by looking for an instant at the glittering point on the wall of the house across the street. What the result might be, or what the words she spoke meant, he could not even conjecture.

"Don't stare at me so," the girl went on. "I'm Jenny."

"Oh," he repeated confusedly, "you're Jenny?"

"Yes; I'm Jenny, and I'm worth six of that silly Alice you're engaged to."

He took her lightly by the shoulders and looked at her, quite as much for the sake of steadying his own nerves as from any expectation of learning anything by examination. Her eyes shone with an unwonted brightness, and seemed to him to gleam with an archness of which Alice would not have been capable. The cheeks were flushed, not feverishly, but healthily, and the girl had lost completely the appearance of exhaustion which had troubled him so long. The head was carried with a new erectness, and as he regarded her she tossed it saucily.

"You may look at me as much as you like," she said gayly. "I can stand it. Don't you think I am better looking than she is?"

He was convinced that Alice could not know what she was saying, yet he involuntarily cried out:—

"Don't, Alice! I don't like it!"

She pouted her lips, lips which to his excited fancy seemed to have grown redder and fuller than he had ever seen them, and she made a droll little grimace.

"I'm not Alice, I tell you. Kiss me."

In all their long engagement Alice had never asked him for a caress, and the request hurt him now as something unwomanly. Instead of complying, he dropped his hands and turned away. She laughed shrilly.

"Oh, you won't kiss me? I thought it was polite to do what a lady asked! Well, if you won't now, you will some time. You'll want to when you know me better."

She moved away, but he caught her by the arm.

"Stop!" he ordered her with all the determination he could put into the word. "Wake up, Alice! Be done with this fooling!"

The bright face grew anxious and the pouting lips beseeching.

"Don't send me away! I'll be good! Don't make her come back!"

"Alice," he repeated, clasping her arm firmly, "wake up!"

"You hurt me!" she cried half-whinily. "You hurt me! I'll go."

The wild brightness faded from the eyes, a change too subtle to be defined seemed to come over the whole figure, the old tired expression spread like mist over the face, and the familiar Alice stood there, passing her hand over her eyes.

"What is the matter?" she asked in a startled way. "Did I faint?"

He was conscious that his look must have alarmed her, and he made a desperate effort to speak easily and naturally.

"I guess you came mighty near it," he answered, as naturally as he could. "It's all right now."

For some days nothing unusual happened, so far as Carroll knew. He watched Alice closely, and he plunged into all the literature on the subject of hypnotism upon which he could lay hands. He was not sure that at the end of a week's hard reading he was much clearer than at the beginning, although he had at least accumulated a fine assortment of terms in the nomenclature of animal magnetism. He cautiously questioned Abby, and learned that for some time Alice had been subject to what the old servant called "notional spells when she were n't herself." His friend the specialist was greatly interested in all that Dr. Carroll could tell him about the case.

"It is evidently a subliminal self coming to the surface," he pronounced. "I've seen cases somewhat similar, but only one where the patient was not hypnotized by somebody else."

"But what can I do about it?" George demanded. "I don't want any subliminal selves floating about. I want the girl I know."

"Build up her general health," the other advised. "You say she's run down and used up with taking care of her grandmother. Get her rested. That's the only thing I can say. She is n't really ill, is she?"

"God knows what you call it," was Carroll's response. "She can't be called well when she goes off the way she did the other day. I tell you it was frightful, simply frightful!"

The days went on, and once more George had the uncanny experience of a chat with Jenny. Alice had been looking over some of her grandmother's belongings, and when he called came down to him with a necklace of rhinestones dangling and sliding through her fingers.

"See," she accosted him, in the buoyant manner he remembered only too vividly, "is n't this gay? I should wear it, only I'm in her clothes, and she won't wear anything but poky black."

Carroll tried to steady his nerves against the sudden shock.

"Of course you wear black, Alice," he said. "It is only six months since your grandmother died."

She made him a merry, mocking grimace.

"Now don't pretend you don't know I'm Jenny," she retorted. "I saw you knew me the minute you heard me speak. Alice! Pooh! She'd have come into the room this way."

She darted to the door, and turned back to advance with her face pulled down and her eyelids dropped.

"How do you do, dear?" she greeted him, with a burlesque of Alice's manner so droll that he laughed in spite of himself.

Jenny herself burst into a shout of merriment and whirled about in a pirouette, swinging the sparkling chain around her head.

"Is n't it fun?" she exclaimed, pausing before him with her head on one side; "she can't even look at a bright thing half a minute but off she goes, and here I am. Before I go this time I'm going to stick up every shiny thing I can find where she'll see it."

Carroll had a sickening sensation as if the girl he loved had gone mad before his very eyes; yet so completely did she appear like a stranger that the feeling faded as soon as it arose. This was cer-

tainly no Alice that he knew. He could not speak to her as his friend and betrothed, although it was equally impossible to address her as a stranger. He was too completely baffled and confused to be able to determine on any line of action, and she stood smiling at him as if she were entirely conscious of what was passing in his troubled brain.

"Did you know I cut up her letter?" Jenny demanded, with a smile apparently called up by the remembrance.

"Yes," he answered, exactly as if the question had been put by a third person.

"It was an awfully foolish letter," the girl went on. "I won't have her writing like that to you. You've got to belong to me."

He had neither the time nor the coolness to realize his emotions, but he accepted for the moment the assumption of the individuality of Jenny.

"You are nothing to me," he said. "I am engaged to Alice."

"Oh, that's all right. I know that. I know all about her; lots more than you do. But I tell you, you'd a great deal better take me. I'm just as much the girl you're engaged to as she is."

He looked at her darkly and with trouble in his eyes.

"Where is Alice?" he asked.

"Oh, she's all right. She's somewhere. Asleep, I think likely. I don't want to talk about her. I never liked her."

"Talk about yourself, then. Where are you when Alice is here?"

"Oh, that's stupid. I'd rather talk about what we'll do when we are married. Shall we go abroad right off?"

"It will be time enough to talk about that when there's any prospect of our being married."

"You would n't kiss me the other day," Jenny said, looping the necklace about his throat and bending forward so that her face was close to his.

A feeling of anger so strong that it was almost brutal came over him. He tore the necklace out of her hands and threw it across the room. Then as on the pre-

vicious occasion he caught the girl by the wrists.

"Go away!" he commanded. "Let Alice come back!"

"Oh, you hurt me!" she cried. "I can't bear to be hurt! Let me go!"

He tightened his grasp.

"If you don't go, I'll really hurt. I won't have you fooling with Alice like this."

Her glance wavered on his; then the eyelids drooped; and he loosened his hold with the consciousness that Alice had come back.

"Why, George," she said in her natural voice; "I didn't know you were here."

He took her in his arms with a feeling as near to the hysterical as he was capable of, and then instantly devoted himself to dissipating the anxiety which his obvious agitation aroused in her.

As time went on the appearances of Jenny became more frequent. The fact that this secondary personality had once been in control of the body which it shared with Alice seemed to make its reappearance more easy. Alice evidently became more susceptible to whatever conditions produced this strange possession. It was clear to Carroll that each time the elfish Jenny succeeded in gaining possession of consciousness, — for so he put it to himself, entirely realizing what a confusing paradox the phrase implied, — she became stronger and better able to assert herself. He grew more and more disturbed, but he was also more and more completely baffled. Sometimes the matter presented itself to his professional mind as a medical case of absorbing interest; sometimes it appealed to him as a freak of gigantic irony on the part of fate; and yet again he was swept away by love or by passionate pity and sorrow for Alice. He felt that, all unconscious of her peril, — for she knew nothing of her mysterious double, — she was being robbed of her very personality.

Most curious of all was his feeling toward Jenny, who had come in his mind

to represent an individual as tangible, as human, and as self-existent as Alice herself. He never allowed himself to encourage her presence, despite the fact that natural curiosity and professional interest might well make him eager to study her peculiarities. He insisted always upon her speedy departure from the body into which she had intruded herself — or so he doggedly insisted with himself — like an evil spirit. He had soon learned that her fear of physical pain was excessive; that, like the child that she often seemed, she could be managed best by dread of punishment; and he for a considerable time had been able to frighten her away by threats of hurting her. As the days went on, however, she began to laugh at his menaces, and he was obliged to resort to trifling physical force. The strong grasp on the wrists had sufficed at first, but it had to be increased as Jenny apparently decided that he would not dare to carry out his threats, and one day he found himself twisting the girl's arm backward in a determined effort to drive off this persistent ghoul-like presence. The idea of injuring Alice came over him so sickeningly that, had not his betrothed at that instant recovered her normal state, he felt that he must have abandoned the field. As it was, he was so unmannered that he could only plead a suddenly remembered professional engagement and get out of the house with the utmost possible speed.

There were other moods which were perhaps even worse. Now and again he was conscious of a strong attraction toward this laughing girl who defied him, looking at him with the eyes of Alice, but brimming them with merriment; who tempted him with Alice's lips, yet ripened them with warm blood and pouted them so bewitchingly; who walked toward him with the form of his betrothed, but swayed that body with a grace and an allurements of which Alice knew nothing. He felt in his nostrils a quiver of desire, and shame and self-scorn came in its wake. Not only did he feel that he had been false to Alice,

but by a painful and disconcerting paradox he felt that he was offering to her a degrading insult in being moved by what at least was her body, as he might have been moved by the sensual attractiveness of a light woman. Jenny was at once so distinct, so far removed from Alice, and yet so identified with her, that his emotions confounded themselves in baffling confusion. It was not only that he could not think logically about the matter, but he seemed also to have lost the directing influence of instinctive feeling. Jenny represented nothing ethical, nothing spiritual, not even anything moral. He was filled with disgust at himself for being moved by her, yet humanly his masculine nature could not but respond to her spell; and the impossibility of either separating this from his love for Alice or reconciling it with the respect he had for her left him in a state of mental confusion as painful as it seemed hopeless.

He became so troubled that it was inevitable Alice should notice his uneasiness, and he was not in the least surprised when one evening she said to him, —

“George, what is the matter? Are you worrying about me?”

He had prepared himself over and over to answer such a question, but now he only hesitated and stumbled.

“Why, — what makes you think anything is the matter?”

“I know there is; and I’m sure it’s my fainting spells.”

She had come to speak of her seizures by this term, and George had accepted it, secretly glad that she had no idea worse than that of loss of consciousness.

“Why, of course I am troubled, so long as you are not well, but” —

“You don’t like to tell me what is the matter,” she went on calmly, but with an earnestness which showed she had thought long on the matter. “I dare say I should n’t be any better for knowing, and I can trust you; but I know you are worrying, and it troubles me.”

His resolution was taken at once.

“See here, Alice,” he said, “the truth

is that you need to get away from Boston and have an entire change of scene and climate. You used to be a good sailor, and a sea voyage will set you up. I’m going to marry you next week and take you to Italy.”

“Why, George, you can’t!”

“I shall.”

“Even if I were well, I could n’t be ready.”

“Who cares? As to being well, you are going so you may get well. When I order patients to go away for their health, I expect them to go.”

She became serious and looked at him with eyes of infinite sadness.

“Dear George,” she said, “I can’t marry you just to be a patient. You must n’t go through life encumbered by an invalid wife.”

“I’ve no notion of doing anything of the kind,” he responded brightly. “It would be too poor an advertisement, and that’s the reason I insist on taking you abroad. What day do you choose, Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday? We sail Saturday.”

He would listen to no objections, but got Thursday fixed for the wedding, and pushed forward rapidly his preparations for going abroad. He enlisted the coöperation of a cousin of Alice, an efficient lady accustomed to carry everything before her, and, as Abby warmly approved of his decision, he felt that Alice would be ready. He saw Alice but briefly until Sunday evening, when he found her in a state of much agitation.

“I am really out of my mind,” she said.

“What do you think I have done?”

“I don’t care, if you have n’t changed your mind about Thursday.”

“I ought to change my mind. O George, I’ve no right” —

“That is settled,” he interrupted decisively. “What have you done that is so dreadful?”

She produced a waist of dove-colored silk. “Of course I could n’t be married in black, you know, and this was to be my dress. See here.”

The front of the waist was cut and slashed from top to bottom.

"I must have done it some time to-day. O George, it's dreadful!"

For the first time in all the long, hard trial of their protracted engagement, she broke down and cried bitterly. He took her in his arms and soothed her. He told her he knew all about it, and that she was going to be entirely well; that he asked only that she would not worry but would trust to him that she would come safely and happily out of all this trouble and mystery. She yielded to his persuasions, and, indeed, it was evident that she had hardly strength to resist him, even had she not believed. She rested quietly on his shoulder and let him drift into a description of the route he had laid out, and in her interest she seemed to forget her trouble.

Before he left, she asked him what she could tell the dressmaker, who would suspect if she was given no reason for being called upon to make a new waist. He took the injured garment, went to the writing-table, and splashed ink on the cut portions.

"You showed it to me," he said gayly, "and I was so incredibly clumsy as to spill ink on it. Men are so stupid."

She laughed, and he went away feeling that he could gladly have throttled Jenny, could he but succeed in getting her in some other body than that belonging to his betrothed. If he was irritated by this experience, however, he had one to meet later which tried him still more. Abby, on letting him into the house on Tuesday, once more led him mysteriously into the reception room.

"Miss Alice's been writing to herself, sir."

She held toward him a sealed and stamped envelope addressed to Alice. He took it half mechanically, and as he wondered how he was to circumvent this new trick of the maliciously ingenious Jenny, he noted that the handwriting was strangely different from Alice's usual style.

"Did she give you this to post?" he asked.

"It was with the other letters, and I noticed it and did n't mail it."

"I'll take it," he said. "You did perfectly right."

He wondered whether the prescience of Jenny would enable her to discover that he had destroyed her note to Alice; then he smiled to realize how he was coming to think of her as almost a supernatural demon, and reflected that nothing could be easier than for her to leave a paper where Alice must find it. A couple of days later he found his thought verified when Alice said to him,—

"George, who is Jenny?"

As she spoke she put into his hand an unsigned note which said only, "George loves Jenny." The instant which was necessarily taken for its examination gave him a chance to steady himself.

"You wrote it yourself," he said quietly. "Don't you recognize your paper and your writing? It's a little strange, but sleep-writing always is."

"Then I am a somnambulist!" she exclaimed, with flushing cheek.

"There is nothing dreadful in that," he replied. "You have promised to trust me about your health. I know all about it, and if you write yourself forty notes, you are not to bother."

She sighed, and then bravely smiled.

"I'll try not to worry," she told him; "but I am a coward not to send you away. I wonder why I should have chosen Jenny as the name of your beloved."

"I'm sure I don't know; it's an ugly name enough," he responded, with a quick thought that he hoped Jenny could hear. "At any rate, I tell you with my whole heart that you are the only woman in the world for me."

He did not see Jenny again until the evening before his marriage. He fancied she was avoiding him, especially as once Alice sent down word that she was too busy to see him. He received, however, a note on Wednesday. The hand, so like that of Alice and yet so unmistakably

different, affected him most unpleasantly, nor was he made more at ease by the contents.

"You think you got ahead of me by telling Alice she was a sleep-walker, did n't you! Well, I don't care, for I'm going to get rid of her for always when we are married. I did n't mean to be married in that nasty old gray dress, and I won't be, either. You see if I am. You are very unkind to me. You might remember that I'm a great deal fonder of you than she is, because I've got real feeling and she's a kind of graven image. You'll love your little wifie Jenny very dearly."

Dr. Carroll began to feel as if his own brain were whirling. He could not reply to the note, since he could hardly address a letter to Jenny somewhere inside the personality of Alice. He realized that a strain such as this would soon so tell on him that he would be unfit to care for Alice, and he made up his mind that the time had come for the strongest measures. To tell what the strongest measures were, however, was a problem which occupied him for the rest of the day, and about which he consulted the specialist. Even when, that evening, he walked down West Cedar Street, he could hardly be sure that he would carry out his plan. He was told at the door by Abby that Miss Alice had given strict orders against his being admitted.

"When did she do that?" he inquired.

"This forenoon, sir, when she gave me that note to send to you. She was queer, sir. She had a cab and went down town shopping, and came back with a big box. Then she had a nap, and to-night she's all right."

"I'll go up, Abby. It is necessary for me to see her."

As he came into the drawing-room Alice sprang up to meet him.

"I began to be afraid you would n't come," she said. "I've been queer to-day, I know; and there's a dressmaker's box in my room I never saw, and it's marked not to be opened till to-morrow. O George, I am so frightened and miser-

able. I know I ought to send you away, and not let you marry me."

"Send me away, by all means, if it will make you feel any better. I shan't go. Sit down in this chair; I want to show you something."

She took the seat he indicated. He trimmed the fire and left the poker in the coals. Then from his pocket he took a ball of silvered glass as large as an orange, and began to toss it in his hands. She stared at it in silence for half a minute. Then the unmistakable laugh of Jenny rang out.

"So you really wanted to see me, did you?" she cried. "I knew you would some time."

"Yes," was his reply. "You may be sure I wanted to see you pretty badly before I'd take the risk of doing something that may be bad for Alice."

"Oh, it's still Alice, is it?" Jenny responded, pouting. "I hoped you'd got more sense by this time. Honest, now," she continued, leaning forward persuasively, "don't you think you'd like me best? The trouble is, you think you're tied to her, and you don't dare do what you want to. I'd hate to be such a coward!"

He looked at the beautiful creature bending toward him, and he could not but acknowledge in his heart that she was physically more attractive than Alice, that she stirred in him a fever of the blood which he had never known when with the other. All the attraction which had drawn him to Alice was here, save for certain spiritual qualities, and added was a new charm which he felt keenly. He could not define to himself clearly, moreover, what right or ground he had for objecting to this form of the personality of his betrothed, to this potential Alice, who in certain ways moved him more than the Alice he had known so long. He had only a dogged instinct to guide him, an unescapable inner conviction that the normal consciousness of the girl had inalienable rights which manhood and honor called upon him to defend. In part this was the feeling natural to a physician, but more it was the

Puritan loyalty to an idea of justice. The more he felt himself stirred by the fascination of Jenny, the more strongly his sense of right urged him to end, if possible, this frightful possession forever. Both for himself and for Alice, he was resolute now to go to any extreme.

"You are at liberty to put it any way you please," he responded to her taunt, with grave courtesy. "I called you to tell you that I am going to marry Alice tomorrow, and that I will not have her personality interfered with any more."

"Oh, you won't? How are you going to help it?"

He looked at her eyes sparkling with mischievous defiance, at her red lips pouted in saucy insolence, and he wavered. Then in the instant revulsion from this weakness he turned to the fire and took from the coals the glowing poker.

"That is how I mean to help it," he said.

She shrank and turned pale; but she did not yield.

"You can't fool me like that," she said. "You would n't really hurt the body of that precious Alice of yours. You can't burn me without her being burned too."

"She had better be burned than to be under the control of a little devil like you."

For the moment they faced each other, and then her glance dropped. She fell on her knees with a bitter cry, and held up to him her clasped hands.

"Oh, why can't you let me stay!" she half sobbed. "Why won't you give me a chance? You don't know how good I'll be! I'll do every single thing you want me to. I know all your ways as well as she does, and I'll make you happy. Why should n't I have as much right to live as she?"

The wail of her pleading almost unmanned him. He felt instinctively that his only chance of carrying through his plan was to refuse to listen. The thought surged into his mind that perhaps she had as much claim to consciousness as Alice; he seemed to be murdering this strange

creature kneeling to him with streaming eyes and quivering mouth. He had to turn away so as not to see her.

"I will not listen to you," he said doggedly. "I will not have you trouble Alice. As sure as there's a God in heaven, if you come back again when I am with her, I'll burn you with a hot iron; and I mean to watch her all the time after we are married."

"If you married me, you'd have to help me against her," Jenny said, apparently as much to herself as to him.

He made no other answer than to bring the heated iron so near to her cheek that she must have felt its glow. She threw back her head with a cry of fear. Then a look of defiance came over the face, and the red lips took a mocking curve; but in the twinkle of an eye it was Alice who knelt on the rug before him.

The strain of this interview, with the after-necessity of reassuring Alice, left Carroll in a condition little conducive to sleep. All night he revolved in his head the circumstances of this strange case, comforting himself as well as he was able with the hope that at last he had frightened Jenny away for good. He reflected on the scriptural stories of demoniacal possession, and wondered whether hypnotism might not have played some part in them; he speculated on the future, and now and then found himself wondering what would have come of his choosing Jenny instead of Alice. A haggard bridegroom he looked when Abby opened the door to him the next forenoon, and he grew yet paler when the old servant said to him with brief pathos,—

"She's queer again."

Carroll set his teeth savagely. He hardly returned the greetings of the few friends assembled in the drawing-room, but went at once to the fireplace, applied a match to the fire laid there, and thrust the poker between the bars of the grate. The clergyman came in, and in another moment the rustle of the bride's gown was heard from the stairs outside. Then, on the arm of a cousin of the Gaylords, appeared in the

doorway a figure in white. The sweat started on Carroll's forehead. He realized that Jenny was making one more desperate effort to marry him. He remembered her last words of the evening before, and saw that then she must have had this in mind. He looked her straight in the eyes, and then turned to the grate. As he stooped to grasp the poker the bride stopped, trembled, put her hand to the door-jamb as if for support. Then George, watching, put the iron down and advanced to Alice. What the assembled company might think of his stirring the

fire at that moment he did not care. He felt that he had triumphed; and at least it was Alice and not Jenny whom he married.

So far as Carroll can determine, Jenny never again intruded upon Alice's personality. Renewed health, varied interests, and the ever watchful affection of her husband gave Mrs. Carroll self-poise and fixed her in a normal state. But there is a little daughter, and now and then the father catches his breath, so startlingly into her face and into her manner comes a likeness to Jenny.

REMARKS AT THE PEACE BANQUET¹

BY WILLIAM JAMES

I AM only a philosopher, and there is only one thing that a philosopher can be relied on to do. You know that the function of statistics has been ingeniously described as being the refutation of other statistics. Well, a philosopher can always contradict other philosophers. In ancient times philosophers defined man as the rational animal; and philosophers since then have always found much more to say about the rational than about the animal part of the definition. But looked at candidly, reason bears about the same proportion to the rest of human nature that we in this hall bear to the rest of America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Polynesia. Reason is one of the very feeblest of Nature's forces, if you take it at any one spot and moment. It is only in the very long run that its effects become perceptible. Reason assumes to settle things by weighing them against one another without prejudice, partiality, or excitement; but what affairs in the concrete are settled by is and always will be just preju-

dices, partialities, cupidities, and excitements. Appealing to reason as we do, we are in a sort of a forlorn hope situation, like a small sand-bank in the midst of a hungry sea ready to wash it out of existence. But sand-banks grow when the conditions favor; and weak as reason is, it has the unique advantage over its antagonists that its activity never lets up and that it presses always in one direction, while men's prejudices vary, their passions ebb and flow, and their excitements are intermittent. Our sand-bank, I absolutely believe, is bound to grow, — bit by bit it will get dyked and breakwatered. But sitting as we do in this warm room, with music and lights and the flowing bowl and smiling faces, it is easy to get too sanguine about our task, and since I am called to speak, I feel as if it might not be out of place to say a word about the strength of our enemy.

Our permanent enemy is the noted bellicosity of human nature. Man, biologically considered, and whatever else he may be in the bargain, is simply the most formidable of all beasts of prey, and, indeed, the only one that preys systemati-

¹ This banquet was given in Boston on the closing day of the World's Peace Congress, October 7, 1904.

cally on its own species. We are once for all adapted to the military *status*. A millennium of peace would not breed the fighting disposition out of our bone and marrow, and a function so ingrained and vital will never consent to die without resistance, and will always find impassioned apologists and idealizers.

Not only men born to be soldiers, but non-combatants by trade and nature, historians in their studies, and clergymen in their pulpits, have been war's idealizers. They have talked of war as of God's court of justice. And, indeed, if we think how many things beside the frontiers of states the wars of history have decided, we must feel some respectful awe, in spite of all the horrors. Our actual civilization, good and bad alike, has had past wars for its determining condition. Great-mindedness among the tribes of men has always meant the will to prevail, and all the more so if prevailing included slaughtering and being slaughtered. Rome, Paris, England, Brandenburg, Piedmont, — soon, let us hope, Japan, — along with their arms have made their traits of character and habits of thought prevail among their conquered neighbors. The blessings we actually enjoy, such as they are, have grown up in the shadow of the wars of antiquity. The various ideals were backed by fighting wills, and where neither would give way, the God of battles had to be the arbiter. A shallow view, this, truly; for who can say what might have prevailed if man had ever been a reasoning and not a fighting animal? Like dead men, dead causes tell no tales, and the ideals that went under in the past, along with all the tribes that represented them, find to-day no recorder, no explainer, no defender.

But apart from theoretic defenders, and apart from every soldierly individual straining at the leash, and clamoring for opportunity, war has an omnipotent support in the form of our imagination. Man lives *by* habits, indeed, but what he lives *for* is thrills and excitements. The only relief from Habit's tediousness is periodi-

cal excitement. From time immemorial wars have been, especially for non-combatants, the supremely thrilling excitement. Heavy and dragging at its end, at its outset every war means an explosion of imaginative energy. The dams of routine burst, and boundless prospects open. The remotest spectators share the fascination. With that awful struggle now in progress on the confines of the world, there is not a man in this room, I suppose, who does not buy both an evening and a morning paper, and first of all pounce on the war column.

A deadly listlessness would come over most men's imagination of the future if they could seriously be brought to believe that never again in *saecula saeculorum* would a war trouble human history. In such a stagnant summer afternoon of a world, where would be the zest or interest?

This is the constitution of human nature which we have to work against. The plain truth is that people *want* war. They want it anyhow; for itself; and apart from each and every possible consequence. It is the final bouquet of life's fireworks. The born soldiers want it hot and actual. The non-combatants want it in the background, and always as an open possibility, to feed imagination on and keep excitement going. Its clerical and historical defenders fool themselves when they talk as they do about it. What moves them is not the blessings it has won for us, but a vague religious exaltation. War, they feel, is human nature at its uttermost. We are here to do our uttermost. It is a sacrament. Society would rot, they think, without the mystical blood-payment.

We do ill, I fancy, to talk much of universal peace or of a general disarmament. We must go in for preventive medicine, not for radical cure. We must cheat our foe, politically circumvent his action, not try to change his nature. In one respect war is like love, though in no other. Both leave us intervals of rest; and in the intervals life goes on perfectly well without them, though the imagination still dallies

with their possibility. Equally insane when once aroused and under headway, whether they shall be aroused or not depends on accidental circumstances. How are old maids and old bachelors made? Not by deliberate vows of celibacy, but by sliding on from year to year with no sufficient matrimonial provocation. So of the nations with their wars. Let the general possibility of war be left open, in Heaven's name, for the imagination to dally with. Let the soldiers dream of killing, as the old maids dream of marrying. But organize in every conceivable way the practical machinery for making each successive chance of war abortive. Put peace-men in power; educate the editors and statesmen to responsibility; — how beautifully did their trained responsibility in England make the Venezuela incident abortive! Seize every pretext, however small, for arbitration methods, and multiply the precedents; foster rival excitements and invent new outlets for heroic energy; and from one generation to another, the chances are that irritations

will grow less acute and states of strain less dangerous among the nations. Armies and navies will continue, of course, and will fire the minds of populations with their potentialities of greatness. But their officers will find that somehow or other, with no deliberate intention on any one's part, each successive "incident" has managed to evaporate and to lead nowhere, and that the thought of what might have been remains their only consolation.

The last weak runnings of the war spirit will be "punitive expeditions." A country that turns its arms only against uncivilized foes is, I think, wrongly taunted as degenerate. Of course it has ceased to be heroic in the old grand style. But I verily believe that this is because it now sees something better. It has a conscience. It knows that between civilized countries a war is a crime against civilization. It will still perpetrate peccadillos, to be sure. But it is afraid, afraid in the good sense of the word, to engage in absolute crimes against civilization.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

BY H. W. BOYNTON

It is remarkable that with all our diligence in resuscitating such of our early literary works as are from time to time discovered to be still breathing, two books which we have in hand¹ should have been so long out of print and nearly inaccessible. Of the merits of one, at least, we have been sufficiently advised by literary his-

torians. Yet, though during the five years after its first publication it went through two English editions, and, as translated by the author himself, through two French editions, the latest version, till the present moment, has remained that published by Carey in Philadelphia, in 1793. These letters are in some danger of confusion with those *Letters from a Farmer of Pennsylvania*, which are also celebrated by historians and ignored by the laity. Dickinson wrote for an immediate and parti-

¹ *Letters from an American Farmer*. By J. HECTOR ST. JOHN CRÉVECEUR. Reprinted from the Original Edition. With a Prefatory Note by W. P. TRENT, and an Introduction by LUDWIG LEWISOHN. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. 1904.

Memoirs of an American Lady. By Mrs. ANNE GRANT. With unpublished Letters and a Memoir of Mrs. Grant by JAMES GRANT WILSON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

san effect; Crèvecoeur's theme is political only in the vaguest sense. A book published, and in part, no doubt, written, not long after the outbreak of the Revolution, contains, until its final chapter is reached, no allusion to the possibility of such a conflict. The author is speaking in the name of the private citizen or subject, and his plea is for personal, not political, liberty. His theme in the last chapter is therefore not the beauty of independence, but the useless horror of warfare from the point of view of the individual: "It is for the sake of the great leaders on both sides, that so much blood must be spilt; that of the people is counted as nothing. Great events are not achieved for us, though it is *by* us that they are principally accomplished; by the arms, the sweat, the lives of the people. . . . After all, most men reason from passions; and shall such an ignorant individual as I am decide, and say this side is right, that side is wrong?" The means of escape from these difficulties which he proposes to himself is characteristic of the man and of his school: to abandon civilization to its own resources and seek peace and simple happiness in the bosom of an Indian tribe. This impassioned farmer belongs, in fact, with Rousseau, Châteaubriand, St. Pierre, and Goldsmith. The curious thing is that experience should have done for him what inexperience did for the others. Crèvecoeur actually was for many years a farmer in Ulster County, New York, and came out of the experience as enthusiastic and eloquent as any of those urban rhapsodists — and infinitely more healthily-minded than any of them but Goldsmith. They were sufficiently in love with the return-to-simplicity idea, but he put it to the test of sober wedlock.

But it must not be suggested that he is always in this lofty vein. He has a good deal of range as a descriptive writer. A chapter on the customs of Nantucket is followed by a gruesome description of the torture of a slave at Charleston, and this in turn by a charming discursus "On Snakes and on the Humming-bird." In

short, while Crèvecoeur moralizes too much for the taste of this impatient day, he has a charm of essential simplicity which ought to give him place on our shelves beside the more sophisticated sentimentalists of his time.

This is equally true of Mrs. Grant's *Memoirs of an American Lady*. The observations upon which her reminiscences are based were made at no great distance in time or space from Crèvecoeur's. Otherwise the conditions were utterly different. The youthful daughter of an English army officer could not very well see American life from the point of view of a frontier farmer. It is the Knickerbocker society, of which Albany had already come to be the centre, that she interprets best. Madame Schuyler is properly the central figure rather than the subject of these memoirs. The narrative possesses a certain pleasant garrulity readily to be connected with the strong and kindly features of the portraits which really adorn the present reprint. Her style is not always free from the conventional rhetoric of that age. She has also her chapters of Indian lore, without which no book on America was considered complete till, say, the third decade of the nineteenth century. Her good breeding keeps her in the main within bounds of taste. But her sense of humor is not proof against her reverence for her heroine; the fact is, Madame Schuyler, with all her relatives and social connections to the third and fourth generation, is now and then in danger of becoming a bore. It is a good deal to be asked to look solemn over a passage like that which describes the worthy Colonel Schuyler's fatal seizure: "He began the day, as had for many years been his custom, with singing some verses of a psalm in his closet. Madame observed that he was interrupted by a most violent fit of sneezing; this returned again a little after, when he calmly told her that he felt the symptoms of a pleuritic attack, which had begun in the same manner with that of his friend; that the event might possibly prove fatal; but

that, knowing as she did how long a period of more than common felicity had been granted to their mutual affection, and with what tranquillity he was enabled to look forward to that event which is common to all, and which would be earnestly desired if withheld, he expected of her that, whatever might happen, she would look back with gratitude, and forward with hope; and in the meantime honor his memory, and her own profession of faith, by continuing to live in the manner they had hitherto done, that he might have the comfort of thinking that his house might still be an asylum to the helpless and the stranger, and a desirable place of meeting to his most valued friends; this was spoken with an unaltered countenance, and in a calm and even tone."

II

It was not to be expected that a new collection of letters by Thackeray would materially add to our knowledge of him. These letters¹ were written to an American family who had made him feel at home in a strange land, and of whom he had in consequence become genuinely fond. Thackeray had few, if any, spiritual intimacies, and the bond that held him to his friends was the bond of common affection rather than of what used to be called "affinity." There is something very engaging in this; there is something also which corroborates our sense of his limitations. We feel more plainly than ever his extreme worldliness, his extreme susceptibility. This correspondence is, in effect, the latest exhibit in evidence of Bagehot's contention that Thackeray has more in common with Sterne than with any other English writer. The earlier letters in themselves constitute a record of a species of modern sentimental journey. The great novelist has more to say of the pretty girls he is meeting and of the pretty

girls he has left behind than of the new country and sensible people with whom he is making acquaintance. He carols much of the personal charms of the Misses Baxter, to whom most of the letters are addressed. He is jealous of the attentions of younger bucks. He carries his middle-aged coquetries even farther, as these passages indicate with sufficient clearness: "I hope you young ladies were not offended by that parting benediction the other day — could n't help myself. I was n't in the least aware of it, and was so astonished when I had done it, that I hardly knew where I was. I never will do it again, young ladies, unless you let me, — and upon my word, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, I ask your pardon; but I did n't mean any harm, and I hope Mr. Baxter shall kiss my daughters, though they are not so pretty as his." And later he writes to Miss Lucy Baxter, the editor of the letters as now published: "Well, I'm not at all frightened now that I had that little parting — ahem! dass ich dich, mein liebes schönes Mädchen, so herzlich einmal geküsst habe — that's between you and me, is n't it? though you may show it to your mamma, if you like."

As for the great writer's worldliness, it is here displayed in the fullness of its amiable frailty. By his own frank admission, he writes and lectures in the hope, not so much of producing work excellent in its kind, as of securing his daughters a competency. One grows in the end a little weary of his insistence upon this as the chief motive of his labors. It was, at all events, a fruitful motive, perhaps the most fruitful motive by which it was possible for him to be actuated. Thackeray was not precisely an heroic figure, and there may have been more truth than he fancied in the admission with which this little dialogue (now first reported in Miss Baxter's Introduction) concludes: "Turning over the pages of *Pendennis*, as it lay on the table beside him, he said, smiling from time to time: —

"'Yes, it is very like — it is certainly very like.'

¹ *Thackeray's Letters to an American Family*. With an Introduction by LUCY D. BAXTER and original drawings by THACKERAY. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

“Like whom, Mr. Thackeray?” said my mother.

“Oh, like me, to be sure; Pendennis is very like me.”

“Surely not,” objected my mother, ‘for Pendennis was so weak!’

“Ah, well, Mrs. Baxter,” he said, with a shrug of his great shoulders and a comical look, ‘your humble servant is not very strong.’”

But a robust personality (so much we must concede to the theory of the “artistic temperament”) is not always the effective personality in art. Thackeray’s work stands, and it is the destiny of sentimentalists who are also artists to be loved somewhat beyond their fellows. We are grateful for these newly unearthed relics of one of the best-cherished of that favored class.

III

Even in these piping times of commerce, life has still its sentimental commentators. Here, for example, is Mr. Darrow’s *Farmington*.¹ The writer’s account of the origin of his book is interesting; and I, for one, am compelled to think it ingenuous. A man beyond the prime of life determines to write a kind of informal autobiography. Actually, he does not succeed in getting beyond the record of his early boyhood. This fact surprises him, but he is not disposed to take it to heart, for facts have always surprised him. “Even now,” he says in abrupt and yet most effective conclusion, — “Even now I might sum up my story in a few short words. All my life I have been planning and hoping and thinking and dreaming and loitering and waiting. All my life I have been getting ready to begin to do something worth the while. I have been waiting for the summer and waiting for the fall; I have been waiting for the winter and waiting for the spring; waiting for the night and waiting for the morning; waiting and dawdling and dreaming, until the day is almost spent

and the twilight close at hand.” In fact, the writer must have felt that his immediate task was accomplished. Improvising in the elegiac strain, he has been unable to abandon the child-motive, in developing which he is able, at least, to suggest the character of a more profound theme. Mr. Darrow is, we understand, not only a man of brilliant professional achievement, but has chosen to ally himself with movements which have their origin in a deeper faith in human nature than respectability is able to countenance. This book makes no distinct allusion to such experiences, it is not a socialistic tract; it is, in its simple way, a threnody of unattained ideals. It cannot, therefore, despite points of superficial resemblance, be fairly compared with other books of childish reminiscence that come to mind; they are more coolly analytical or more whimsical, or, in one sense or other, more artificial.

In *Miners’ Mirage-Land*² likewise brings forth treasures from a much worked claim; two distinct veins are, in fact, reopened, and with surprisingly good results. The desert has had not a few celebrators of late, among them such writers as Mr. Muir, Professor Van Dyke, and Mrs. Austin. Mrs. Strobridge is a less finished writer, and her work differs in other ways. Intimate as she is with the desert, and much as she loves it for its own sake, it appeals to her most of all as a human scene; and she is successfully daring in harking back to the more picturesque aspects of that scene: to the forty-niners and to their immediate successors. This is a book of yarns, a kind of treasury of fables handed down along the camp-fires of half a century. It is, moreover, a book of frank moralizing; the tales are interspersed with little essays: “The Charm of the Desert,” “The Myths of the Desert,” “The Toll of the Desert,” and so on. The essays strike one, perhaps, as a little less happy, a little less spontaneous, than the fables; but

¹ *Farmington*. By CLARENCE D. DARROW. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1904.

² *In Miners’ Mirage-Land*. By IDAH MEACHAM STROBRIDGE. Los Angeles. 1904.

the book as a whole is fascinating: it somehow gives one the impression of first-hand contact with a phase of the national experience which we are already half inclined to regard as mythical.

IV

*The Mountains*¹ is also a record of adventures in the far West, but they are adventures of a very different kind. Mr. White has established himself as one of the most popular of our out-door writers, and this book is in his usual vein. He has apparently found it pretty safe to address himself to the ignoramus; we set out from the pleasing assumption that nobody but the author knows anything. We learn what a trail is, what a bronco is, that it is better to use dry wood in building a fire, that "open-air cooking is in many things quite different from indoor cooking. You have different utensils, are exposed to varying temperatures, are limited in resources, and pursued by the necessity of haste. Preconceived notions must go by the board." That is, our preconceived notions have probably been that wet or green wood makes the best fire, that a large cooking-range is ordinarily a part of the camp equipage, and so on. We feel humble, we peruse our author with care, and, it is to be hoped, we learn. This is, in short, a book of out-door sport addressed by the amateur to the tyro. The writer does not neglect his descriptive passages, and he has some sensible instructions on scenery, which we may trust will be attended to in the proper quarter. But in the ordinary course of routine he regards the desert simply as a hot place (*Inferno* is the word he aptly uses), and the mountains as a means of exercise. His main concern is with the process of getting nowhere in particular by the hardest possible road; which is to be strenuous, and a sportsman!

There are, at all events, other forms of

¹ *The Mountains*. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

sport which seem to entail not only a process but an end. It is a pity if that fine old word cannot be applied in any sense to the true naturalist — not the mere bird-glass marksman, but the Gilbert White or the Jefferies, the John Muir or the John Burroughs. One is impressed anew in reading two recent out-door books of this class,² with the pure zest which has attended the pursuit and the record of those studies. These men study nature because they love it, not because they want to write about it. They take pains, they have adventures, they are distinctly rewarded. The first part of Mr. Burroughs's present book will be, although reprinted, fresher to most of his readers than the rest. In its original form as part of an elaborate work on the Harriman Alaska Expedition, it was comparatively inaccessible; and it records the more general impressions in a new field of an observer whose work has been mainly intensive. Mr. Burroughs's descriptions happily lack the sensational "vividness" which is now so much the fashion with us, but they are clear and vigorous, they are likely to bear a second reading. The unusual situation does not deprive him of his balance; here is an illustration to the point: —

"In crossing the Rockies I had my first ride upon the cowcatcher, or rather upon the bend of the engine immediately above it. In this position one gets a much more vivid sense of the perils that encompass the flying train than he does from the car window. The book of fate is rapidly laid bare before him and he can scan every line, while from his comfortable seat in the car he sees little more than the margin of the page. From the engine he reads the future and the immediate. From the car window he is more occupied with the distant and the past. How rapidly those

² *Far and Near*. By JOHN BURROUGHS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Nature's Invitation. By BRADFORD TORREY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

two slender steel rails do spin beneath us, and how inadequate they seem to sustain and guide this enormous throbbing and roaring monster which we feel laboring and panting at our backs. The rails seem ridiculously small and slender for such a task; surely, they will bend and crumple up or be torn from the ties. The peril seems imminent, and it is some time before one gets over the feeling."

Of similar interest for its unfamiliarity of theme is the final paper of the collection, "A Lost February," the story of a month spent in Jamaica; but the rest of the book, in which the good naturalist deals with more familiar material, will be hardly less delightful to many of his audience who have come to possess a comfortable feeling of joint-proprietorship in "Slabsides" and its environment.

Mr. Torrey has also made profitable excursions into regions somewhat remote from his native habitat; and some of his present chapters succeed in giving those ornithological, botanical, and humane charms to Florida and Texas and Arizona which his skillful and sympathetic interpretation has already given to Massachusetts and New Hampshire. His is the best of out-of-door talk, always provided that we are willing and able to put aside our hurries and our mechanical habits of being busy, and to enter into his mood of casual inquiry and genial rumination.

v

The season is, we are told, to produce an unusual number of books of essays; several of those which have already been issued are of uncommon interest.¹ Mr. More's work is of a finished and at times somewhat formal order. His subjects are of considerable range, from English Verse

¹ *Shelburne Essays*, First Series. By PAUL ELMER MORE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

Imaginary Obligations. By FRANK MOORE COLBY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

The Queen's Progress, and Other Elizabethan Sketches. By FELIX E. SCHELLING. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

to Tolstoy, and from Arthur Symons to Humanitarianism. To say that these papers lack discursive charm is to say nothing to their disadvantage. A sensible man does not deck his brow with roses, and caper, however gracefully, to a tune of his own inventing, while he is delivering a public discourse on a serious theme. This essayist has some sober criticism to present to us, and he presents it suitably. It is reassuring to note that two of the best of the purely literary papers belong to that criticism of contemporaries which, we have been assured, is nothing better than conversation. The essays on Arthur Symons and on the Irish Movement seem to me remarkably keen and remarkably sound,—quite as keen and sound as the equally valuable paper on Hawthorne and Poe, which nobody would think of calling mere talk. The best and the worst that can be said of Mr. Symons is said here; perhaps the sum of it is most nearly expressed in these two sentences: "Mr. Symons impresses us as being absolutely sincere, as being the only genuine and adequate representative in English of that widespread condition which we call decadence. And sincerity in verse is a quality of inestimable value." We confess to having read the two volumes of Mr. Symons's collected poems upon which this essay is based, with an eye to reviewing them; and we confess to having laid them down in despair of being able to speak of them adequately. Mr. More has not needed to despair. In the paper on Mr. Yeats and his associates in the "Irish Movement," there is nothing more suggestive than the opening sentence: "If one were to ask Mr. W. B. Yeats what he considered the chief characteristic of the movement he so ably represents, no doubt the last word to come to him would be *defeat*, and yet, if properly considered, this so-called Gaelic Revival, this endeavour to resuscitate a by-gone past and to temper the needs of the present to outworn emotions, is, when all is said, just that and nothing more—a movement of defeat." The volume concludes

with two striking and somewhat extended papers on Tolstoy and on humanitarianism as Tolstoy and others conceive it.

To pass from this book to *Imaginary Obligations* is to take something of a step, for Mr. Colby's method is primarily personal, uncompromising, whimsical, brilliant. The worst fate that is likely to befall him among reviewers is to be dubbed the American Chesterton; and there are worse fates than that. There exist, indeed, not a few points of resemblance between that Englishman and this American. They are parallel, if not equal, in audacity, saliency, wit. Mr. Colby's essays, many of them of extreme brevity, have, like Mr. Chesterton's, been written mainly for newspapers. They are often brusque and sharp in substance and form. There is, perhaps, a personal note in one of the concluding sentences: "It is just the place for a writer to go and forget his minor literary duties, the sense of his demanding public, the obligation of the shining phrase, the need of making editorial cats jump, the standing orders for a *jeu d'esprit*." Mr. Colby may very well have been exposed to the pressure of such an order; and it is a wonder that his book does not show more traces of haste and scrappiness. The defect of the book is that it contains too much; not in bulk, but in material. There is stuff in these fifty little essays to have made half a dozen volumes. Not that we wish to see a good idea or fancy coddled and padded into folio; but there is something a little suggestive of waste or of indolence in a prodigality of suggestion like Mr. Colby's. It may be that he has hit upon a form of expression which is not only good in itself, but absolutely the best for him. The world may be moved by a series of jolts from a hand whose steady pressure is ineffective. He is a brisk tonic force, and his book is "a good place" for a writer who, incapable of *jeux d'esprit*, is inclined to take himself and his work a little too seriously, and needs a thorough shaking up. Let us take our medicine and be thankful. There may be a wry twist to

the beaming look with which we try to conceal our momentary discomfiture; but we shall be all the better for it in the end. We should mightily like to be given a chance to feel Mr. Colby's steady pressure. As it is, he has produced a book more brilliant, more pregnant of suggestion, than anything of the kind which has so far been done by an American.

The Queen's Progress is a book of essays in the less formal sense; the author prefers to call them sketches. They constitute a record of certain minor adventures in a favorite region. Students of the Elizabethan period are already acquainted with Professor Schelling's more formal studies in that field. They are all of humane interest. The latest and perhaps the most valuable of them was, as the author put it in his sub-title, "a study in the popular historical literature environmenting Shakespeare."¹ That was a work of minute scholarship. The present book, though it could have been written only by a scholar, is for the general reader rather than for the student. It is a kind of by-product, lighter, but in its way not less worthy of acceptance, than the solid literary merchandise which preceded it. Though these papers are properly to be called sketches, they are finished sketches. In each instance the subject is firmly if lightly handled. Such gleanings can hardly be too often made by scholars who have the exceptional fortune to be also men of letters. One comes upon no especially quotable passages, but as a whole the book will be felt to possess, both as to substance and as to form, a quiet distinction which is rare enough in this day.

VI

This is precisely the quality which we continue to find lacking in the casual work of Professor Matthews. Outside his own special field, in which his accomplishment is indubitable, he seems too

¹ *The English Chronicle Play*. By FELIX E. SCHELLING. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

often a kind of lesser Andrew Lang. He is amiable, he is indefatigable, he produces very many informing articles upon very many interesting subjects. He is a capable editor and an assiduous collector. Whether or not his talk is illuminating, it is always ingenious and always audible. In his *Recreations of an Anthologist*¹ he is at his best. How varied in substance these relics of a collector's zeal are is indicated by the titles of his chapters: "The Uncollected Poems of H. C. Bunner," "The Strangest Feat of Modern Magic," and "Carols of Cookery," for example. (It is remarkable, by the way, if it can be said ever to be remarkable that there should be specific omissions from any anthological performance, that Burns's luscious description of the haggis should not be noted in a paper which records Barlow's celebration of hasty-pudding and Thackeray's of bouillabaisse.) Two or three of the present essays have, as the author intimates, been suggested by a late research of his into American light verse. The main product of that research has, it happens, just been put before us in a volume which, with two others,² inaugurates a new series of American anthologies that bids fair to be more extensive than any similar enterprise which has been thus far undertaken. Professor Matthews is the general editor; two of these initial volumes are by other hands. The plan is that the Introduction shall in each instance trace the history of the given form in universal literature, and that there shall follow a series of examples taken by the editor to be the best in the several types which America has pro-

duced. The work of writers born after the middle of the nineteenth century is excluded. As applied to the short story, this plan does not work very well. The Introduction is excellent in substance, but overloaded with detail, and the selection of examples seems to me amazingly maladroit. Half the stories in the book are classics in their kind, and the rest are simply insignificant. But what we are looking for is, we are warned, not stories, but exhibits, — of "narrative adjustment," of "imaginative realization," or what not. The volume on *American Literary Criticism* is admirable, the introduction compact and untechnical, the selections valuable for their own sake as well as in their representative character. The same remark may be made of the work of Professor Matthews himself. He prefers the term "familiar verse" to the exotic and misleading phrase *vers de société*, or to Mr. Stedman's "patrician rhymes." He makes a composite of Locker-Lampson's definition and of Tom Hood's: "Brevity, brilliancy, buoyancy, — these are qualities we cannot fail to find in the best of Locker-Lampson's own verses, in Praed's, in Prior's, — and also in Lowell's, in Holmes's, in Bret Harte's." For the substance of the historical sketch which follows one has only praise; for its form only that toleration which is possible toward a writer who is so blunt of ear as to say "to happen on the happy mean," and so barbaric in diction as to discourse of "Herrick's brightsome balladry."

The taste, or the market, for minor anthologies appears to be increasing. We had occasion not long since to mention a *Treasury of Humorous Poetry* and a *Nonsense Anthology*. We have before us two books of a similar nature.³ Apparently no distinct plan has been followed in the compilation of "humorous verse." Rollicking verse, nonsense verse, rhymed

¹ *Recreations of an Anthologist*. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

² *American Familiar Verse*. Edited by BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

American Short Stories. Edited by CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

American Literary Criticism. Edited by WILLIAM MORTON PAINE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

³ *A Book of American Humorous Verse*. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. 1904.

A Parody Anthology. Collected by CAROLYN WELLS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

satire, parody, familiar verse, all have a share in these pages; and as is ordinarily true of such collections, the individual reader is likely to find here and there a number which seems to him not humorous in any sense; it may be facetious, it may be serious, it may be simply dull. As a whole the collection seems a good one, though in its character of anthology it is somewhat overbalanced by the large representation of very recent work. Miss Wells has had a less dubious field to work in, and has made a good companion volume for her *Nonsense Anthology*. We wish there were a little more of Calverley and Owen Seaman in it,—but perhaps nothing less than the whole of them would have satisfied us. And we note a sin or two of commission. There is a flat piece of doggerel after “Beautiful Snow;” and a fanciful chronological arrangement gives unfortunate prominence to a bit or two of ribaldry at the expense of a notable English (not Persian) masterpiece. These errors are few; it is to be hoped that Miss Wells will some day be moved to make an anthology of rhymed satire of the less bookish kind. It would not be a simple task, but it would be worth doing.

Parody and caricature are forms of satirical expression of which parody is far the narrower. Now and then a given caricature turns out to be nothing but a parody made visible; but as a rule it scores its success, not by subtle reminders of objects which have stirred the imagination, but by direct pictorial commentary upon special persons and events. We confess that on first turning over the pages of a new book which has succeeded in making a serious study of caricature,¹ we had small expectation of finding it anything but an amusing picture-book, furnished with a more or less perfunctory commentary on the prints. A glance at the text proved this inference to be hasty. The substance of the book is to be found in

¹ *The Nineteenth Century in Caricature*. By ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE and FREDERIC TABER COOPER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

the careful and interesting critical narrative; the pictures are really illustrations of it. The first part goes a little back of the general title. It presents a compact but valuable account of the beginning of political caricature in England, of the work of Hogarth, and of the caricature of “the Napoleonic era.” The authors are to be congratulated, not only upon having produced a very attractive book, but upon having made a distinct contribution to the general knowledge of an art which has too often been considered a trivial exercise of inferior talents or a mere by-play and diversion on the part of draughtsmen of real power.

THE POEMS OF FRENEAU

THERE is still room for debate as to who was the first American bard. It is open to any one to hold a brief for Sandys or Wigglesworth or another; but with the first two volumes of Mr. Pattee’s noble edition of *The Poems of Philip Freneau*² before us, we do not hesitate to assert roundly that Freneau was the first really interesting American poetical character, and the first citizen of these States to write poetry of real distinction.

It was a happy judgment that led the Princeton Historical Association to choose the work of Freneau, the first and best Princeton poet, for their initial publication, and the result proves that the selection of Mr. Pattee as editor was equally felicitous. He has performed his difficult task with exceptional intelligence and taste. He has spared no pains in giving us a complete and accurate text of Freneau’s copious and widely scattered poetry; and he has searched many and hardly accessible sources to provide a full and authoritative record of the poet’s multifarious life.

How romantic and significant that life

² *The Poems of Philip Freneau*, Poet of the American Revolution. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by FRED LEWIS PATTEE, vol. i, vol. ii. Princeton: The University Library. 1902, 1903.

was, it is now, for the first time, possible to realize. It would be a pleasant affair to recount in detail the "rubs, doublings, and wrenches" that made up Freneau's career, to narrate in order his adventures as student, publicist, sailor, pamphleteer, sea-captain, British prisoner, magazine editor, poet, and country gentleman; but for this the interested reader must be referred to the book itself, where he will find an admirable narrative of American life in Revolutionary days.

But it is the poetry of Freneau that is the most interesting thing in these volumes. Reading through it all, as it is now first collected in its entirety, one is struck by the extraordinary measure in which it shows a rich poetic temperament, guided by a good knowledge of the best literature, and fed by the experiences of an adventurous life. The range of Freneau's reading was remarkable for his time and place. We find clear traces of his liking for Virgil and Horace; for Ariosto; for Sackville, Spenser, Waller, Cowley, Dryden, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, "Ossian," and Falconer. But his reading was less important to his poetic quality than either his experience or his temperament. His best days were spent on shipboard, and he is almost the best poet of the sea since Camoëns. The chief trait of his intellectual constitution was his sincere sensitiveness, hence he is almost never academic or conventional. By reason of this same trait, his dealings with nature are at their best of a fresh, imaginative simplicity that is very rare.

Freneau's vigorous political satire has doubtless been the most potent factor in his posthumous reputation, as it was in his prominence in his own time, but neither this nor any other branch of his very various work is likely to maintain his fame so long as those few odes wherein he handles an imaginative American subject with a firm delicacy of touch that is quite worthy of Collins. Had he written nothing but these stanzas of *The Dying Indian*, his place as a poet of quality would have been secure:—

Ah me! what mischiefs on the dead attend!
Wandering a stranger to the shores below,
Where shall I brook or real fountain find?
Lazy and sad deluding waters flow —
Such is the picture in my boding mind!

Fine tales, indeed, they tell
Of shades and purling rills,
Where our dead fathers dwell
Beyond the western hills;
But when did ghost return his state to shew;
Or who can promise half the tale is true?

I too must be a fleeting ghost! — no more —
None, none but shadows to those mansions go;
I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore,
For emptier groves below!

Ye charming solitudes,
Ye tall ascending woods,
Ye glassy lakes and prattling streams
Whose aspect still was sweet
Whether the sun did greet,
Or the pale moon embraced you with her
beams —
Adieu to all!

To all that charmed me where I strayed,
The winding stream, the dark sequestered
shade;
Adieu all triumphs here!
Adieu the mountain's lofty swell,
Adieu, thou little verdant hill,
And seas, and stars, and skies,—farewell,
For some remoter sphere!

To our ears to-day there is inevitably a touch of falsetto in a poet's "adieu;" but with a little exercise of the historic imagination, and a little re-reading of the English poets who preceded and were contemporary with Freneau, we may not only understand why Freneau's work of this type was so highly praised by Scott, by Campbell, by Jeffrey himself, but we may also feel the better how truly poetic it is.

Freneau's final place and distinction in the history of American poetry can be no better stated than they are by Mr. Pattee:

"Before Freneau, American poetry had been full of the eglantine, the yew, the Babylonian willow, the lark — the flora and fauna of the Hebrew and British bards. In our poet we find, for the first time, the actual life of the American forest and field, — the wild pink, the elm, the wild honeysuckle, the pumpkin, the blackbird, the squirrel, the partridge, 'the loquacious whip-poor-will,' and in

addition to this the varied life of the American tropic islands. We find for the first time examples of that true poetic spirit that can find inspiration in humble and even vulgar things; that, furthermore, can draw from low nature and her commonplaces deep lessons for human life."

THE HISTORY OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

TWENTY years have passed since the last volumes of Sir Spencer Walpole's *History of England*, from the end of the great war in 1815 to the Indian Mutiny, were published; but a history at once so accurate and so popular in the best sense must be in constant use both by readers and students, who will welcome the beginning of a new work,¹ which is practically a continuation of the old — with a difference. An English history of the twenty-five following years, years so momentous for Europe and America as well, cannot be confined for the most part, as in the earlier period, to a résumé of the domestic legislation of Great Britain. The epoch of the reconstruction of Italy, the formation of the German Empire, the culmination and downfall of the second Napoleonic régime, and the American Civil War, was naturally a time of abnormal activity in the Foreign Office.

As before, Sir Spencer Walpole's point of view is that of a Whig, perhaps we should now say, a conservative Liberal, and his admirable qualities as a historical writer are even more marked in the present than in the earlier volumes. As is fitting in one of his traditions and training, his outlook is always statesmanlike. His judgments are sober, temperate, and well-considered, and, so far as is possible in one with clearly defined opinions, impartial. Fine writing is not attempted, nor the production of epigrams; but the

straightforward and always lucid style is a proper exponent of the clear thought and sure grasp of the subject in hand, no matter how complicated it may be or how much darkened by diplomacy. From this book the general reader actually may obtain some understanding even of the Schleswig-Holstein question, and of the way in which Bismarck — as yet strangely ignored or undervalued by the chancelleries of Europe — used it in laying the foundations of his great plan for Prussian aggrandizement. There is an eminently fair and accurate account of the American Civil War, and, in connection with it, of the Mexican imperial tragedy. But the most striking portion of the work is that which treats of the union of Italy, the advance of Prussia, and the decline and fall of the Second Empire. These chapters are of absorbing interest, so skillfully does the writer use the mass of material now available, in constructing what must perforce be a rigidly condensed narrative.

In contrast with these great themes, fifteen years of parliamentary history might seem somewhat colorless. But the historian has so lively an interest in his subject, having now reached a time within his own cognizance, in whose works those near to him bore honorable part, that his narrative is full of vitality. Especially — and with abundant reason — does he wax eloquent over the achievements of Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer, that changed a period of extravagance into one in which "economy, or even parsimony, was popular." His account of the close of Lord Palmerston's long career, which extended from the old order into the new, and his summing up of that statesman, are peculiarly intelligent and discriminating. Indeed, most of his characterizations deserve that praise, though, as is inevitable, sympathetic portraits are contrasted with studiously fair ones. Ten years remain to fill the scheme of Sir Spencer Walpole's latest work, and his review of that decade is something to be looked forward to with a very real interest. S. M. F.

¹ *The History of Twenty-Five Years.* By Sir SPENCER WALPOLE, K. C. B. Vol. i, 1856-1865; vol. ii, 1865-1870. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OF TIME

Two recent utterances by members of the Club have struck an answering chord in the bosom of at least one fellow contributor. He had, as it chanced, flung off in his brilliant and painless way (that is, by means of three days' hard labor and four drafts) a few notes of his own on a kindred theme, in which, he believes, other insubordinate persons will find something not altogether to their disadvantage. With Early Rising pronounced a fetich, the Calendar a tyrant, and the Chronometer a bore, we ought, even in New England, to face the new year with a fairly easy mind.

The contributor finds himself reflecting with a certain satisfaction, innocent he trusts, that he has not carried a chronometer for three years and more. He has in the end lost his civilized conception of time as something that winds up and runs down, and perceives that, unassociated with dials, fobs, and pockets, it is capable of being a decent and even comfortable companion. His emancipation was, he hastens to admit, consequent upon a happy release from an employment full of little punctualities. A boyish impulse led him, on the red-letter day which gave him liberty, to fling his watch (a battered and ancient and merely silver one, he confesses) into an inner corner of his desk. It has never been dislodged. He owns, indeed, to a kind of superstitious feeling of precaution which prevents its dislodgment by housekeeping hands. That drawer is not dusted. There, while this machine is to it, the sleeping dog is to lie, a pleasantly mute and studiously neglected symbol of drudgery outlived.

The contributor has been surprised to discover how easy it is to get on without the ministrations of this conventional bore. The routine of the day seems to arrange itself altogether commodiously with-

out the officious reminder of a disk, a dozen numerals, and two pins. When the chickens and the children make so much noise that one can't sleep o' mornings, one knows it is time to get up. And when the house and the neighborhood grow so quiet that one can't stay awake o' nights one knows it is time to go to bed. For the rest, there are signals of sorts to announce luncheon and dinner; and what more can a peace-loving man of letters ask for? — There are, of course, occasional contacts to be made with the outer world; the city is to be visited now and then, and consequently trains to be "caught," as the hurried phrase is. The man without a watch never hurries; his spirit is untroubled by considerations of time and tide. Yet he seldom misses appointments. "Biddy," he says placidly at breakfast, "I'm going to town on the 10.29 train. If you don't hear me moving about at quarter past ten or so, you might thump on the door." Perhaps Biddy thumps; but the chances are the contributor comes to in the nick of time, and Biddy has to call after him not to forget the stockings for Tommy.

The man without a watch has, indeed, a sense of time which does not belong to the time-servers. Day or night he can tell you within ten minutes, by the feeling of things merely, what the hour is of which your precious gold repeater prates so loud. Naturally he comes to look with no little commiseration upon victims of the chronometrical habit; frankly, he considers them not quite normal, not quite responsible. Not long since the contributor had an experience way down East with a man who, honestly desiring to profit by the wilderness, remained hopelessly linked to civilization by way of his watch-pocket. If it was a question of planning to do something, there was continual traffic between his right hand and his fob; if the programme was to stay about

camp and do nothing, idleness was given a religious cast by faithful observance of its arithmetical divisions. It was an hour and forty-three minutes since breakfast, and, by a singular chance, an hour and fifty-seven minutes before luncheon. The recitation of these details gave the contributor no joy, but it was clear that the process soothed his companion inexpressibly. It seemed to tickle his brain and ear into a comfortable sense of the reliability of things. It offset solitude, it suggested adventure. Time, to be sure, waits for no man, but to keep an eye upon it — is not that almost like making it wait upon him? Personally, the contributor would not be much put about if the sun saw fit to vary its somewhat mechanical habit of rising and setting at stated hours, like a boarding-school boy. The variation would not cause him and other animals half the embarrassment it would cause astronomers, school-teachers, wheat-operators, almanac-makers, newspaper editors, cooks, and most other stupid persons. For himself, at least, he has had his illuminating experience. He has dared to taste of freedom, and there is no danger of his ever again becoming a Slave of the Turnip.

FICTION IN OUR PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Our public libraries are supported by the public purse. Is the public purse supposed to contribute toward the purchase of luxuries? And is fiction a luxury or a necessity to modern life? — questions, I fear, as uninteresting as they are antiquated. Nevertheless, if the reader will be patient, I have a theory to propound.

From inquiry I find that the circulation of fiction ranges from — well, to be quite safe, let us say from forty to fifty and even sixty per cent as against all other kinds of reading. In Mr. Carnegie's own library at Pittsburg it once reached seventy per cent. And this, be it remembered, is exclusive of "Juveniles," that is, books for the young, of which, of course, a very large proportion is fiction also. So that,

as a matter of fact, the reading of fiction comprises at least eighty or ninety per cent of all the reading done by the users of our expensively supported libraries.

And doubtless this fiction consists, not so much of the great masters, — Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Defoe, Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Meredith, *et al.*, — but probably of the newest and those most in vogue. Is it the function, I ask, of a public library, that is, is it the duty of the public purse, to cater to this appetite for novel, and for the most part ephemeral, fiction?

This particular contributor speaks feelingly on this point; for, being a property-owner who rarely reads ephemeral fiction, I am nevertheless compelled by statutory legislation to pay annually a quarter of a mill on the dollar (it used to be half a mill) upon the assessed value of my (fortunately little) property toward the support of a library whose circulation of fiction is, though comparatively low, high enough and to spare. However, I do not want to be selfish. I am quite willing that those of my neighbors who really cannot read heavier literature, — though I think I could tell them of some essays and biographies and travels and histories, and even of some scientific works that were much lighter (and, to my thinking, much more interesting, and certainly more instructive) than their beloved novels, — that such neighbors should be able to get such books as they like. But — *on certain conditions.*

Emerson recommended people never to read a book that was not a year old! — preposterous advice that sounds nowadays, when a "successful novel" is usually dead, buried, and forgotten in half that brief interval of time. Nevertheless, it was good advice: it was tendered by Emerson. Well, suppose our libraries made it a rule never to buy a novel till it was a year old — except, let us say, one copy for purposes of reference only. Nobody could complain, for it is open to everybody to buy a book at once if he thinks it worth having.

Of course, every reader has his pet writers, and he likes to see the productions of his pet writers at once. But is it the function of the public purse to help people to purchase pet writers, any more than it is to help them to purchase pastry or puppies? One novel in several hundreds may possess so great an educational value, or so high a moral tone, that its purchase by the State, that is, by the money of the community, might be plausibly upheld, as the money of the community is expended upon education or sanitation — I say, might be. But for the sake of one such novel among hundreds, are the shelves of our libraries to be crowded with trash, trash that collects dust and costs money to catalogue and keep? Surely the function of a state-aided or privately endowed library is primarily and chiefly, if not solely, to aid and encourage research, — historical, political, literary, scientific, or artistic research; not to instill a taste for light reading. In the British Museum and in the Boston Library, I believe, some such rule as that advocated by Emerson obtains. I have the temerity to suggest that, so far as fiction is concerned, it shall be carried out in all libraries under public control.

This particular contributor was once a librarian in a public library himself. Accordingly he knows whereof he speaks. It was pitiful to see the crowds that thronged the "receiving desk" and the "delivery desk," all seeking the latest novels — and they were generally "out!" It was heart-breaking to see the clerks — nice, intelligent young ladies, many of them well educated, and all of them adding to their education by becoming daily more conversant with all sorts of books — to see his clerks rushing about, taking in and giving out tons, literally tons, of the veriest trash, trash that in a year or two would be worse than useless, trash that was crowding the already overcrowded shelves. To keep out fiction altogether is, *I suppose*, impossible; but I am sure my fellow librarians and my clerks would have welcomed some such

little proposal as I am here advocating.

For think, not only how much time and labor would have been saved, but how much money — money for the purchase of really good and valuable books, documents, maps, reports, manuscripts, engravings, music, and what-not, that would increase, not decrease, in value, and in years to come would prove an asset instead of a nuisance!

If a year were to pass before the purchase of four or five copies of thousands of indifferent novels, I venture to say that not ten per cent of those novels would be thought of or asked for: those who wanted them would have bought them (thus putting legitimate profits into their writers' pockets); those who were accustomed to demand them out of mere curiosity or habit (a pernicious habit fostered by this very prodigality and indiscriminateness of purchase on the part of the libraries) would have forgotten all about them.

A year is not long to wait for a novel. A statesman preparing a bill, or a scholar writing a book, must of course be able to have recourse to the latest information as rapidly as possible; but would the course of civilization really be so greatly retarded if the reading public had to wait twelve months or ere it had an opportunity to peruse gratis, say, some *Dialogues of Dolly* or some *Slangy Fables* — delightfully entertaining as, no doubt, these are?

The modern world is under the obsession of fiction, and our public libraries have wantonly allowed themselves to come under its spell. It is time some one tried to exorcise the evil spirit.

BETTER THAN THE BEST

Who of us has not known that type of man which is never content to like that best which by a general consensus of opinion is so labeled, but must ever seek out the unknown, and place it on a pedestal that o'ertops all others as the Sphinx o'ertops a plaster cast of it?

Now I love that spirit of enthusiasm

and open-mindedness that is willing to believe that there are giants in these days. Giants there have always been and giants there will always be, but the type of man of which I write never by any chance picks out the one in whom you yourself have confidence; he never picks out a fellow American either, — it is almost always a Russian, or a Dane, or a Pole, of whom you have never heard, and so great are his powers of dogmatic utterance, and so magnetic his personality, that he makes you believe his belief — while you are with him.

Drop into his rooms some sunny afternoon, feeling that you are progressive and ever young in your own enthusiasms, and in five minutes' time he will cover you with cobwebs, and make you feel that you are a superannuated mossback.

By way of opening the conversation make some chance reference to Shakespeare and the delight that you have lately had from seeing *Twelfth Night* adequately played.

His lip will curl and he will say, —

"My dear fellow, Shakespeare is all very well for the ordinary mind; indeed, I'll go so far as to say that some very cultivated people find much to admire in him, but when I want to hear the last word in drama I go to the unpublished works of Ivan Stepnovitch. They are dramas that will not act and were not meant to act, and that, after all, is the highest form of dramatic art. I want meat, not milk for babes."

Already you are beginning to feel that Shakespeare is pretty soppy mental pabulum, and you wonder that you have never heard of Stepnovitch. But I think that if our friend felt that his opinion had already been shared by others he would cease to hold it himself.

"Drama that will act," he continues, "is easy. Any one can write it. Clyde Fitch gives us plays that will act, but I do not place him even alongside Shakespeare. The real master, however, is the man who writes us plays that were never intended to be acted, and that could not be acted,

and yet seem so real as we read them that we can imagine the greatest actors in the world playing the various parts. That's what happens when I read Stepnovitch, a Russian who is as much greater than Tolstoy as Tolstoy is greater than Howells."

It is the same in the arts. You say something about the perpetual strength, the eternal beauty revealed in the statues of Michael Angelo, and our friend shakes his head, elevates his eyebrows, sighs prodigiously, and says, —

"My dear man, we of the future are away past Michelangelo [note his form of the name]. Michelangelo was possessed of a certain power, and at his best there is a charm in his work that still lingers, and I admit that his influence in the art world has been wholly good, but we of to-day need not look to Michelangelo when we can revel in the work of that godlike sculptor, Edouard Petrovitski."

You tell him that you never heard of Petrovitski, and he looks at you with holy compassion for a moment, and then he says, —

"My dear fellow, why do you try to give your opinion of Michelangelo when you admit that you have never even heard of Petrovitski?"

"Is he alive to-day?" you ask.

"No. He died forty years ago in Warsaw, and all of his works were destroyed by the Russian government because they were too revolutionary; but luckily for posterity photographs were taken of them, very poor ones, but still sufficient to place Petrovitski on a pinnacle that makes the height of poor Michelangelo seem like a depression."

You know that when you get out into the light of day your old ideas will reassert themselves, and you will once more love Michael Angelo's work, but just now you feel that he is not much better than the sculptor who did the atrocious statue of "Sunset" Cox that has been retired temporarily from its scarecrow position in Astor Place.

Your friend, with real eloquence, shows you how "Michelangelo" has no chance

to run in the same class with this Titanic Pole, and you find yourself sneering at the veneer of culture that could find so much to praise in the Italian sculptor.

Your friend is an all round man. It is not alone in literature and sculpture that he is fully awake, and taking special notice; in the field of landscape art he is not only abreast of the times, but several decades ahead of them.

Perhaps you yourself feel that in art matters you are very much alive and open to the impressions of to-day, and so you say to him with all the confidence of a man who expects to be supported in his opinion, that, much as this country has been decried by Europeans as a dollar-loving land, we are yet advancing to the front in at least one of the arts, and that the best exponents of landscape art to-day are Americans, — that France already knows this, and that America is beginning to realize it.

"I'm sorry I can't agree with you," says he, and once more the lip curls gracefully (he must put it up in curl papers). "From the time of Lorraine and Pous-sin, up through the English and French schools to the modern American, there has never been a school that really produced an art creation in landscape fit to cause enthusiasm in a really thinking man, a man who appreciates his Stepnovitch in literature, and his Petrovitski in sculpture. The only superlatively imaginative and poetic, and yet absolutely truthful landscapes that have ever been painted are those of Eric Finsen."

You gasp and ask him who Eric Finsen may be.

Again that holy smile that pardons all your lack of knowledge of the really necessary, and then he tells you that Eric Finsen is a Finnish fisherman, or perhaps a Danish carpenter, who only paints on Sundays, and that his work is known only to an inner circle of appreciative souls, but that by it Corot and Turner and Millet and Constable and Israels and Inness and Wyant and Rousseau become mere Christmas card-makers.

Once more — in his presence — you see how fatuous you have been really to like anything in American art, or the school of 1830, or the Englishmen; and you feel, without having seen anything of Finsen's work, that he alone of all painters has struck the true note, and that future painters had better try some other profession, as Finsen has already distanced them.

And speaking of true notes, let us sound our friend on composers, — for he is nothing if not musical, and ten years ago he felt so mortally tired of orchestral music, as utterly inadequate to express the thoughts that arose in him, that he now never attends a concert of any sort, preferring to read the music scores in his own room, and thus getting an absolutely perfect representation of the master work of master minds.

You ask him whether in naming the three great composers of all time he would include Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner, or whether he would leave out Bach and put in Richard Strauss (Strauss is really a sop to him).

"Oh, how puerile a selection! Why mention any of those three? Bach I might allow to remain for historical reasons, but Beethoven and Wagner I left behind me ages ago, and Richard Strauss, — the main fault that I find with Richard Strauss is that he is so old-fashioned, so hopelessly melodic and conventional. *Till Eulenspiegel* is a tune to be whistled by kindergartners.

"No, if you want the music of the future, the real thing, the last word for all time in music, get the scores — if you can, they are not published in this country — of Johann Rübernek of Prague, a young man not yet twenty-five, but already past master of orchestra of the future. He has invented six instruments for the purpose of making sounds that hitherto never existed, and when I read his scores all else in music seems banality. Rübernek is the finis in music."

It is time to reel out, and you do so, and find the old-fashioned sun still shin-

ing, and a piano organ is playing a "crudity" from *Aida*, and you rejoice in it. You go up to the park, and look at St. Gaudens's statue of Sherman, and you actually like it, and feel that in spite of the photographs of Petrovitski's statues St. Gaudens is among the immortals. Then you go to the Metropolitan Museum and you dare to drink in the everlasting beauty of one of Inness's dreams of God's country, and in the evening you venture to like a performance of one of Shakespeare's "attempts" at the drama, and you thank God that you never before heard of Stepnovitch, Petrovitski, Finsen, or Rübernek.

But, nevertheless, you have a sneaking feeling that your friend represents the *crème de la crème* of culture. Dogmatism, great is thy power!

HOW I CAME TO DO IT

It had never been my intention to adopt literature as an exclusive profession. A publisher's cheque for an occasional book notice, or something equally unimportant, had been a handy means of securing a new hat, a fishing rod, or something else not on the regular programme; but after all a \$1700 salary was not to be thrown overboard for such bits of driftwood as these. So I should doubtless still have been meeting my old engagements with my pupils and cashing my monthly orders for \$141.66, if one of the Muses had n't plucked me by the ear and put me up to writing that little poem. I did not think there was very much in it at first, — just a little conceit that popped into my head and lent itself readily to rhyme and metre, and quit when it was done. After it was down on paper, however, I thought it might as well see the light if any magazine was willing to print it, and so I started it off to one of the big metropolitan monthlies. It came back in due time — in fact, in most excellent time — and I started it off again, just to see whether the mails and the ready rejecters could make such a record twice in succession. They could

and did, but a repeated act soon gets into a habit, and I still had some stamps left. By the time that the rest of the metropolitan monthlies had had their turn at it, I was beginning to get a little nettled. Of course I did not yet believe that the verses had any real literary merit, but I did not exactly see why I should be so unanimously discriminated against on that account. So I turned the index finger of my ambition a few points farther south and mailed a neat and new typewritten copy to a great publication whose name I am precluded by an innate modesty from divulging. A few weeks of waiting convinced me that my production was at least the subject of profound deliberation, — something that the alacrity of previous rejections did not suggest. Then came a formal notice that the poem had been accepted. There was no particular elation in that, as I had had a few things accepted before. It was only when the cheque came, some days later, that I was swept off my feet and found the whole course of life suddenly altered. Perhaps even the cheque itself might not have moved me seriously, but the accompanying document awoke me at once to the serious importance of my position. It read substantially as follows:—

"Received of the — Company, Two . . . Dollars, in full compensation for the manuscript entitled (here modesty again enjoins silence) and for all rights of publication thereof whatsoever, and for copyright thereon and for all renewals thereof, which rights are hereby irrevocably assigned to the said — Company and to its successors and assigns forever. And it is further understood that the acceptance of the aforesaid manuscript is upon the good faith of my assertion that it is entirely original and has never before been published in any publication whatsoever. And I hereby further agree that it shall not be published elsewhere with my knowledge and consent except by previous agreement, duly entered into and attested with the aforesaid — Company.
\$2.00 (Signature.)

"Sign and return to the —— Company."

My hat went off and my right hand involuntarily went up as I read, and as the last words passed beneath my eye I solemnly uttered the words, I do. Pedagogy may have its charms, but it takes literature to raise a man into a creature of solemn importance. For better or for worse, through good report and through ill, the Muse shall be my bride till death do us part. As for the \$2.00, my first thought was to get a pin attached to it and wear it; I have since concluded to use it in the purchase of postage stamps.

ON THE NECESSITY OF HAVING AN OPINION

I have recently been asked to read a paper wherein were set forth my opinions regarding the ethics of the novel. I was to say what I thought it should be and is not, and to give the reasons why.

The suggestion filled me with discomfort. In this age and place it is humiliating to discover that one has no opinion on a given point of ethics; but I cannot decide whether a novel should be an undisguised sweetmeat, or a pill of information in the gilding of a story, — cannot even decide which I prefer. It seems to me the height of unreason to expect any normal person to do this. Why should I find fault with any kind of novel, provided it be good of its kind? No art has so wide a field as the art of fiction, this field being nothing less than the whole of human life; and as life is many things, so must the novel be. It seems as foolish to find fault with different kinds of novels as with different kinds of food. There is a large and worthy class of people who start the day on baked beans and brown bread, with possibly a chop thrown in. There is another equally large and equally worthy class for whom a roll and a cup of coffee will suffice; but shall I condemn either of these because of a personal preference for muffins and marmalade?

There are people who read novels to

make them think. There are those who read them in order that they may not think. There are people who read novels in order to experience emotions. There are those who read them in order to escape emotions. There are people who read novels because they have not enough to do. There are others who read them because they have too much to do, and need relaxation. Does it not seem foolish to say that one is more right than the other?

If I must confess to a personal preference, as I have done on the subject of breakfast foods, I will say that I do not like a story to end badly, and never read such an one unless tempted by a promise of some unusual significance of life or literary art. It is easy to be harrowed by real life. I can involuntarily and without the aid of a book be as miserable as any one could wish. Why, then, should I be voluntarily miserable, and pay a dollar or so, according to bindings, for the experience?

I know that this is a primitive point of view, one that is justly censured by all literary artists, but I must confess to never having "grown up" in my attitude toward stories. I do not (like my friend of exalted intellect) read a novel to see how it is done, but to find out what happens, and the people and incidents are appallingly real to me. But whatever my personal feelings may be, I do not therefore condemn all novels with bad endings. Though I have a weak-minded preference for being cheerful as often as I can, shall I find fault with those who are willing to pay for being miserable?

Why this feverish need of classifying our mental states, this defining, or, what is usually the same thing, confining our opinions? I dare not reflect upon the number of organizations that exist for the sole purpose of enabling people to say what they think, and why they think it. But some of us find it inconvenient to be asked to proclaim, for instance, the name of our favorite composer, for perhaps we do not at the moment know which he is;

or we may have liked Chopin yesterday, but prefer Schumann to-day, and cannot in any case give any reason for preferring one to the other.

Confession of such a mental condition subjects us to being charged with inconsequence and inconsistency, — two qualities which cannot be tolerated in a discussion club. So there is nothing left but to sit in silence, and regret the halcyon days when inconsequence and inconsistency were considered a part of feminine charm; or else, when, having no opinion, speak we must, to defend the lack of one as eloquently as we may.

BOOKS FOR A COLD

I remember reading some time ago about a Russian composer who made his living in a bank or an office. He had no time to devote to composition, except an occasional short period when he was confined to the house by a severe attack of influenza. Composition was his heart work, his ruling passion, so the attacks of influenza — and they were asserted to be genuine — were welcomed by him as angels' visits.

As we who are living — or trying to live — in New York are pretty sure to have colds next spring if we have not got them now, it might be well for us to show a spirit of what the statesmen awkwardly term "preparedness," if we cannot attain to the thankful mind of the inspired Russian. That this is not a Christian Scientific attitude the writer is perfectly conscious; but the writer is suffering from a cold in the head and does not care.

My cold was, perhaps, well timed in coming just after Christmas, when, besides the What is Worth While and Friendship series, and the calendars, cards, and Henry van Dyke's symptomatic of the time, some real books found their way into the house. The writer feels that he has hit upon some that are really adapted to the needs of a cold, and is willing to prescribe them to others.

The very best of all his discoveries is

Tolstoi's *War and Peace*. You have in the first place the change of climate so beneficial to the sufferer. You simply exchange this atmosphere of drafts and sniffles for another quite as real and human, — indeed more so. For if dear stupid Pierre and the little Princess with the downy upper lip, and Natasha in love with all the world, and Prince Andrei, and Dolukhof, and the entire Restof family are not more real and more human than many of the people you meet, then you have been singularly fortunate in your New York acquaintance.

Of course it is long — one really needs a slight cold as a pretext for escaping so long from one's duties, or from the many distracting pursuits that we who might have leisure make duties of. But life is long while we are living it, and *War and Peace*, Mr. Howells has said, is life. It is Russia and a hundred years ago, but it is also America and to-day, for life is eternal in the sense of being continuous and unchanging. Here we are, then, in a new society, privileged to listen to their diverting talk; to see with divining eyes into a thousand wonderfully various souls; and this without having to raise our husky voices in reply, or feel the least conscious in blowing our noses. I have not yet finished *War and Peace*, and I may tire of it, as I may tire of life before I get through with it; but I do not expect to tire of either.

I have found another book, and I anticipate that some to whom I prescribe it will put themselves out to thank me as I intend to thank the lady — of course it was a lady — who called my attention to its "delicate air." This is Henry James's *French Poets and Novelists*. It is not a new book (the first edition appeared in 1878), but if there were any new books of such clarity, such elegance of style, such flattering, tickling wit, and such discriminating enthusiasm, how gladly would we read them, and even buy them! There are eloquent little essays (constructive criticism indeed) on George Sand, Balzac, Baudelaire, de Musset, etc., and we

have in each its subject preserved for us in miniature perfection, and in the permanent amber of an unapproachable style. The charm of this little book cannot be written down; to do it justice would be to write another such book, and who to-day is to write it? How illuminating it would be to have such a writer turning his lantern on the literary productions of our day, — for example, on *The Sacred Fount*! These two “discoveries” are, I admit, balancing the egg considerably after Columbus; but I will do worse and affirm that during this same beneficent cold I have discovered also two excellent plays, *Hamlet* and *Much Ado About Nothing*, besides *The Gentle Reader* and the *Essays* of Douglas Jerrold. I will not claim for all an equal efficacy, but the fact that the fair Beatrice is “stuffed and cannot smell” proves that one touch of influenza makes the whole world kin.

I take the thanks of my fellow sufferers for granted. I congratulate them on their opportunity. “The writer of these lines,” says Henry James in the essay on Madame de Sabran, “has read the book with extreme pleasure, and he cannot resist the temptation to prolong his pleasure and share it with such readers as have a taste for delicate things.”

I have shared my pleasure, — or my medicine, and I hope I shall be rewarded by hearing of the discoveries of others in this same direction, or, at least, an explanation as to why some books are a sovereign remedy, while others, like *The Making of an American*, Robert Browning’s poems, the books of Elinor Glyn, the magazines with their interesting articles on radium (it is needless to say that I cite at random) are, however valuable they may be at other times, distinctly not to be recommended as books for a cold.